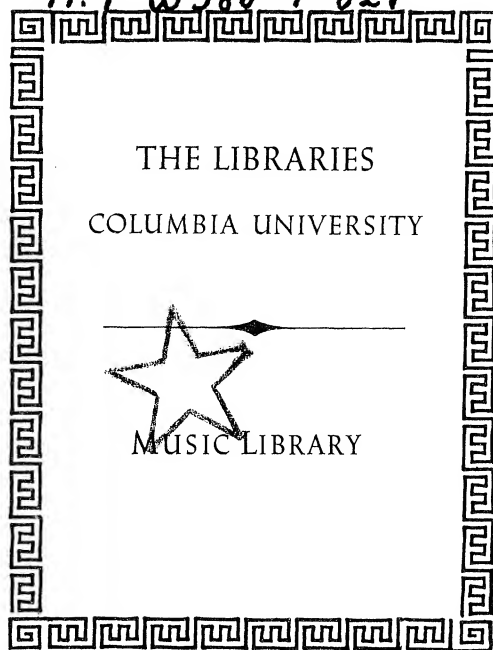


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THE
STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA

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1859

VOLUME THE FIFTH



TO
MADAME CAROLINE VON WEBER

THIS VOLUME OF THE
“STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA”

IS INSCRIBED

IN A PROFOUND ADMIRATION FOR THE GENIUS
AND A REVERENTIAL RESPECT FOR THE MEMORY
OF A BELOVED HUSBAND

BY

THE EDITOR.

DER FREISCHÜTZ

(THE FREE-SHOOTER)

A LYRIC FOLK-DRAMA

WRITTEN BY

FRIEDRICH KIND 1859

AND RENDERED INTO ENGLISH

FROM THE GERMAN BY

J. WREY MOULD

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

BY

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

REVISED FROM THE ORCHESTRAL SCORE

BY

W. S. ROCKSTRO

PUPIL OF DR. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY

LONDON

T. BOOSEY AND CO 28 HOLLES STREET OXFORD STREET

Gift
Dr. JAMES PECK
June 7, 1913

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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

WITH no greater feeling of gratification has any previous volume of the "Standard Lyric Drama" been brought to a close, than the real pleasure with which we contemplate the conclusion of the present, and behold before us that which, we trust, we have rendered an Edition of Weber's immortal "*Der Freischütz*," worthy of its great reputation, and of itself.

The reasons why we so especially advert to our own pleasurable feelings on this occasion are, that it is mainly owing to the influence of the Work at present embodied in this series, that the "Standard Lyric Drama" ever had existence. After a childhood spent for the most part in seclusion from all the things of Art, in the south of Ireland, family circumstances induced our re-establishment in London; where our ear, as a child, chancing to catch some of the striking melodies of this Opera, a kindly relation amused our circle one winter-evening by a narration of the Legend and Dramatic Plot connected therewith. Most vividly did this tale of horrors seize upon our youthful imagination; and most clearly do we remember the period, when we were permitted to go to the play for the first time *alone*, and, procuring pocket-money, ran off to the pit of Drury Lane to witness the performance of this Work, in 1839. A sleepless night was the result, and a confused terror of Samiel and the Wolf's-Glen monsters intruded for the next fortnight upon our Homer and Virgil lessons at school, bringing us, too, into sad disgrace with the Mathematical master for (as may be guessed) inattention. Well did the constant relation of its wonders to gaping schoolfellows change our patronymic to the *soubriquet* of "*Der Freischütz*" from first-form to sixth; and well do we recollect how thoroughly this *Freischütz-mania* coloured the whole of our youthful existence. In its gratification, one night we were led to the door of the German Opera, in 1842; and there, consulting a young gentleman for the time by his watch, gradually entered into conversation with him, found him a kindred spirit, on a kindred errand of youthful homage to the shrine of a mutual idol, Weber; and laid the foundation of our after-friendship with a very dear friend and brother-editor. Together,—he adopting Music as his profession, ourself enjoying it for recreation, and enabled to do so by a continued residence in London,—we, year after year, have heard all the best and greatest gems of the Art which have been

offered to the Public; and the more prominent result has been the establishment and carrying out of this Series,* which it is our devout hope and trust may continue increasing, maintaining the position to which it has attained, for *many many* years to come; and which we sincerely hope for health, strength, powers, and opportunities, to enable us to continue, and carry on as begun, with improvements where we can improve.

The Work we now present has sadly suffered in this country for want of efficient representation on the stage. In 1824, and the first years of its performance here, it was then, unfortunately, the custom to mutilate all Foreign Operas for our theatres, under the absurd idea of rendering them "adaptations for the English stage;" so that, with half the music cut out, the rest twisted and turned in every possible way, this admirable Work was given to our audience, until a German Company came in 1833, and performed it in some respects as it ought to have been. However, though this Company contained one or two good singers, the whole performance was unequal; and the same remark may obtain in regard to all the German Opera Companies who subsequently have visited London. We want a performance of this Opera by a band, chorus, and principals equal to those at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The work is published in Italian, and, they say, Pauline Garcia is magnificent in it: if so, why not give it us? it would surely "draw." How grandly Mario would sing the tenor-scena, too! It is a pity, and a shame, that so original, popular, and dramatic a Work should remain shelved, as it has been of late, for want of adequate performance. Mentions of English Opera are now rife; let us hope that, if a Company *is* formed next winter, we may have "*Freischütz*" through the instrumentality of this our English Edition, properly and well put upon the stage. Sims Reeves has been educated mainly in the Italian dramatic school; but we well know *how* he would sing the tenor part of this Opera, and only hope he may be induced to try it. The recent publication, too, of the Chorus parts of all our Operas in the "Standard Lyric," greatly facilitates their being put upon the stage, either here or in the country.

There is a great deal of dialogue, it is true, in the original Opera; but it is *all* necessary:—ourselves will never sanction the

* See "Preface" to Vol. the First.

"cutting" it. Dramatic singers should be as good elocutionists as vocalists; and, when a "dialogue Opera" does occur, should be able to do the spoken portion of it justice. Again; how admirable the French are in this respect; as any body, who has lately heard the elegant "*Domino Noir*," at the St. James's Theatre, may testify. The scene between Caspar and Max (Act I. Scene viii.)* would be very fine in good actors' hands; see how Max is gradually worked up to the point by the artful and wicked Caspar! Shorten this dialogue; where is all its dramatic force then?

Wishing most particularly to get this Volume a most extended circulation, we earnestly beg of all those who will possess it to give it further recommendation; and we trust that the estimable lady to whom we have dedicated it, may see how much we are indebted, in the creation of this Publication, to the fondly-remembered husband whose *chef-d'œuvre* we reproduce, in a manner, it is hoped, worthy of him.

Our acknowledgments are particularly due to the "Foreign Quarterly" and to "Mr. Hell's Edition of Weber's Posthumous

Works," for the assistance they have been to us in providing the subject of the following "Memoir" and "Account." Nor must we forget to add our sincere thanks to MM. Jules Benedict and Ferdinand Praeger, for several kind suggestions and anecdotes furnished by them; nor to pay just tribute to Mr. J. R. Planché's kindness in allowing us to make use of the interesting letters written by the Composer to him upon the subject of "*Oberon*."

Mr. ROCKSTRO's diligence as a student procured him a MS. copy of the Score in his own hand-writing. Such a work (it may seem incredible) has not been published *even* in Germany! To him, therefore, we are this time more than usually indebted, both for the having this Score at command, and for the very masterly manner in which he has reduced its beauties, so as to be comprehensive at the Piano-forte. To the Publishers we also return our sincerest thanks, for enabling us to carry out all our views in regard to this Work, the darling of our youthful admiration, and the undiminished idol of our more mature judgment.

J. W. M.

LONDON, *July* 1, 1849.

* Scene X, according to the "Complete Libretto."

A MEMOIR OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

IT is a circumstance to be much deplored, that a grave hiatus exists in the Annals of Musical Biography at present unfilled, and one which we the more regret, since, though happily we are enabled to slightly approximate the sides of the existing gap, still, it does not lie in our power to heal the wound as completely as we could wish—the omission is that of an efficient Biography of one of the greatest men of his day, the celebrated Carl Maria Von Weber; and though we believe letters and private family papers, tending more thoroughly to elucidate his career, are in the hands of one of his pupils, and ultimately will be brought before the Public; still, a Musical Record of the origin, progress, and workings of the Musician's mind (save what may be gleaned by a consecutive review of his Works), is, we fear, lost to the world. Pity it is that the *materia* left by poor Weber at his death were not confided to the care of a contemporaneous musical friend, instead of being deputed to the more literary predilections of Herr Theodore Hell.

This gentleman announces himself as the executor of Weber, and guardian of his sons; and in this capacity of executor he has laid before the Public the Posthumous Works of his deceased friend, accompanied with various dissertations of his own, critical and biographical.* He cannot well be complimented on the style in which he has performed his task; his materials follow each other in sad disorder:—now a portion of a romance by Weber himself; now a thin layer of biography from Herr Hell; then a set of musical critiques and occasional notices of matters musical by Weber; then another portion of his biography by the executor; then Weber and his criticisms again. Want of order is not all that is to be complained of. Musicians, who cannot afford time, like Gretry, to exhibit a portrait of their own mind, should at least confide their musical MSS. to a musical executor. Their life is not safe in any other hands. What the Public expect from the biographer of Weber is a sketch, at least, of the peculiar features of his mind as an Artist; of the gradual culture by which it was formed; the circumstances which furthered, and the obstacles that repressed, its progress; his habits of study and composition, and some attempt to trace those influences which, operating upon his peculiar temperament, gave rise to that wild spirit of romance which breathes through his compositions. What Herr Hell, on the contrary, gives us, is a long discussion on his literary abilities as a Poet and as a Novelist, in which field the executor seems to look upon him as another Salvator; general remarks about his wit, humor, and conversational powers, and the cordial fellowship in which he lived with Kind, the author of “*Der Freischütz*,” and some other of the better spirits of Dresden; while, with regard to the immortal part of him, his habits and efforts as a Musician—his book preserves a decorous silence. Hell feels he has no one to take the principal part in his assigned duty. In stage language, he cannot “double” the musical critic with the literary; and so, consoling himself with the reflection that

Weber's fame as a Musician will stand high enough without his aid, he devotes himself to the task of elevating his *nuge literarie* to a corresponding altitude.

We fear, therefore, that any information we may have it in our power to communicate through the medium of this Work must be meagre and scanty; but, with the aid of one or two sources, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some authentic particulars relative to this great, we may truly add this good, man. We shall try as much as lies in our power to make him speak for himself *ore proprio*, both from his autobiographical remains, the letters of his which we may obtain, and a concise view of his Musical productions extant, in their consecutive order.

We shall begin with portions of an interesting sketch which Weber has given us of himself; it is dated Dresden, 26th March, 1818:—

“I was born the 18th December, 1786, at Eutin, in Holstein. My education was conducted in the most careful manner; and as my father was a musical man, and had distinguished himself by his talent as a violinist, a preference was almost unconsciously given to my pursuit of the Fine Arts generally, and of Music in particular. The original tone of my mind was also influenced by the retired manner in which my family lived, and by the character of the few visitors we had, who were chiefly middle-aged men of various accomplishments. Care was also taken to keep me from the company of wild and boisterous playmates; and thus I was early taught to seek companionship within myself—to live in the little world of my imagination, and to seek therein my occupation and my happiness. My time was principally divided between Painting and Music. Of the former Art, I successfully cultivated several branches; I worked alternately in oil, in water-colours, and in crayons; and also obtained some portion of skill in the employment of the etching needle: but I did not follow up these occupations with any degree of order; and they were, I know not why, silently suffered to be discontinued. Music unconsciously engrossed my whole soul, and succeeded entirely in supplanting her sister.

“Peculiar circumstances, and occasionally mere caprice, induced my father frequently to alter his place of residence. This was attended with its disadvantages in respect to me; for the consequent change of masters produced an uncertainty in my studies, and it not unfrequently happened that a fresh teacher would raze to the ground all that his predecessor had been endeavouring to build up. These evils were, however, more than compensated by the necessity which it compelled me to feel of becoming my own instructor, and depending upon my own energies. I reflected, analyzed and compared, and sought to deduce a series of well-grounded musical principles from what I heard, read, and thought. To the excellent Hauschkel, of Hildburghausen, I am, however, indebted for whatever skill I possess as a Piano-forte player; his zeal and care laid the foundation for a characteristic and powerful, though simple, style of playing. He was very particular in rendering me equally adroit in both hands. I enjoyed the benefit of his instruction in the years 1796-97.

“My father observed the gradual development of my talent, and, with the greatest kindness, resolved to spare no sacrifice to

* *Hinterlassene Schriften von Carl Maria von Weber*, herausgegeben von Theodore Hell. Dresden und Leipzig. 1828.

Lebensbeschreibung von Carl Maria von Weber. Gotha. 1829.

give it every degree of cultivation. With this view he took me to Salzburg, and placed me under the care of Michael Haydn.* I was aware of the value of the instructions of so celebrated a man, and laboured earnestly, but I cannot say with any degree of success. That master was then far advanced in life, and of a very grave turn; there was too awful a distance between the old man and the child. At the same place, in 1798, my kind parent, by way of encouragement to future exertion, printed my first production, consisting of six *Fughetti*, which was noticed very favourably in the Musical Gazette† of the same year. Towards the end of 1798, I went to Munich, where I received instructions in singing from Vallesi, and in composition from the present Organist of the Royal Chapel, Mr. Kalcher. To the kind and luminous instructions of this master, I am indebted for much important knowledge of the means of Art, and for the facility of employing them; particularly with respect to the treatment of subjects in four parts, the laws of which should be as familiar to the Composer as those of orthography and metre to the Poet; for it is such knowledge alone that will enable him to present his ideas to his hearers with clearness and perspicuity.

"I continued to apply to my studies with unwearied assiduity, and now found a preference for *dramatic* music growing rapidly upon me. Under the eyes of my master, I composed an Opera, called, "*Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins*." I wrote, besides, a Grand Mass, several Sonatas, and Variations for the Pianoforte, Violins, Trios, Songs, &c.; all of which, however, were afterwards wisely committed to the flames.

"About this period, the art of Lithography was first brought before the Public by Von Sonnenfels; and the restless activity of the youthful mind, which seeks with eagerness all that is novel and exciting, again diverted my attention from its legitimate object, and created within me the idea of rivalling that ingenious person in his singular pursuits. I procured a variety of tools, and setting myself earnestly to work, at length almost fancied myself the original inventor; at least I felt sure that I had hit upon a more perfect system, and could construct a superior machine. Full of this notion, and anxious to carry on the process upon a larger scale, I urged our removal to Freyberg, where all the necessary materials could be more readily procured. This mania, however, quickly subsided; the mechanical nature of my new occupation, the fatigue and annoyance attending it, and, above all, its tendency to cramp and deaden the more intellectual faculties, soon made me glad to give it up, and I returned with redoubled zest to my musical pursuits.

"I now set to music "*Das Waldmädchen*," an Opera, from the pen of the Chevalier von Steinsberg. It was first performed in November 1800, and spread farther than I could afterwards have wished, being given fourteen times in Vienna, subsequently translated into Bohemian, and likewise performed with applause in St. Petersburg. It was a very crude and jejeune production, though in some parts, perhaps, not altogether destitute of invention. The whole of the Second Act was composed in the space of ten days—one of the unfortunate consequences of those marvellous anecdotes of celebrated men, which act so strongly upon the youthful mind, and excite to imitation. In the same manner did an article in the Musical Gazette awaken within me the idea of composing in a style quite different to that I had previously adopted, of bringing again into use, old, forgotten instruments, &c. Family affairs having called me to Salzburg, I composed there, according to my new plan, "*Peter Schmoll und seine Nachbarn*," in 1801. On the appearance of this Opera, my old master,

Michael Haydn, either finding, or fancying he had found, some original talent therein, honored me with a kind mark of his esteem.* This piece was performed at Augsburg; but, as may be imagined, without any particular success. The overture I subsequently retouched, and had it engraved by Gombart.

"In 1802, my father proceeded with me on a musical tour to Leipsic, Hamburg, and Holstein, where I diligently collected and studied Theoretical Works. Unfortunately, a *Doctor Medicina* destroyed all my beautiful systems with the constantly-recurring question, "Why is this so?" and overwhelmed me in a sea of doubts, from which only the formation of a system of my own, founded upon natural and philosophical principles, gradually delivered me, as I sought to trace the excellencies of the old masters to their fundamental causes, and to form them into one definitive whole within myself.

"I now felt myself strongly impelled towards that great emporium and resort of musical talent, Vienna; and, on visiting it, might be said for the first time to have entered the world. Here, in addition to the society of other eminent masters, among whom was the immortal Haydn, the venerable patriarch of his Art, I became acquainted with the Abbé Vogler, who, with the generous feeling common to all great minds, of cheerfully assisting the earnest endeavours of others, opened to me, in the frankest spirit, the treasures of his knowledge. By his advice, though not, I confess, without much reluctance, I gave up several favorite projects, suggested by the fervor of youthful inexperience, and dedicated nearly two years to the most intense study of the Works of various great masters, analyzing the structure of their compositions, the execution of their ideas, and their employment of means, all of which I strove, as far as possible, to make my own. I published nothing at this period but two trifling Works—Variations, and a Piano-forte arrangement of Vogler's Opera of "*Samori*."

"An invitation to fill the situation of Music-director at Breslau opened to me a new field of exertion, and afforded me fresh opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of effect. I there created a new Orchestra and Chorus, retouched several of my earlier Works, and composed the greater portion of the Opera of "*Leub-zahl*," which afterwards appeared under the name of Professor Rohde. The numerous duties and occupations of my office did not, it is true, admit of my paying any great attention to original composition; but, at the same time, the better was I enabled to digest the various principles of Art I had from time to time adopted, and to convert the more valuable portion into wholesome intellectual food.

"In 1806, that true lover of the Art, Prince Eugene, of Wirtemberg, invited me to his court at Carlsruhe, in Silesia, where I composed two Symphonies, several Concertos, and other pieces of music. But War having destroyed the neat Theatre and elegant chapel of this Prince, I was obliged to proceed upon a professional tour, under very unfavorable and disheartening circumstances, but common enough at this turbulent period. I, therefore, came to the resolution of renouncing the Art for a time, as her public servant, and resided at Stuttgart, in the house of the Duke Louis, of Wirtemberg. While in this situation, incited and encouraged by the friendly suggestions of that excellent man, Danzi, I completed the Opera of "*Silvana*," or rather remodelled it upon my former work "*Das Waldmädchen*," and composed a piece, called "*Der erste Ton*," besides several Overtures, Choral pieces, Compositions for the Piano-forte, &c."

Even if Weber could have eaten the bread of idleness, it was not in his nature to sit down in indolence. The same activity of

* Brother to the illustrious Joseph Haydn.

† Leipzig Musikalische Zeitung.

* Gerber's "Dictionary of Musicians."

mind, which in early youth engaged him in Painting, Etching, and even the more mechanical labor of Lithography, made him devote the *hora intercessiva* which he could spare from his professional avocations (and these intervals were not many) to the cultivation of Poetry and General Literature. He published from time to time short criticisms on professional subjects, new Operas, Concerts, or Elementary Works on Music generally, anonymously, or under the signature of "Melos," "Niemand," "Simon Knaster," or some such pseudonym, most of them distinguished by acuteness and depth, often by force and happiness of expression, and uniformly by a noble candor and sensibility to the merit of others.

Resuming the thread of his autobiographical sketches, he says, "At length, in 1810, with renewed fervor and renovated hope, I once more started on a professional tour; and from this epoch I may date my final, unreserved, and irrevocable devotion to the Art. All that time has since done, or may effect, with regard to my talent, is the smoothing off, as it were, of sharp angles, and the ripening of my powers of conception. I traversed Germany in various directions; and the eagerness with which my performances were accepted and my endeavours crowned—the attention bestowed upon them, in spite of the unfavourable circumstances of the times and the evil endeavors of some—called all the powers of my mind into action, and, as it were, consecrated me a true priest of the Art. At Frankfort, Munich, Berlin, Vienna, &c. were my Operas performed, and my Concerts well attended. At this period, too, and but a very short time before his decease, I had the happiness to spend some days with my old friend, the Abbé Vogler, and beheld, with deep interest, the venerable man devoting the last remnant of his faculties to the instruction of his promising disciples, Meyerbeer and Gänsbacher. In company with the latter, I spent some of my happiest hours. At Darmstadt, in 1810, I composed an Opera, entitled "*Abon Hassan*." I afterwards returned to Vienna, just in time to see the Abbé Vogler breathe his last. Peace to his ashes!"

In 1811 Weber gave a concert at Berlin, at which was produced the Oratorio by Scheile, "*Gott und die Natur*," the music by Meyerbeer, and from which Work, Weber truly predicted the great subsequent renown of his illustrious friend, the Composer of "*Robert le Diable*," "*Les Huguenots*," and "*Le Prophète*." In summing up his judgments upon this remarkable Oratorio, Weber exclaims, "Let Herr Meyerbeer only go forth in the paths of Art, exercising the perseverance, assiduity, and discretion so manifest in him hitherto, and from his genius we may prophecy a ripe rich fruit."

"Up to 1816," he says, "I directed the Opera at Prague, after having completely reorganized that establishment. Devoted wholly to my Art, and living in the perfect conviction that I was born only to cultivate and extend it, I relinquished the management at Prague, my object being attained, and everything done that could be effected with the limited means of a private management. All that it henceforth needed was an honest man to watch over its welfare." In a letter to Liebich, the stage-manager at that city, he states that he had at last come to the resolution of giving up his obnoxious situation.

"Think not, however," he observes, in conclusion, "that this resolution is founded on any feelings of irritation or pride, but in the firm conviction that I can no longer remain here for good. While I continue to hold the helm, my management will always afford me the same pleasure, and be distinguished by the same exertions."

Accordingly, with unpretending patience, he labored for months before laying down the direction, to complete and simplify all the arrangements of the Opera for his successor, to fill up catalogues, inventories, and so forth, so as to reduce the Operatic chaos into

order and regularity. Having done so as well as he could, almost at the sacrifice of any attempt at composition of his own (for his residence at Prague is hardly distinguishable by any Work of consequence save his Cantata of "*Kampf und Sieg*," and his Music to Körner's "*Leyer und Schwert*,") he resigned his office. We find in the Leipsic Musical Gazette of the year 1815, a critique by Weber on the Opera "*Alimelek*" of M. Meyerbeer. In the introductory part a bitterly sarcastic philippic is uttered against his countrymen, who, with all their "pretended patriotism," persevere in their absurd adulation of whatever is foreign, and unaccountably neglect "such excellent original Works as this Opera" by a native composer. "M. Meyerbeer," says Weber, "has hitherto acquired fame only as a Piano-forte player, while but little justice has been done to him as a Composer. The great Works by which he has proved his genius—the Operas "*Jephtha*," performed in Munich, and "*Alimelek*," produced at Stuttgart, and often repeated at Prague, and his grand Oratorio "*God and Nature*" (before-mentioned)—have either been passed over in silence, or mentioned in terms of doubtful praise." "It is truly melancholy, that a Composer should be so often at the mercy of individuals, whom either mere chance, or the vanity of seeing themselves in print, or even hunger, has made the heralds and proclaimers of the public opinion. How often is their judgment influenced by illiberal selfish motives!"* Weber returns at last to the Opera "*Alimelek*," and after stating with how much wit and genuine humor the story (from the "*Sleeper Awakened*" of the Arabian Nights) has been dramatized, he thus concludes—"The unity and keeping of the whole Opera is an advantage that few compositions like this possess. In addition to which, how many proofs of a devoted study of the Art,—what a beautiful combination of original melodies in various forms, each preserving a character peculiar to itself! No prolixity in the Work, all dramatically true, all full of lively imagination, of lovely, and frequently luxurious Airs! The declamatory part always correct, with an abundance of rich and new harmonies; a judicious use of the Orchestra, often so combined as to produce the most striking effects.—Such is this Opera, from which I could easily select specimens to prove all that I have said, if experience had not taught me that such passages, when detached, cease to be what they are in union, therefore incapable of producing conviction."

Subsequent to 1816, Weber proceeds: "I again lived for some time unoccupied, visiting a number of places in succession, and calmly awaiting the summons to an enlarged sphere of activity. I received many handsome offers from various quarters; but the invitation to me to found a German Opera in Dresden was the only one that had sufficient attractions to induce me to accept it. I have now entered, I trust, with becoming industry and care upon this interesting duty; and if a stone should be laid over my grave, these words may with justice be inscribed thereon:—

"HERE LIES ONE WHO MEANT HONESTLY TOWARDS MUSIC
AND TOWARDS MEN."

Thus wrote poor Weber in March 1818. In all probability, he little dreamt, when at the age of thirty-one, he penned this inscription, that in eight short years it would be put into requisition!

Residing mainly at Dresden from the commencement of 1817, we first discover in his correspondence, intimations of his friendship with Kind the poet: he thus writes to him in the March of that year, enclosing a bill for 20 ducats, and from this letter we perceive the first indications of that wonderful co-creation of these two united friends and worthy men, the "*Freischütz*:"—

* Against this indirect attack upon the "*Musikalische Zeitung*," the editor, Mr. Rochlitz, defends himself in a subjoined note.

"Dear highly-honored friend,

"Parent the second sends his heartiest greeting to Parent the first; and with it that which was agreed upon for the pious '*Agathe*,'* with sincerest gratitude and thanks for a Work so well brought to a close. At 6 to-morrow evening I purpose bringing Herr Hofr. Böttiger to you, in order that we may have the delight of enjoying the pleasant fellow's society once more together.

"With heartfelt love and sincerity,

"Yours,

"WEBER.

"Dresden, March 3d, 1817."

In this year also we find that his marriage was solemnized; his wife was the celebrated actress Caroline Brand, with whom he had formed an acquaintance when at Prague. She proved an affectionate and dutiful partner in his joys and cares, a welcome solace in his many and inward sorrows: he thus writes to Kind on the day before the ceremony took place, from Prague, whither he had journeyed from Dresden to celebrate it:—

"My little bride welcomes from her heart every thing relating to Kind.....She rummages amongst the scraps we brought with us (your Poems), and we read together all that sing of Love and Affection; they are many, and turn up frequently.

"Best thanks for the '*Liederkreis*,'† (I mentioned it to you last Sunday evening) and for all your kind loves. Willingly would I chit-chat longer, but my eyes droop, and the bridal-eve must have its due meed of rest.

"God bless you all, remain happy, well, and assured of the love of

"Yours,

"WEBER.

"The best Solo voices are the two Zukkers; Wilhelm! or Bergmann; and Hellwig or Mezner; as the piece stands. Good-luck!

"Prague, the 3d 9ber 1817, 11½ at night."

The weariness, the fever, and the fret of incessant occupation and wavering health, to which he was exposed during his residence at Dresden, will be better seen by the following. Weber had been rash enough, in an unguarded moment, to promise to review some musical production of a brother artist, and had been prevented by his multifarious avocations from fulfilling his promise. He had in the meantime received a most impertinent and vexatious letter from the brother of the musician, to which he thus replied:—

"I was indebted, when I left Prague, to my publisher, in a variety of Works already begun and paid for. I went to Berlin. I gave no concerts, that I might lose no time. I worked day and night, and had already completed my task, when I was invited to Dresden to assist in the formation of a German Opera there. I came, and found prejudices to contend with, obstacles of every kind to overcome, engagements to form, correspondence to carry on with all quarters of Germany, a corps to organize from the foundation, for an Opera, which, with all its limited means, has since obtained the approbation of the court and the public. It was a hard time of restlessness and care, and my health was broken by it. The pressure of employment on all sides was so great, that I had no time to think of composition. I had been deprived of all social intercourse with my friends, some of whom had scarcely received a token of my existence for a twelvemonth. I had hoped to carry through my arrangements for my marriage in the end of August, when the task was suddenly imposed upon me of composing an Italian cantata for the nuptial ceremony of our Princess Maria Anne, to be completed at the very moment when I was in the midst of my arrangements for my new residence. The ceremony was put off from day to day, and this period of uncertainty, night and day, I shall never forget. At last, on the 30th of August, I was allowed to set out. I completed my mar-

* Probably one of the earliest titles for the Opera.

† Circle or Series of Songs.

riage at Prague on the 4th of November, and paid a visit on family matters to Mannheim. I had taken your brother's Work with me in the carriage, that I might avail myself of any moment I could find, but it was impossible. In the end of December I returned, when a fearful heap of arrears awaited me. I pledged myself to the King to prepare a mass for his birthday, which was to be my greatest Work. It was completed on the 8th of March, 1818, being the fruit of nocturnal labor, at a time when I was on the point of taking leave of this world altogether. My colleague Morlacchi had been travelling in Italy on leave ever since the end of August 1817, and thus every thing lay on my shoulders..... Can a man, who has been conducting the Opera for the last three years and a half, without playing a single piece of his own, though he had every facility for so doing,—who is still indebted to his publisher in the completion of Works begun a year before,—who has been for the same time in a manner dead to his friends,—who has been unable to complete the Opera which was expected at Berlin,—be accused of thinking only of himself, or wishing to suppress the talents of others? Both here and at Prague I have purposely represented nothing of my own, in order to convince the world that there may be such beings in it as directors who can foster the talents of others, and can be contented without listening eternally to their own music. I have not succeeded it would seem, and it grieves me to the heart."

On the occasion of his marriage, Weber had, in his extreme love of simplicity and fear of display, forbidden all music; but to his surprise and emotion, no sooner had the priest concluded the ceremony, than a burst of music from the organ, and the voices of his scholars, who had been anxious thus to express their sympathy, greeted the newly-married pair. These proofs of sympathy from his scholars were not undeserved. The task of instruction, even amidst his numerous and distracting avocations, had always been discharged by Weber with that zeal and conscientiousness which pervaded his conduct in all the relations of life. Young as he was, his distinguished talent and enthusiasm for the Art had early attracted towards him many pupils, and he seems to have mingled with his musical tuition an almost parental regard and anxiety for their success in life, and the general formation of their character. He censured their moral errors with the same readiness as their musical, he harmonized their whole mental constitution, and endeavoured to impress upon it that piety, charity, and unshaken but unpretending rectitude of purpose which distinguished his own. Some passages in a farewell letter, addressed by him to a pupil who was about to leave him to commence his career in the world, indicate a remarkable union of tenderness and good sense: we subjoin them.

"My dear Emilius,

"I feel myself called on, before our parting, to repeat to you in writing what I have so often verbally endeavoured to impress upon your heart. When you became my scholar, I felt myself charged with the care of your whole being, for I cannot separate the *artist* from the *man*. You know how thoroughly I despise that miscalled 'geniality,' which considers the life of an artist as a license to all excesses, and a permission to violate all the restraints of modesty and decorum. True, an indulgence in the dreams of fancy is but too apt to infect our intercourse with real life; it is pleasant to feel ourselves so carried away. But here it is that a man must preserve his strength of mind, and make his choice, whether by governing his feelings he shall move at once freely and steadily along the path which is pointed out for him; or whether, not possessing, but possessed by his feelings, he shall be whirled quickly about like an insane Fakir in the worship of wretched idols. Persevering diligence is the true spell by which these mischievous influences on the heart are to be counteracted. How absurd to suppose that the mind is cramped by the serious study of means! Free creative power is the result of habits of self-control alone; the mind must be content to move along beaten paths, if it would finally reach the region of novelty..... Dear Emilius, with your acuteness, ambition, and talent, you sin against

Heaven, your parents, your Art, and your instructor, if you abandon yourself any longer to idle dreams and extravagant excesses; if you do not study with firm perseverance, and with that order and method which alone can teach a man how to live in, and for, the world. Your unsteadiness, your disregard of promises and appointments, have become a by-word among your friends. It is the proud distinction of a man to be the slave of his word: Do not flatter yourself with the illusion that you may be careless in such matters, and not in things of greater importance. It is little matters that make up the mass of life, and the fearful power of custom will soon prevent the best intentions from being reduced to action. I trust, however, in HIM who directs all things for good. In the lives of all of us, there are turning points which are decisive of our future existence for good or evil. Let it be your care to enter on the right path; keep before your eyes the duties of your Art; learn to be true to yourself, and your own feelings will richly reward you for any sacrifices which the effort may cost."

It is gratifying to learn that the individual to whom this paternal remonstrance was addressed, justified by his after-conduct the hopes of his instructor. He died early, but not without manifesting in the subsequent part of his behaviour, the impression which Weber's advice had left upon his mind.

In the laborious duties above-mentioned, Weber's time had passed down to 1813. The absence of Morlacchi, to which he alludes in the letter already quoted, had thrown upon him the whole duties of the Opera. In 1818, after finishing the Grand Mass for the birthday of the King, the state of his health was such, that he received permission to return to the country. Until about the close of 1819, he had been in the habit of furnishing a series of regular criticisms on Dramatic Music, from several of which we have quoted. These he now abandoned, partly on account of the state of his health, partly from an invidious attack upon him in a Dresden newspaper, where he was accused of laboring to suppress all talent but his own, and that of his flatterers and protégés. These observations were on occasion of the announcement of Meyerbeer's "*Emma di Rodrigo*" and "*Alimelek*," which had been played at the Royal Theatre that Spring, and their object was to produce the impression that Weber had been unjust to the merit of his old friend. This consideration alone induced the former to notice the attack, which he did in a most conclusive reply. But perceiving by experience the thousand vexations to which the most honest reviewer is exposed, he in a great measure abandoned his Musical criticisms. During his tranquillity in the country, however, he composed part of his "*Preciosa*," the story of which is taken from one of Cervantes, "*Novelas Exemplares*:" this was first produced in the spring of 1829* (?) at Berlin. The principal part was written for Madame Stach, one of the finest women, and first actresses on the German stage; the character of Preciosa gave her an opportunity of displaying her talents in dancing and singing, and also her skill on the guitar. The words of the Melodrama were by Mr. Wolff, himself one of the best actors of the day. He had certainly not availed himself of all the interest with which the romance of Cervantes abounds, but the magnificence of the decorations, and the beauty and originality of the music, atoned for the weakness of the drama, and it acquired a high degree of popularity in all parts of Germany. Weber also during this retirement commenced another Opera, which had been long before commissioned for the Berlin Theatre, the subject of our present Volume, the well-known "*Der Freischütz*," founded on a theme from the "*Sprache und Geschichte*" of August Apel. Kind, by whom (as we have said) the text of the Opera was provided, had first given it the name of the "*Jäger's Braut*," which was afterwards changed to the former

more striking title, to a German ear at least. These labours were for a time interrupted by the sickness of the composer's wife. However, on the 12th of May, 1820, Weber writes thus to M. Godfred Weber:—

"My best thanks for the analysis you have sent me; it is admirable. With respect to the dissection of syllables, I had hoped I knew something of the way in which verses should be declaimed; but are there no cases in which the truth of declamation ought to give place to the rounding of the melody, and *vice versâ*? But who the deuce is infallible? I am sure I can speak for myself, for no one has less pretension that way.

"Only think that my good woman has played me a trick, by giving me a boy a month before her time; but, thank God, they are both doing well.....But why do I say this? Perhaps I may be foolish enough to drop off before you; and upon my soul, I am almost certain that such will be the case."

Weber travelled much in the Autumn of 1820; we find him visiting professionally Halle, Göttingen, Hanover, Brunswick, Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, &c. and finally arriving at Berlin, to bring out his "*Freischütz*."

This celebrated Opera came out at the newly-erected Theatre there on the 18th of June, 1821. The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic Work, which we shall never cease to regard but as one of the proudest achievements of Genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in dramatic composition. The day after its second performance Weber thus addresses Kind, who was then staying at Töplitz:—

"My much-loved friend and fellow-parent!

"Victoria! but we *can* shoot; '*Der Freischütz*' has hit the mark. Let me hope that our friend Hellwig* may, have from his own eye-witnessing, better described the event than I can do; for this brief moment is merely a stolen one; and I need address you *in propria persona* to do the recital complete justice. The second representation of yesterday went off with the same éclat as did the first, and the enthusiasm was equally as great; for the third, to-morrow, there is not a single ticket left on hand. Nobody can call to mind an Opera so well worth the seeing, and since the '*Olympia*' (for which every thing was done that could be), it is the completest triumph that we have seen. You cannot believe with what an interest the whole glides on, and how excellently all sing and play their parts. What would I not have given for you to have been there! Many of the scenes are longer than I should have thought; for example, that of the Bridesmaids. The Overture and this Bridal-Chorus were re-demanded; I would not, however, suffer the action to be interrupted—the critics will now have their fling; I cheerfully enclose you the first I have read; the others I will bring with me, since I think to give my Concert on the 25th, and return to Dresden on the 1st of July. The bad weather may detain you at Töplitz; I shall, therefore, see you at Dresden, and relate what cannot be so well expressed in writing. Besides, I feel so full I know not *what* to write. In what an amount of gratitude am I not indebted to you, my dear Kind, for your magnificent poem! What variety and scope you have given me; and how my soul has been enabled to pour itself out in illustration of your deep and profound verse. I embrace you, and beg you accept my thanks, promising to bring with me a wreath for you, the just reward of your muse, and which you must hang up to remind you of my great and many obligations.

"Gubitz, Wolf, &c. desire to be sincerely remembered to you. I am not so eager about Hoffmann, every one warns me against him; but I hold some faith in him as long as I can. Now a joyful farewell for to-day, I will write simultaneously to Schmiel and Roth *habeat sibi*. God bless you, and accept the love of one who loving, highly esteems you.

"Yours,

"WEBER.

"Berlin, June 21st, 1821."

* Hogarth says 1822.

* Then *Régisseur* of the Dresden Theatre.

From this interesting letter we derive more satisfaction than from the detailed reports of fifty reviewers; however, for the satisfaction of our readers, the criticism enclosed by Weber to Kind, and others, will be found in the "Account" sequent to this Memoir.

In January 1822 "*Freischütz*" was played at Dresden, in February at Vienna, and every where with the same success. The first question put to a foreign amateur on his arrival in Germany was, "Do you know the '*Freischütz*' of Maria von Weber?" "No," is the reply. "Fly, then, and get rid of your culpable ignorance, and we promise you pleasure—admiration—delight—enthusiasm!" Weber's well-regulated mind bore with calmness this sudden celebrity. He says, in writing to a friend,—

"I am delighted that my '*Freischütz*' has given you pleasure. I need the approbation of men of merit to stimulate me to activity. Carried to my present height by the storm of applause, I am ever in fear of a fall. How much better it is to pursue one's way in peace and quiet!"

Nothing but this Opera was performed in any theatre in Germany, and nothing but the airs from it were heard even in the streets of the smallest villages. Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amidst the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a Comic Opera, "*Die drei Pintos*," which he never completed, and of which the sketches were, after his death, left in Meyerbeer's hands for Meyerbeer to finish, but of which the world has never as yet seen one note. Weber had at this time also accepted a commission for another Work for the Vienna stage. Upon the 10th of April of this same year (1822) we find him addressing M. Godfred Weber, the editor of "*Die Cæcilia*," from Dresden, in reply to a congratulatory epistle from the former on the success of "*Der Freischütz*:"—

"My dear Friend,

"How can I describe to you the delight your letter has afforded me! Of all the success which Heaven has allotted to my share, none ever affected me in so lively a manner. You will understand me when I say that I love you as a brother, and that I imagined I had forfeited your friendship; but, thank Heaven! it is not so. I am still as endeared to you as ever.

"During my stay at Vienna, I was seriously indisposed, and obliged to keep my room for nearly three weeks. Next month I hope to breathe a little country air, and then all will be right again. I hope my wife will give me an addition to my family by the end of May. Heaven has taken three of my children; I trust it will be pleased to spare this.

"My next journey will be to Vienna, where I am to bring out my new Opera of '*Euryanthe*.' After this, I must lie by for a year or two, for God knows how long one has to live!

"Meyerbeer has grown quite Italianised. What are become of all our fine dreams and flattering hopes? His new Opera, '*L'Esule di Granada*,' has had great success at Milan."

The text of this last-mentioned Opera of Weber's was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab's alterations, never had a musician more to contend with than in this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

"Dance, and Provençal song, and vintage mirth,"

breathe in its melodies; and although a perplexed plot, and want of interest in the scene, greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first representation, sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. It was previous to his journey to Vienna to produce "*Euryanthe*," and in the fall

of 1822, that Weber received his appointment as Kapellmeister to the King of Saxony; he alludes to this in the following letter, dated *Dresden, Dec. 2, 1822*.

".....All is well with us, and I wish with all my heart that it were the same with you, and that your little darling Op. 2, were as merry and hearty as my little Max, Op. 1. Again I am indisposed; and unfortunately have so much on my hands, that I am obliged to lay my '*Euryanthe*' aside for the present. I have struggled and suffered a great deal; but now, at least, I know how it is with me, and form no foolish hopes beyond it. Besides, I should only have the same business to go over again. I can now calculate upon something like a competency for the rest of my days; that is the point. I may grow into something better; but I have taught myself not to calculate upon mere possibilities."

At last, upon the 10th October, 1823, the long-promised "*Euryanthe*" came out at Vienna. The applause was enthusiastic, and the composer was four times called upon the stage during the first performance. From Vienna, where he was conducting this Opera, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "*Freischütz*." His tour resembled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal reception in the Theatre. Safely housed again in his home, he thus writes:—

"*Dresden, 15th December, 1823.*

"My dear brother,

"I should have answered your letter upon receipt, had I not been overwhelmed with professional duties. Morlacchi set out for Venice the very day after my return; my other colleague Schubert is indisposed, so that the whole weight of duty has fallen upon myself, and moreover, I have the pleasant prospect of this state of things being prolonged through the winter, unless there come down to me some *Deus ex machina*; and I pray most devoutly for his appearance. Yes, my dear brother, congratulate me, I have succeeded in obtaining His Majesty's consent for Gänsbacher to fill the situation of Music-director. What a happiness to act in concert with such a man, and to have restored him to the Art, which ensures him a peaceable existence for the rest of his days! My little Max, who still remains Op. 1, is suffering from his teeth, his mother from anxiety, and myself for both. As to you, may God bless your *studies*; you are already got to Op. 8.

"The effect produced by my '*Euryanthe*' is precisely what I anticipated. My indiscreet friends have, in this instance, lent their hands to my enemies, by requiring that '*Euryanthe*' should seduce the many, as the '*Freischütz*' had done; both the one and the other are equally foolish in so doing. The three first representations at Vienna, which I myself directed, were received with indescribable enthusiasm. I was present in the back of a box at the fourth; I was called for a dozen times over. Even to the last representation, the suffrages of a numerous audience were always the same."

In February 1824, Weber again writes:—

"My joy with regard to Gänsbacher was altogether gratuitous; but, thank God! it is all for his good. The situation of Kapellmeister of the Cathedral of Vienna has been given him, with appointments far superior to any we could have offered him here. The burthen which now rests upon me, and upon me alone, begins to grow insupportable, and unfortunately a colleague is given me not the most suitable in the world to my wishes. Alas, Meyerbeer is daily drifting into a wretched routine. What a glorious bud of promise has he crushed! How much did we not hope for him! Oh! accursed hunger and thirst for success! I am at this moment studying his '*Marguerite d'Anjou*.' He is writing the third Opera for the Carnival at Venice, and is to be in Berlin in April. So they say, but I do not believe it; he is ashamed of facing us.

"The action pending against Spontini at this moment in the courts of Berlin, which, if it be given against him, will have the effect of proving him not to be the author of '*Die Vestalin*,' is the general theme of conversation. The whole affair is unique in its kind.

"You guess right: I do not compose for the moment; I have a perfect indigestion of Music, caused by the multiplicity of rehearsals and re-rehearsals of *every* kind, and in *every* language. Perhaps in the summer I may be in the vein; if so, I shall finish my comic Opera of '*Die drei Pintos*'."

Weber enjoyed the rare good fortune of seeing his Works duly appreciated during his life-time. All the world, amateurs and artists, the connoisseur and the uninitiated, listened with delight to the original, beautiful, and energetic creations of his fancy, and talked of them with enthusiasm; they bespoke the hand of a great painter, who designed with boldness, and finished with characteristic truth of effect. It is this individuality of character which renders it so difficult for performers to do justice to the conceptions of Weber. To this fact many can bear testimony, but none so effectively as those who have had opportunities of tracing the progress of any of his Operas, from its first rehearsal to its perfect performance.

We find him again writing to Godfred Weber on the 17th of March in 1824, in reply to some questions of his regarding the "*Olympia*," &c.

".....I am still in a state of the greatest uncertainty respecting Gänsbacher. Kapellmeister Schubert is since dead. I am driven almost to desperation; every thing rests upon my shoulders; I am sacrificing my health, I am waiting for Gänsbacher, who, after all, is not come....."

"'*Olympia*'?—many fine things, and of the grandiose, too!' (but does it command our respect? no!)"

"Meyerbeer is expected in Berlin in April; I also am to be there to bring out my '*Euryanthe*.' On the 20th I shall give his '*Marguerita d'Anjou*.' It has much that is excellent, and that bespeaks the hand of a Master, though frequently too Rossini-ized".....

Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him; and "the slow minings of the hectic fire" within, began to manifest themselves more visibly, in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an Opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the North of Germany to England, induced the Managers to offer him liberal terms for an Opera on the subject of "*Oberon*," the well-known fairy tale, on which Wieland has reared his fantastic but beautiful and touching comic Epos. The first indications we perceive of this Opera are in a letter to the Editor of "*Die Cécilia*," dated *Dresden, October 22, 1824*.

"I find nothing to add to your article for the *European Review*,* for all I could say would resolve itself into a species of personal praise that ends in the ridiculous. It is all the better for us interested people, that you are charged with the performance of such a task. Only do not give way to that weakness to which we Germans are so liable, and of which such a specimen is seen in * * * and * * * in their apprehension of being thought partial to German productions, and incapable of duly appreciating the merit of strangers—the effect of sheer pedantry, which ought to be drummed out of all our German scholars. To escape reproach, they care not what they pull to pieces that is German, while they exercise all their ingenuity in excusing the faults of foreign productions, or in crying them up.

"The latest news with me is, that I am writing an Opera for London, and that I shall set off in March or April next, to superintend the bringing it out at Covent Garden.....I then hope to be able to give you a meeting at Frankfurt, when we can shut ourselves up and chat the whole day long.....My comic Opera of '*The Three Pintos*' is again obliged to be laid aside.

"I cannot help again reverting to the pleasure your judgment upon

* This promising Journal advanced only to the sixth number; the article in question may be seen in the fourth.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

'*Euryanthe*' afforded me. But, in the name of heaven! what do you mean by sentiments 'outrageously virtuous'? Here you are wrong. What, then, would become of Shakspeare's '*Cymbeline*,' his '*Romeo and Juliet*,' and a hundred other Works?

"Your '*Cécilia*' pleases me the more I see of it. If I do not become your contributor, you must put it down to my want of time, and to my repugnance in setting up for a judge, a feeling which I am sure you will approve.....Last Thursday I had the great happiness of having Meyerbeer with me the whole livelong day. Surely, you must have felt your ears tingle! It was truly fortunate, a reminiscence of the good old times at Mannheim. He is looking extremely well, and is scarcely at all altered. To add to the happiness of the day, came a letter from Gänsbacher, announcing his certain installation as Kapellmeister to the Cathedral of Vienna, as well as his approaching marriage. We did not separate till very late at night. Meyerbeer is going to Trieste, to bring out his '*Crociato*.'.....In a year or so he is to return to Berlin, where he will perhaps write a German Opera. Pray God he may! I made some very home appeals to his conscience."

His friend's criticism on "*Euryanthe*" must have been pleasing to Weber, for the Dresden Opera had been till then almost wholly occupied by Rossini's music, to the exclusion of Works of native Composers, and the long-promised "*Euryanthe*" had been given but once. Those who had the opportunity of seeing behind the curtain, would have been able to trace the cause of this neglect, not to the public, but to the singers, whose cabals and finesse have a deeper influence on a Composer's success than the world generally imagines. These people had been so long used to the light, the often-repeated and repeating strains of Rossini, that they were quite spoiled. In addition to this, it was remarked that this new Opera was no "*Freischütz*!" Seldom was a more matter-of-fact assertion made, for can there be any thing in the world more distinct than the character of these two Operas? Would the Dresdenites have had Adolar sing like Max, Lysiar like Caspar, Euryanthe like Agathe, and Eglantine like Annchen? What a contrast of time, persons, and situation!

Weber had now to set about "*Oberon*." He received the First Act of Mr. Planché's manuscript in the Autumn of 1824, and forthwith he began his labors, though (as will appear from a subsequent letter) he seems to have thought the worthy Managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planché's elegant verses to his own immortal music. Of his progress, therefore, in English we cannot give a better testimony, than a letter in that language to Mr. Planché, dated *Dresden, the 6th January, 1825*:

"Sir,

"I am most obliged to you for all the kind things you are pleased to honor me with. I can only congratulate myself to share in toils of an author who displays so much feeling and genius in his fluent verses. The cut of an English Opera is certainly very different from a German one—the English is more a Drama with Songs. But in the First Act of '*Oberon*,' there is nothing that I could wish to see changed, except the Finale. The Chorus is conducted to its place, I think, rather forcibly, and cannot excite the *interesse* of the public, which is linked to the sentiment of Reiza. I would wish consequently for some more verses—full of the greatest joy and hope for Reiza, which I might unite with the Chorus, and treat the latter as subordinate to Reiza's sentiments. Pardon my making use of your condescending permission.

"I thank you obligingly for your goodness of having translated the verses in French, but it was not so necessary, because I am tho' yet a weak, however a diligent student of the English language.

"I am, with esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"C. M. DE WEBER."

d

C. M. VON WEBER.

"Being ignorant if the rest of your Opéra has been sent already before the arrival of those letter, I but repeating you that it is vastly*" to get the sight of the whole as soon as possible."

In February again, he thus gives us a chronicle of the creation of "*Oberon*," in another English letter to Mr. Planché:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have received the Second Act of '*Oberon*' the 18th January, and the Third Act and your very amiable letter in one and the same day, the 1st February.

"These two acts are also filled with the greatest beauties, I embrace the whole in love, and will endeavour not to remain behind you. To this acknowledgment of your Work you can give credit the more, as I must repeat that the cut of the whole is very foreign to all my ideas and maxims. The intermixing of so many principal actors who do not sing, the omission of the music in the most important moments,—all these things deprive our '*Oberon*' the title of an Opera, and will make him unfit for all other Theatres in Europe; which is a very bad thing for me, but—*passons là-dessus*.

"You have so well construed my first prayers, that I continue with proposals in confidence to your kindness.

"The scene between Sherasmin and Fatima, in the second act; and the (very pretty) Arietta of the latter, must necessarily be omitted, and the Quartetto follow immediately. Also the Chorus of the Pirates. But the time which we gain thereby, we must spare for a Duet between Huon and Reiza. The absence of this piece of music would be very much regretted, and the scene upon the desert shore seems the most convenient place for it, though my musical heart sighs that the first moment when the loving pair find each other, passes without music, but the Opera appears too long already. Now I wish for a mad Aria for Sherasmin, (when he discovers the horn) in which Fatima's lamentations unite and close the scene with a beautiful contrast. Oh! dear Sir! what would we not produce, if we were living in the same town.

"Still I beg leave to observe that the composer looks more for the expression of feelings, than the figurative; the former he may repeat and develope in all their gradations: but verses like—

"Like the spot the tulip weareth,

"Deep within its dewy urn;"

Or, in Huon's song—

"Like hopes that deceive us,

"Or false friends who leave us,

"Soon as descendeth Prosperity's sun,"

must only be said *once*.

"You see, that, I speak to you as to an old acquaintance, and I hope at least that you will consider it so.

"Mr. — has not honored me till now with an answer to my letter of the 6th of January. I conclude from this that he is convinced of the necessity to retard the Opera, and that, consequently, we have time to regulate our affairs. The same reason has also withheld me from replying to his letter of the 4th January, which has crossed mine of the 6th January. Yet I must own the wish, to see the affair decided at last, because all sort of uncertainty puzzles me, and disturbs me in working. but I would neither appear indiscreet, nor suffer injury, the latter of which I have too frequently experienced. Russia, Sweden, Poland, France, Scotland, and England, have brought on the boards my performances, without their being entitled to it, for my Works have not been printed. And though I do not value money, to take notice of it, the world forces me at last.

"Pardon, dear Sir, that I am molesting you with things you cannot be interested in,—but Poets and Composers live together in a sort of angels' marriage, which demands reciprocal trust. And now it is truly time to end my very checkered epistle.

"I am with the greatest esteem and regard,

"Your most obedient servant, &c.

"Dresden, Februar the 19th, 1825."

* A word illegible here.

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Sickness and disease were, however, still at the slow but sure undermining of his constitution: he thus writes in April to Godfred Weber again, to whom through the study necessary for, and the composition of, "*Oberon*," he had been prevented writing since the October of the preceding year:—

".....How alarmed I am at your long illness!—I cannot describe the feeling that came over me at the thought that I might have lost you during an interval of accidental silence! What a frail and transitory being is man—and what care should tried friends take to strengthen the ties of affection by an unremitted interchange of kind offices and constant communication, considering how short is the space allotted to us all! When one thinks what trifles, what nothings, are able to interrupt the course of friendship, one is tempted to forget all bounds, and stamp the very earth with vexation.

"I, too, have been obliged to keep my room for six weeks; I have had so severe a hoarseness as entirely to take away my voice, accompanied by a convulsive cough. My medical adviser was apprehensive of a disease of the larynx. You can easily conceive that this is enough to paralyse my powers: but God's will be done!

"It was only in February I received the Third Act of "*Oberon*," and they wished me to be in London by Easter; this was carrying the joke rather too far: they must give me till next Winter, at all events.

"I recollect that I have not written to you since October 1824: I blush at my neglect; but I know you will not be angry; and though you call me a selfish fellow (the deuce knows why), I know you still love me."

The exertions consequent upon this straining to finish "*Oberon*" increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering place in the Summer of 1825; but in the Autumn we find him back again in Dresden working with might and main, and poor "*Oberon*" laid for the while on the shelf:—

"Dresden, October, 1825.

".....I am quite in despair when I see day after day eaten up by the routine of business, without leaving me one poor moment for composition. The festivities for the marriage of Prince Max torment me terribly; we are getting up "*Olympia*" for the occasion. This was the only opportunity possible for having it executed with extraordinary pomp. I superintend all the rehearsals, which consumes a fearful portion of the solid day, and makes me the very slave of the theatre."

Notwithstanding these hindrances, the indefatigable man was determined not to be daunted: he writes again to Mr. Planché on the 3d December:—

"I am ashamed to be your debtor for those amiable letters. But you must have indulgence with a very much toiled and moiled poor man, as I am. I have now to give you an account of our "*Oberon*." Two Acts are ended. The First is in its total state as you have written it. In the Second I have yet fulfilled your wish to compose "*A lonely Arab maid*," but I would have omitted "*O Araby, my native land*," in the third act, because I fear that the Opera will be too long already. This song, however, shall not disunite us; and I will compose it, perhaps, first in England.

"The Duo for Reiza and Huon, which you was so kind as to send me, I have not composed, because, beautiful as it is, it cannot be placed in that situation with effect. Little changes, which I have permitted myself, shall, as I hope, be ratified by you.

"My health is yet weak indeed, but much better than last Winter, and if "*Oberon*" is fixed to be played on Easter Monday 1826, I hope surely to be in London the first days of March.....Not enough can I express the pleasure in hoping to make your personell acquaintance, and till then and ever believe me, my dear Sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"C. M. v. WEBER."

Immediately after this, he revisited Berlin, to bring out his

C. M. VON WEBER

"*Euryanthe*" there in person; meantime a gross injury had been committed on himself and his Works in Paris by M. Castil-Blaze, who produced the "*Freischütz*" at the Odeon. M. Blaze has for many years been the adapter of Foreign Operas for French use, committing with all the Composers, whose productions come under his hands, the most iniquitous and inexcusable liberties. We have seen his adaptations of "*Tancredi*" with choruses, &c. from "*Semiramide*" and "*Otello*"; "*Otello*" with whole scenes from "*Tancredi*," &c.; and recently we heard of the following atrocity from this perverter of the truth; a Third Act to "*Fidelio*!" made up of some of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas and fragments of the A Minor Symphony set to words!! which outrage upon decency was actually brought out somewhere a year or two ago, (we believe in Brussels). Had this M. Castil-Blaze had *any* conscience*, he would at least have shown some deference to the great man whom he so poignantly wounded, those of our readers will agree so, who peruse the two following letters:—

"Dresden, Dec. 15, 1825.

"Sir,—There was a time when I regarded as one of the principal enjoyments of my future residence at Paris, the making a personal acquaintance with the Author of "*L'Opéra en France*,"—a Work for which I shall never cease to manifest all the admiration to which it is so justly entitled. I was persuaded that I could not help profiting from the conversation of a writer so distinguished by the most just and purest views, and I already congratulated myself upon it by anticipation. Judge, Sir, after this (I may well say it,) of my profound grief, to see these delightful hopes destroyed, by the line of conduct which you have pursued with respect to me.

"You, yourself, first proposed to arrange my Opera, the "*Freischütz*," for the French stage. Nothing in the world could be more calculated to flatter me, and to call forth my sincerest gratitude, but you did not think it necessary to speak to the Composer, nor to communicate to him your ideas on the changes, perhaps inevitable, for your Public. You procure an adaptation from a source altogether illegitimate, (could it appear legitimate to you?) for my Work being neither engraved nor published, no Theatre or Music-seller had a right to dispose of it. The Opera was at length brought on the stage, and you overlook me, even so far as to claim the rights of the Composer for yourself.

"I witnessed all this, and expected, one day or other, to be honored with a letter from you, Sir. It appeared to be impossible that a man of your merit, with your views of the Art, could forget entirely what an artist and a man of honor owes to another. I, however, have this moment heard that you have just published the adaptation of the "*Freischütz*,"—ah, Sir, what will become of all that is sacred among us!—and without even having acquired it by legitimate means!

"Sir, I address myself but to you, and to your honorable feelings—to all those noble sentiments which you have expressed so many times in speaking of the Art, and on that which is due to it. Allow me to hope that it was only negligence, too natural to artists, that has been able to make you forget altogether that the Composer of "*Der Freischütz*" was in existence, and be assured that I will preserve, as much as possible, the sentiments of true esteem due to your talents, with which

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"C. M. VON WEBER."

To this home-appeal, however, M. Castil-Blaze vouchsafed *no* reply, but added to the injury already inflicted, by a course of conduct explained in the next letter, dated from *Dresden, Jan. 4th, 1826*:—

"Sir,—It has appeared to you superfluous to honor me with an answer to my letter of the 15th of December, and in spite of myself I find it necessary to address you a second time. It has been communicated to me, that a piece is about to be produced at the Odéon, in which there are extracts from the "*Euryanthe*." It is my intention to bring this Opera

* What a question! after his cruel disregard of poor Weber's remonstrances.

out at Paris myself. I have not sold my interest in it, and nobody has it in France. It is perhaps from an engraved adaptation for the Piano that you have copied those parts of it which you wish to appropriate. You have no right to mutilate my music by introducing into it passages, the accompaniments of which are of your own composition. It was quite enough to put into the "*Freischütz*" a Duet from "*Euryanthe*," the accompaniment of which is not mine. You compel me, Sir, to address myself to the public, and to make it known through the French papers, that it is a robbery which has been committed on me, not only on my music, by taking that which belongs to no one but myself, but also on my reputation, by bringing forth, under my name, mutilated specimens. To avoid all public quarrels, which are never more advantageous for the Art than they are for the professors of it, I pray you, Sir, forthwith to withdraw from the piece which you have arranged, all the passages which belong to me. I would wish to forget the wrong which has been done me.—I will say no more about the "*Freischütz*"—but I stop here, Sir; and permit me to indulge the hope of being able to meet you, one day, with sentiments worthy of your talents and your mind.

"Accept, &c.

"C. M. VON WEBER."

The "*Euryanthe*" came out in January at Berlin, and was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the "*Freischütz*," the wild and characteristic music of which came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at "*Oberon*." Later in the year, the Opera, however, continued more and more firmly to establish itself in the favour of the Public: albeit, some wits of the place would pun upon the title, and called it "*L'Ennuyante*" in lieu of "*L'Euryanthe*." About the same time, this Work was also produced at Darmstadt; but Weber writes—

"I hear that "*Euryanthe*" has not succeeded at Darmstadt, for you could not find the leisure to drop me a single line, to say how it had been executed, which is too bad.—Well, an accident at Darmstadt may be well compensated by two such instances of success as those of Munich and Berlin.

"Dresden, January the 10th, 1826."

Settled down again at last to "*Oberon*" he completed it, though, whilst increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the Public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst such anxious and multiplied duties. In a letter written shortly afterwards to Godfred Weber, he exclaims—

".....Would to heaven I had been a tailor, and that people had left me in peace and quiet,—I should then have enjoyed a Sunday of my own, and had a merry life of it!

"February 14th, 1826."

Two days after writing this note, determining himself to be present at the representation of "*Oberon*" (his last performance), Weber set out for London. He hoped, by this visit, to realize something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had, indeed, by incessant exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definite arrangement relative to an Opera, which the Parisians had long requested from him. He left Dresden on the 16th February, 1826, accompanied by his friend Furstenuau, a celebrated performer on the flute, travelling in a comfortable carriage, which his health rendered indispensable. His first stay was at Leipsic, whence he posted a letter to his dearly beloved wife; then Weimar; and afterwards at Frankfort, where he was received

with open arms by Godfred Weber, Guhr, and Forti, and where he heard Handel's "*Judas Maccabeus*" excellently performed. His cough was less troublesome on the journey than it had latterly been. He reached Paris on the 25th of February, where he was received in the most flattering manner by all the Musicians and Composers of eminence, among others by Rossini, who was so anxious to see him, that he had called on Schlesinger (Weber's publisher) before his arrival, that he might ascertain the exact moment of his coming. On the 27th, Weber was present at the first representation of Spontini's "*Olympia*," and, though no great admirer of the Composer, the way in which the Opera was performed elicited his warmest approbation; he thus writes:—

".....How splendid a spectacle is the Opera here! The noble building, the masses upon the stage, and in the orchestra, are imposing, almost awful. The orchestra in particular has a strength and fire such as I never before witnessed."

The longer he remained in Paris, the more the number of his visitors increased; he writes to his wife—

"I cannot venture to describe to you how I am received here. It would be the excess of vanity. The very paper would blush for me, were I to write down half of what the greatest living artists here tell me. If I don't die of pride now, I am ensured against that fate for ever."

Though thus breathing an atmosphere of flattery, and feeling his health and spirits improving amidst the novelty of the scene, his letters betray his longing to revisit his domestic circle, and his resolution never again to undertake so long a journey without the comfort of their society. On the 2d of March, Weber left Paris for England; he sailed at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th in the "*Fury*" steamer, and landed at Dover about 1 P.M. in the midst of windy and rainy weather,—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, shewed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring him to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the Officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as every thing would be managed for him. On the 6th, he writes to his wife from London—

"God be thanked, here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; but what more or what better could I wish for?"

"After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the "*Express*" coach, a noble carriage drawn by four English horses, such as no Prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning through this inexpressibly beautiful country; meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes, (amongst others the largest ship of the line of 148* guns), the graceful country houses, altogether make the journey perfectly unique. At Rochester we stayed a quarter of an hour to lunch, and by 5 o'clock achieved the remaining twenty miles to the metropolis. An account of the grandeur of this place it would be impossible to write, I therefore leave it until I can make a verbal report, the doing which will be a rich employment of some future quiet moment between us. A great hackney-coach was called, and all our trunks, boxes, baskets, music-packages, &c. which we three had brought, and which had given us so much trouble on the road, well stowed therein. I am now comfortably settled down in Smart's† house, which is conveniently furnished, and about which I can tell you many a joke; baths, everything are in this house. At

* He must mean a 150-gun ship or a 180. † Sir George Smart.

six we dined with Smart, Furstenau got his things in at his lodgings, and by ten I lay in a snug bed, where I slept excellently till seven this morning. Furstenau lives hard by at a German's, and pays him one pound sterling per week. I found my table covered with cards, from visitors who had called before my arrival; and a splendid pianoforte in my room, from one of the first instrument-makers, with a request that I would make use of it during my stay. The Conductors of the Oratorio has been already assigned to me, and all the four evenings I am to conduct twelve pieces out of the "*Freischütz*;" so much for one short hour. Furstenau plays on Friday at the Oratorio, and all things bespeak a glowing and prosperous future. The whole day is mine till five; then dinner, the theatre, or society. Kemble is in Bath, but returns after to-morrow; we dine with his wife to-day. Then to Covent-Garden, where I shall hear all the singers, and afterwards to a concert. To-morrow morning I set to work; this morning I had but washed and dressed myself when your dear letter came, and gave me unending joy. Solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly, and my little stock of English, in which I make great progress, is of incalculable use to me; the Englishmen will have their joke about this, just as the French corrected, with many compliments, my language in France.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the Opera,* I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the "*Oberon*" is not fixed for Easter-Monday, but some time later, I shall tell you afterwards when, *i. e.*, when I know myself. The people are really too kind to me, their solicitude is positively painful; if I am not well enough to sally forth, nobody goes out. No king had ever more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one. For eight days it disappeared entirely, then, upon the 3rd, a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink everything, and it does not come. But be it as God will. You see by this how tranquil I can remain. I will now tell you how I am quartered. Smart uses the ground floor, in which we also take our meals. On the first floor is the drawing-room, and on the second my bed-room and studio, into which no one intrudes. You can enter or leave the house when you please, a privilege no one refuses to avail himself of. A mau-servant and his wife are the attendants, two true and faithful persons, whom Smart has had with him for sixteen years. You see, it were impossible to be in better hands."

8 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, he continues—

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent-Garden, where "*Rob Roy*," an Opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage box, that I might have a better view of it, some one called out "*Weber! Weber!*" And though I drew back immediately, there followed a clamor of applause that I thought never would have ended. Then the overture to the "*Freischütz*" was called for, and every time I showed myself, the storm again broke loose. Fortunately, soon after the overture "*Rob Roy*" began, and things gradually became more quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm disposition, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely. Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors, and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices and expression. The Orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the Choruses particu-

* "*Oberon*."

larly so. In short I feel quite at ease, as to the fate of "*Oberon*." After I had heard the Second Act of "*Rob Roy*" I went to a Concert in Hanover Square, at which all the principal vocalists sang, including Velluti. Paton came later, after the Opera, and knock'd them all on the head by her singing of an Aria. I also heard Kiesewetter there, and many others. Are these your "cold English," of whom I have been told so often? their enthusiasm is incredible!

The final production of the Opera "*Oberon*," however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece. Two days later than the preceding, he again communicates with his wife.

"March 9th.

"Good morning, my best beloved Lina. Yesterday was a severe, though a beautiful day, its pleasures enhanced by the surprise of receiving your dear letter; it strengthened and animated me for the rehearsal. But, ere I answer it especially, I will make my report of myself, having so good a one. On the 7th, from 1 P.M. I had a pianoforte-rehearsal with the various singers, of the pieces to be given from the "*Freischütz*," and was well content with the result; then dined with Moscheles, and went to see "*Isolina*";* but could only stand one Act of it, Velluti screamed so frightfully, the fine Work too was so frightfully mangled; and — most especially, certain eyes were upon me so fixedly (they pierced not to my very heart merely, but to my very shoes) that I sought refuge at home, and peacefully lay in my bed at ten o'clock with my spirit Dresdenward. Yesterday, the 8th, I worked betimes at the Finale. Then Kemble came to take me to the Oratorio-rehearsal at 11. Orchestra and Chorus received me with three tremendous cheers, I spoke a word or two, and the *vivats* began again. Then we proceeded with the rehearsal, and I repeated those pieces in which they were the least perfect; this lasted until past 3. The good-will and zealous attention were constant; I then rode home, and dined with Robertson at half-past 5; at 7 came my first appearance before the over-crammed house—Smart led me to my place, and now, dear Lina, all description is at an end.—What are "thunders of applause," "acclamations," and all other expressions, compared with reality? The calling, shouting, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs throughout the whole house seemed to have no end, nobody can call to mind a parallel enthusiasm. At last the Overture began—encored, and so on, for three or four numbers. At the conclusion the same uproar, until I disappeared. The whole went very well, sometimes excellently so; in fine, it was a reception so *heart-moving* it made me tremble again! Men of the highest rank awaited me at the foot of the stairs, and I was obliged to visit several boxes, where I was received and paid attention with a heartiness I never before could dream of. Before the Second Part, however, I left"

And in reference to the particular changes requisite for the "*Oberon*," again on the 29th—

"I must now tell you a little story, which gives me additional work, otherwise my labor were at an end. The people are gone clean mad about the *Scenas* in "*Freischütz*," and the singers talk of nothing else but *Recitatives*, *Andantes*, *Allegros*, &c. Braham has got this into his head, and begs for a Grand Scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised when the Opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this Grand Scena†, a confounded battle-piece, and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his Public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the Opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day, I hope) by anticipation only. So I have now told you of my only sorrow here, not so bitter a

* "*Tebaldo e Isolina*," by Morlacchi.

† The well-known "*O'tis a glorious sight to see*."

one though after all. Give me a good heart and I will get through it Adieu for the present, I enter upon the battle.—

"Now! the battle is over; that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks lament, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out "victory!" To-day again is spent at home. At midday I was engaged with Smart, Furstenau, and Fawcett. We dined about five, and after dinner, any more work is an impossibility. Notwithstanding, this letter must to the post, and I go and shave myself. I have not become fatter, nor have I any more flesh in my cheeks, being shrivelled up like an old plum. But when I am well again, it will be all the same, and I can really begin to speak praise of my cough for its better behaviour."

The battle indeed was nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had been long wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of "*Oberon*," which took place on Wednesday, April 12th. Weber however achieved, prior to this last, another triumph on the 3d of the same month, when he was Conductor of the Third Philharmonic Concert for that season. The moment he entered the orchestra, the applause from every part of the room, and in which even the ladies joined, declared to him the opinion entertained of his compositions, by an audience consisting almost wholly of *cognoscenti*, and amongst which is to be numbered nearly every professor of any eminence in London. He seemed much affected by his reception, and indicated by gesture his gratitude for the powerful manifestation of feeling towards him. The Overtures of "*Freischütz*" and "*Euryanthe*" were both performed, and encored. Sapio also sang the Scena for Max, and Mme. Caradori Allan "*La dolce speranza*," an Italian Scena by Weber: the whole went off with all possible éclat. On the 10th, too, he conducted such of his pieces as were included in the programme of the Royal Academic Concert for that evening, at which the Overture to "*The Ruler of the Spirits*" was performed for the first time. The success of "*Oberon*" was complete. Weber thus records it in a letter to his wife, written on the very night of the performance:—

"My best-beloved Lina!

"Through God's grace and assistance, I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it!!! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted by huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought never would have done. They insisted on encoring the Overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. Braham's air, encored; in the Second Act, Fatima's Romance and the Quartett, encored; they wanted the Finale twice, as well, but that scene was not gone through again. In the Third Act, Fatima's ballad, encored. At the conclusion I was called for before the curtain amidst a perfect storm of applause, an honor which no Composer has hitherto met with in England. The whole went admirably, and all congratulate me on my success.

"So much for this night, dear life: from your heartily-tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good, good night; O that you may anticipate my triumph of to-day!"

The next day he continues:—

"Good morning, dear heart. I have slept right sweetly, and lay awake a few moments ere I could quite collect my scattered senses. I was naturally so excited, that to-day I am completely done up; but well nevertheless. After such a triumph, peace and tranquillity. Thought steps in acceptably, and tells me that another great step in the world has been achieved. I felt my position still insecure until the fate of "*Oberon*" was decided. The fickleness of the Stage-folk, the easily excitable Public,

who generally have some little admixture of opposition, and the accident the day before, gave me some uneasiness as to the result, but all has turned out bright and favourable. There was not *one* word against me, all was pure enthusiasm. Let me then relate how truly propitious is my star. On the 11th, after I had posted my 18th to you, we had a rehearsal of the Overture and of those pieces which had been rehearsed the least. I then dined with Hawes the Music-publisher, and at 7 o'clock came the General Rehearsal. A brilliant and select Public filled the boxes. The 1st Act went well, even to the minutæ. In the 2d Act, where Reiza and Huon should enter after the storm,—no one entered! and for a time the stage was clear; at last Fawcett stepp'd forward, and said that one of the scenes had struck Miss Paton on the head, so that she could play no more until recovered.—But she did not recover. After a long pause, we were obliged to continue the rehearsal without her, leaving out her great Air. The performance passed off prosperously enough till the conclusion, and the calculations upon a furore the next day were universal. A rehearsal was, nevertheless, called yesterday for Miss Paton; she could not come, however, and declared she must rest till evening. We therefore went through some other things; and I dined at home with Smart at four, and went in anxious expectation to the theatre at six—but,—all pass'd off admirably, Paton sang divinely, and the performance went off with that fire and verve with which (as you know) my music always inspires its interpretants. How often did I think of thee!—Dear God, you must have been sick with anxiety on my account—is that not singular too? with my hitherto good luck! but I trust to my experience, and know that it will not leave me in the ditch."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his "*Oberon*," in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited.

The next letter from him is in a more desponding tone.

"April 17th.

"I have yet one trouble more, my Concert. Ah, God! I need not worry myself much about it. They offer me assistance from all sides, certainly—but then—it must now stand over for a while; and then, perhaps, they may not be so well inclined. * * *

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick dark yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point in the clouds. It is terrible: no! there is no living in this climate. They well may say that it is fine out of London, and things are otherwise in the open fields. The trees which I so love to look upon are all green at last, and London has a great many squares with gardens, but that is no *fresh air*, and on the hottest days, one can see nothing beyond these great squares but clouds which cover the horizon. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz and the fresh air is indescribable. But patience, patience, one day rolls on after another,—two months are already over.

"I have formed an acquaintance with a son of the publisher Göschen, from Grimma, who is established here, also with a Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me! that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it; therefore I work so hard this month."

He gave his Concert; but on this occasion, when it might naturally have been expected that an overflowing audience would have testified the sentiments of the English public towards one of the greatest Musicians who had ever visited our shores, the room was not more than half filled. Weber, struggling with illness and with suppressed feelings of mortification, was hardly able to get through the business of the evening as conductor. At the end of the Concert, he threw himself on a sofa, in a state of exhaustion, which filled his surrounding friends with alarm: he takes up the pen to his dear wife again on the 24th of April.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

"They expect me at Berlin in the summer, to bring out "*Oberon*" under my own superintendence. But no! I cannot say by that time what will have become of me. Rest, rest is my only cry, *and it shall prove a long one.** I am so tired of the things of Art, that I know no happiness equal to that of remaining secluded for a year, like some tailor, having my Sunday to myself, a good appetite, and quiet tranquil enjoyment."

Again, on the 28th.

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so-called) rival's Opera "*Aladdin*," I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no particular invention. I wish him every success; there is room for us all in the world. * * *

"God bless you, my best beloved. How I count the days, hours, and minutes until we meet again. We have been separated before, but *this longing* is entirely all-pervading and indescribable! Patience, patience."

"*Aladdin*" came out on the 29th; he thus writes on the 30th.

"Yesterday was an interesting one, the first performance of my (so-called) rival's Opera, "*Aladdin*." Places were obtained with difficulty, but one of the shareholders of the theatre, who had visited me the day before, gave me up his box. We all dined at home, and then went to Drury Lane. No sooner had I stepped into the box and was perceived, than the whole house stood up, and received me with enthusiasm. This, in a strange theatre, and on such an occasion, convincing me of the nation's love, tranquillized and gladdened me much."

His whole thoughts were now turned towards his home, and his impatience to be once more in the bosom of his family was extreme. On the 30th of May, a few days after his Concert, he writes—

"Dearest Lina,—Excuse the shortness and hurry of this, I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already too, impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—"poste restante." You are surprised! Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there?—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, resting sometimes half a day; I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms. *

"If God will, we shall leave this on the 12th of June, if Heaven will only grant me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones. "Ever your loving Father,

"CARL."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavours to keep the spirits of his family up by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to be present at the "*Freischütz*," which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from London, was dated the 2d of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavours to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer it will be short enough. Need no answer! think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his Concert, so perhaps we shall be with you two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O, were I only among you. I kiss

* How prophetic!

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you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Carl, who loves you above all."

This joyful hope was destined never to be realized. On Friday, the 3d of June, he felt so ill, that the idea of his attending at the representation of "*Der Freischütz*" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, when his friend M. Furstenau left him at eleven o'clock, he was in good spirits, and showed no symptoms of immediate danger. But—at seven, the next morning, he was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death: it was as though Angels descended, and

"Woo'd forth his sister-spirit
"With kisses, while he slept."

With the laudable intention of satisfying all doubts, whether here or abroad, as to the cause of M. von Weber's death, an inspection of the body took place, the result of which was the following certificate:—

"On opening the body of C. M. von Weber, we found an "ulcer on the left side of the larynx, the lungs almost universally "diseased, filled with tubercles, of which many were in a state "of suppuration, with two vomica—one about the size of a "common egg, the other smaller, which was quite sufficient "cause of his death.

"T. TONCKEN, M.D.

"CHARLES F. FORBES, M.D.

"P. M. KIND, M.D.

"W. ROBINSON, Surgeon.

"Great Portland Street,
5th June—five o'clock."

A cast was taken from his face, ere the body was placed in its coffin, of which we have the pleasure of possessing a copy, and of which we presented* a duplicate to his son Herr Max Weber when in London a year or two since; from *this very cast*, the sculptor modelled the face of the statue lately erected to the distinguished Composer's memory at Dresden,—so that it is with peculiar feelings of gratification we remember and record the circumstance—otherwise one of no moment. In person, Weber was about of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and very full. His usual look was one of calm, placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

The arrangements for the funeral of this distinguished Musician, through some unexpected difficulties which occurred, could not be completed by the time proposed. On the subject of the interment of the body at the Catholic Chapel, in Moorfields, a correspondence took place between the superintending Committee and Dr. Poynter, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district, as by the existing regulations of that place of worship, permission could not be given to more than twenty Musical professors to perform the solemn service for the dead over the body; nor could the public be allowed to occupy the seats belonging to the

* At Mr. Roeckel's residence in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, where I visited M. Max Weber, with M. Benedict's introduction, in company with my friend M. Robert Stöpel.—J. W. M.

subscribers, for which reasons the intention of celebrating the funeral there was at first abandoned by the Committee. It was subsequently proposed to apply for leave to inter the body in St. Paul's Cathedral; but, after due consideration, Sir Christopher Robinson's opinion having been taken on the subject, consent was refused by the Dean and Chapter, on the indisputable ground that a *Requiem* over the dead being a Catholic rite, could not with propriety be performed in a Protestant church. Much interest appears to have been excited among the Catholics of London on the subject of the decision of the Chapter of St. Paul's in this affair, as some of them had conceived that the obtaining permission from so high a clerical authority to bring the body in that Cathedral, would tend to soften the popular feeling against the Catholics generally; and a Roman Catholic priest was in attendance during the discussion, to convey the decision of the Chapter to the Principals of Moorfields Chapel. The latter, then, reconsidered the matter, and so far relaxed as to allow a larger band to attend, and made other concessions, in consequence whereof the ceremony took place as at first proposed.

The remains of Weber were, on the 21st of June, therefore, consigned to the vaults beneath the Moorfields Chapel, with the rites of burial used in the Catholic religion at the decease of highly-distinguished personages; and the ceremony, through the various associations connected with it, was peculiarly solemn and impressive, Mozart's celebrated *Requiem* being chosen for the occasion. Its opening slow movement and fugue, which justly number among the master-pieces of musical composition, were both sung in full chorus, and became almost sublime. The "*Dies iræ, dies illæ*," which is intended as a description of the day of judgment, was likewise executed with grand effect, as were the other musical pieces throughout. While the body was being conveyed to the vaults, the Orchestra performed the Dead March in "*Saul*." The principal Singers were Misses Cubitt, Povey, Betts, &c.; Messrs. Braham, Pinto, Phillips, &c. assisted by a numerous Choir. The Instruments were led by Mr. F. Cramer, with whom we observed Messrs. Mori, Betts, &c. Mr. Attwood presided at the Organ, Mr. Terrail (the Organist of the Chapel) having relinquished it on the occasion. The following inscription was on the plate of the coffin:—

CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER,
nuper
Præfectus musicorum Sacelli regii
apud Regem Saxonum.
Natus oppido Eutin, inter Saxones,
Die 18 Decembris, 1786.
Mortuus Londini
Die 5 Junii, 1826.
Anno quadragesimo
Ætatis suæ.

In the year 1844, these remains were transported to his native land, under the care of his son Max, who with filial piety visited England for the occasion. On the 29th of October of that year, they arrived in the port of Hamburg; and, on the afternoon of that day, one hundred vocal and instrumental performers, under the direction of the Chief of the Orchestra of the Theatre and of the Director of the Hanseatic Music Corps, went on board the "John Bull" steamer; and, amid the ships in the harbour, (the English setting the example of displaying their flags half-mast high, and the Germans following,)—and an audience of thousands, who covered the Elbe in boats, poured forth a solemn dirge and greeting to the dead. In the evening the "*Freischütz*" was given at the Theatre, to a crowded house. And great preparations were being made, at Dresden, to receive the honoured remains.

The method, judgment, and soundness, observable in Weber's mental faculties extended themselves also to his more ordinary details of life. We rarely find in the records of artist-life anything equal to his character for honesty, correctness, and justice, in his settlement of accounts, neatness both in his affairs and in the person, and precision and ballast in every attribute of his character. He left amongst his papers a Catalogue of his Works, from the earliest date at which he composed up till 1823, which we shall give in a future Volume embodying another of his Operas, space here not permitting,—as this document is most valuable.

By way of summing up, we beg to transcribe a few portions of the best criticism* on this truly great man, that has ever appeared, either in this country or abroad; trusting that a proper Biography of him may ere long issue from the hands of those who are well provided with the *materia* for it.

“To characterize such a man as Weber is not an easy task, though we may now approach it with more chance of impartiality, than amidst the excitement and regret which followed his early death. When “Science” self destroys her favorite son,” and a great and good man drops suddenly into his grave from the very earnestness of his pursuit after immortality, dies too—far from his home and friends—in a land “where other voices speak, and other sighs surround,” our feelings are so mixed up, and blended with our judgment, that we are at first inclined to overrate his services, or to exaggerate the range and compass of his utility. Something, perhaps, analogous took place in the case of Weber. Much vague and unmeaning compliment, much idle declamation, and many false views, would require to be cleared away, before the man himself could be seen, and appreciated in his simplicity. But Weber is fortunately one, who, even when deprived of these trappings, retains the dignity and the honors of a great Artist; nay, perhaps, like the Sybilline books, he loses little or nothing of his value by their abridgment.

“As a Composer, amidst the flood of excellence which his Works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent; we think, however, that he was in no respect more distinguished, than for the perfect Originality of his style. He imitates no particular Master, he is the slave of no particular School, and can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path peculiarly and decidedly his own; and yet, with all this Originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is, perhaps, less of a Mannerist, than any Composer of his day. The character of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procustes’ bed, to which all themes whatever are forcibly subjected, and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his Compositions, as they invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject, possess all the beauty and variety incident to it; and when we turn to his Laughing Chorus, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated; so the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max when struggling to escape from the Demon, and so many other passages of his Works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of Nature, so as to bring it within the laws of Musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which Nature points out, that we may apply to him, with the most perfect justice, the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakespeare, when he describes him as being “less an imitator, than an instrument of

Nature,” and adds, “that it is not so just to say of him, that he speaks from her, as that *she* speaks through him. . . .

“Like Salvator, he gloried in delineating the wild and savage aspects of Nature, and in wandering, like Beethoven, in her sullen and more gloomy recesses. The romantic turn of his mind, inspired by his early studies, rendered the wild legend of the “*Freischütz*” perhaps the most suitable subject on which he could have employed his talents. In depicting, or rather in aggravating, the horrors of the “Wolf’s glen,” with its fearful omens, and all its unearthly sights and sounds,—in painting the grief and despair of his hero, and the gloomy demoniacal spirit of the lost and ruined Caspar, he found full scope for his peculiar talent. . . . Although a National Composer, in so far as he followed up the course in which his compatriots have so nobly set the example, the great success of his productions in other countries, particularly in our own, sufficiently attests their universal character, and leads us to hope, that, like the Works of all truly great and inspired Genius, they will form the delight of future ages, as they have done of this, and obtain a hearing when the mere ephemeral productions of the day are forgotten.”

Let us now conclude with the following poetical and pathetic tribute, by Mr. Planché, to the memory of this great, good man :

“Weep!—for the word is spoken,—
Mourn!—for the knell hath knoll’d;
The master-chord is broken,
The master-hand is cold!
Romance hath lost her minstrel;
No more his magic strain
Shall throw a sweeter spell around
The legends of *Almaine*!

“His fame had flown before him
To many a foreign land;
His lays were sung by ev’ry tongue,
And harp’d by ev’ry hand.
He came to cull fresh laurels,
But Fate was in their breath,
And turn’d his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death!

“O, all who knew him, lov’d him!
For with his mighty mind
He bore himself so meekly—
His heart it was so kind!
His wildly warbling melodies—
The storms that round them roll—
Are types of the simplicity
And grandeur of his soul!

“Though years of ceaseless suffering
Had worn him to a shade,
So patient was his spirit,
No wayward plaint he made.
E’en Death himself seem’d loath to scare
His victim pure and mild,
And stole upon him gently,
As slumber o’er a child!

“Weep!—for the word is spoken,—
Mourn!—for the knell hath knoll’d;
The master-chord is broken,
The master-hand is cold!”

* Foreign Quarterly Review.

AN ACCOUNT OF WEBER'S "DER FREISCHÜTZ."

IF we examine into the history of the creation of most of the Works of High Art, which have from time to time appeared on the horizon, and reached the grand meridian of worldly fame, we shall most generally find that the elements of which they were composed have been seething in embryo in their several authors' brains long before brought to birth; and frequently some happy combinations of circumstances arise to further and usher their progress into life. The Poem of the "*Freischütz*," or rather the legendary lore with which it is imbued, was from his earliest childhood a day-dream with Friedrich Kind, the friend of Weber and the fellow-author of this marvellous master-piece of Musical Genius.

Kind was born at Dresden on the 4th of March, 1767. His father was a barrister and justiciary, a contemporary with Gellert, Gottsched, Ernesti, Reiske, and even Gleim, besides, a man himself of no mean learning and talents*; so that the poetical and literary tastes of the young Friedrich received early their fitting cultivation. One day, after turning over loads of such books as those of Musæus, Benedict Raubert, &c. novels and tales, new and old, of high or low degree, Kind and Weber began by finger-ing page after page, in the hope of discovering a fitting subject for their joint labors. "Ah!" Kind at last exclaimed as he drew forth the undermost volume from the heap, "here is something that will suit us both, yourself especially, who are so learned in Folk-lore, but—but—" "What is it?" cried Weber. Kind held him out the "*Gespenserbuch*†," "*Apel's Freischütz*!" he knew it; was struck with the idea; and exclaimed—"Glorious! glorious!" After some doubts, however, on both sides, as to the practicability of the plot, they parted from one another with the conviction that they must give it up. Kind, notwithstanding, was not quite so easily brought to a resignation upon the subject as Weber: at last, a plan for the due fitting of his materials flashed upon him; he was with Weber in a trice, and unfolded to him the various workings of the plot, which was joyfully hailed by the latter.

We will now lay before our readers the *materia* upon which Kind founded his drama, and then demonstrate how he manipulated the subject here presented, into a form adapted to the *harmonic robing* Weber had to invest it with. In the First Volume of the above-mentioned "*Gespenserbuch*" will be found the following Popular Tradition, which we have freely rendered from the original: it is entitled,—

Der Freischütz (The Free-shooter).

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"Hark ye, mother,"—said the old Forester Bertram of Lindenhayn—"ye know I wish ye nought but love, yet, clear your brain of this one

* The elder Kind's translation of Plutarch was published in 10 vols. by Breitkopf, of Leipzig.

† "*Gespenserbuch*," by A. Apel and F. Laun, Vol. 1st, Goschen, 1810, p. 1.—afterwards Apel's "*Freischütz*," published separately from the above: Leipzig, Ernst Fleischer, 1824.

crochet, and fortify the girl's spirit to obey me. I refuse flatly; so let her weep away—and submit; there is no use in any more nonsense or delay."

"But, father dear,"—chimed in the Forester's wife imploringly,— "would not our Kate be as happy with the young clerk, as with the hunter Robert? You know not Wilhelm sufficiently, he is so brave a lad, and one so true of heart."

"But *no* huntsman,"—answered the Forester,— "my Forestry hath been bequeathed for these two hundred years from father straight to son. Had ye brought me a boy 'stead of this girl, it *might* have been; to him I could have left my place, and Kate have chosen her own suitor at her will; but, as it stands.....no! The whole source of my care and anxiety is, that the Duke should elect my son-in-law at the Trial-shot; let him be but a first-rate marksman, need I sacrifice then the girl? No, mother Anne, I do not stickle for Robert; if he please ye noway, pick me out some gallant young huntsman, to whom during life-time I can hand my office o'er, we will then pass our old days in peace among our children, with a little sport my mere occasional pastime."

Mother Anne would have spoken yet one good word more for the young clerk, but the Forester, who well knew the cunning of a woman's persuasive powers, would not submit his resolution to the chance of another attack; so, taking his gun from the wall, he went out into the wood.

Scarcely had he turned the corner of the house, when Kate popped smilingly in at the door her pretty little head covered with its golden locks. "Has all gone well, mother darling? is it so?"—she cried, and springing at one bound into the chamber, she flung her arms around the neck of the Forester's wife.

"Ah, Kate, be not too gladsome,"—rejoined the mother,— "thy father is good,—kindly, heartfully good, but he will give thee to no man, unless he be a hunter; with that determination has he left me, and I know him well."

Kate wept piteously, and would rather die than be torn from her Wilhelm. The mother scolded and consoled her by turns, and finally joined her tears to those of the daughter. She even spake of attempting to capture the Forester's heart by storm, when a knock was heard at the door, and Wilhelm entered.

"Ah, Wilhelm,"—cried Kate to him, with streaming eyes,— "we must part! find thee another sweetheart, thou mayest not be *my* life, nor yet I thine; father will give me to Robert, because that he is a hunter, and mother cannot help us. But though I *must* leave thee, I will never be another's, and remain thine,—true to thee, 'till death."

Mother Anne told the young clerk (who knew not what to make of Kate's address) to be calm, and narrated to him, how that Old Bertram had no personal objection against him, but that in order to ensure the succession of his Forestry to his heirs, he must have for a son-in-law—a hunter.

"Is that all?"—replied Wilhelm tranquilly, pressing the weeping girl to his breast.— "Come, have a good heart, sweet Kate. At hunting-craft I am not utterly unskilful, having served pupillage therein with my uncle the Head-forester Finsterbuch, and must only leave my godfather the Baillie and his writing-desk, for the hunter's pouch. What boots to me the promised wardenship, if that I cannot place my Kate as lady-bailiff near me on the bench? Make but a choice equal to thy mother's, let Wilhelm the Forester be as dear to thee as Wilhelm the Clerk, and willingly I change; how far pleasanter the wild free hunter-life, than a stiff existence in the town!"

"O thou glorious, golden Wilhelm!"—exclaimed Kate, and every

cloud was banished from her brow, while Joy's glowing sun-ray sparkled in her eye,—“if such your purpose, speak instantly with father, lest that he give his word to Robert.”

“Await me, Kate”—said Wilhelm—“I will after him into the wood. He may be in pursuit of the stag which should be sent the morrow to the Court-house. Hand me pouch and gun, I will seek him, give him a hunter's salute, and pray him take me in his service.”

Mother and daughter fell upon his neck, and embraced the new-made hunter; they then equipped him as well as they were able, and with a feeling of hopeful delight not unmixed with sorrow, saw him depart into the forest.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

“A gallant youth, this Wilhelm!”—cried the Forester joyfully, as the two sportsmen returned home—“who could have expected such shooting from a ‘knight of the quill’? Now, the very morrow will I speak with our bailie; it were a shame should the lad not embrace the hunter's noble calling! We will make him another Cuno. You know who Cuno was?”

Wilhelm shook his head.

“Have I never told you?”—continued the Forester.—“Mark, then; he was my ancestor, founder and endower of this my Forestry. Formerly but a mere trooper's sub', he served under the young Lord of Wippach, who perceived his parts, and bade him accompany him in all his skirmishings, tournaments, and hunting-bouts. Once upon a time, this Lord of Wippach was summoned, along with other nobles and knights, to a great hunt held by the Duke. At this hunt the hounds started a stag, on which sat a man crying piteously and wringing his hands; for 'twas formerly a tyrannical custom amongst our Lords of the Chase, that every poacher should be bound to a wild stag, and be either gored and torn to pieces, or else forced to perish by hunger and thirst. When the Duke saw this, his anger exceeded that of the rest, and he called out to the assembled hunters, promising a great reward to whomsoever should hit the stag; at the same time threatening his greatest displeasure and condemnation, should the man bound upon it be in any ways wounded, since he *would* have him alive, to know who had dared to disobey his laws. None of the surrounding nobles dared to chance the Duke's displeasure for a shot. At last, Cuno, my ancestor, stepped forward, (the same whom you see there in the picture) and thus addressed the Duke: ‘Most gracious Sire, an ye permit me, by the help of God I would attempt this shot; should I fail, my life is yours to take as an atonement; riches and wealth have I none, but my heart bleeds for you poor man, and I would stake my existence that he hath fallen amongst foes or thieves.’ The Duke, well-pleased, bade Cuno try his luck, repeating his former promise without the adjunct of the threat, lest he should be intimidated. Cuno then took his rifle, cocked it in God's name, and commended the bullets to the holy Saints with a faith-breathing pious prayer. Without delay he straight shot bravely into the wood, and in an instant the stag flew out, fell, and expired; but the man remained unhurt, save that his hands and face were a little torn by the bushes. The Duke kept his word, and gave Cuno as a reward this Forestry for himself and his heirs for ever. But Envy is ever consequent upon Good-luck and Prosperity, and Cuno found it so. There were many, amongst others, relations, who had hoped the Forestry for themselves, who persuaded the Duke that the shot had succeeded through the aid of devils' arts and magic, that Cuno had not aimed at all, but taken a random-shot into the air, which *must* hit the mark; it was then determined upon, that every one of Cuno's successors, ere he obtained the Forestry, should undergo a Trial-shot; or severe or light, as the then Hunting-master of the district should ordain. I was obliged, in consequence of this edict, to strike a ring from the beak of a wooden bird swinging on a pole. Now, since none have hitherto failed at this ordeal, he who as son-in-law would be my successor, must first be a dexterous huntsman.”

Wilhelm, to the Forester's joy, had evinced a great interest in this narration. He gladly pressed the old man's hand in his, and promised, under his guidance, to become a hunter such as should not shame the brave ancestral Cuno.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Wilhelm had served scarce fourteen days his pupilship at the Forest-lodge, when Bertram, who became every day the more attached to him, formally gave consent to his union with Kate. The espousals, however, were put off until the day of the Trial-shot, when the Forester hoped the festival would have more *éclat* from the presence of the Hunting-master. The bridegroom-elect was in extacies, and sank the memory of himself and of the whole world in the golden heaven of his love, so that old Bertram continually teased him with the remark, “that he deserved to hit no more game, since he so effectually had struck home to the heart of Kate.”

Since the day of his betrothal, nothing but ill-luck in the chase had fallen to the lot of Wilhelm. First his gun began to miss fire; then he hit the trunks of trees instead of his mark. When he returned home, and emptied his hunting-pouch, in place of the partridge, he pulled forth a raven or a crow, and instead of the hare, a dead cat. The Forester gave him endless admonitions regarding his unwarrantable carelessness, and Kate herself began to feel anxious for the result of the Trial-shot.

Wilhelm redoubled his assiduity and zeal; still, as the eventful day approached upon which the ordeal should take place, his ill-luck seemed to follow him more and more. Every shot continually miscarried; at last he shuddered at the sight of a gun, as though he saw a ghost; already he had struck a cow in her pasture and nearly wounded the herdsman.

“I will stick to it!”—said Rudolf the hunter, one evening—“something has set a snare about Wilhelm, which lies not in the natural course of things, and he first must break this spell.”

“Talk not so foolishly!”—spake the Forester, reproachfully—“that is superstitious nonsense, such as no true hunter should suffer to pass his lips. Know you not, trusty huntsman mine, the three things a fortunate sportsman *should* have and *may* have? ho, ho, ho! say on.”

Rudolf cleared his throat for the hunter-adage, and spake quickly: “Ho, ho, ho! trusty huntsman mine, that can I quote ye well:—

“*Skill, a Gun, and trusty Hound,*
“*Stand the Hunter on his ground;*
“*Would he ever hit his quarry,*
“*Freed from mischance to miscarry,*
“*He should strike a*”

“Enough!”—interrupted old Bertram—“let the hunter redeem himself with those three things, or be chronicled as a milk-heart and a ninny.”

“By your favor, father Bertram”—replied Wilhelm somewhat chafed—“here is my gun, I will see if anything shall hinder me on this point; then my knowledge—I will not speak in self-praise, but hope to prove sure marksman, aye, good and sure as any mau; perhaps my bullets went amiss because the wind blew athwart my barrel. Only tell me *how* to act, most willingly will I obey.”

“’Tis passing strange!”—murmured the Forester, who knew not what to say in answer.

“Credit me, Wilhelm”—again chimed in Rudolf—“it is exactly as I have hinted. Hie thee some Friday at midnight to a cross-road, and draw a circle ’round thee with a ramrod or a bloody sword, only in the name of Samiel.....”

“Silence!”—cried the Forester angrily—“know ye not what that name imports? ’tis one of the Devil's evil-spirits, from whom God defend thee, and all Christians likewise.”

Wilhelm crossed himself and would hear no more; Rudolf stuck to his own opinion. All night long the lad was occupied in rubbing his fowling-piece, he cleaned every screw and every spring, and with earliest dawn went forth to seek his luck anew.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

All his courage, however, soon vanished, the game seemed to abound for the express purpose of cheating him. At ten paces distance he fired upon a roebuck, twice the rifle hung fire; the third time, the piece cer-

C. M. VON WEBER.

tainly went off, but the wild animal escaped unhurt through the thicket. As, destitute of hope the unlucky hunter threw himself under a tree and bewailed his fate, a rustling was heard in the bush, and an old soldier with a wooden leg came limping out.

"Hallo, my gentle sportsman"—said he to Wilhelm—"why so sorrowful? Art in love, hast an empty purse, or has something bewitched thy rifle? Give me a fill of tobacco, we will chat awhile together." Wilhelm, with a dejected mien, gave him what he required, and the Wooden-leg threw himself beside him on the grass. Bye and bye the conversation turned on venery, and Wilhelm recounted his misfortunes. The old soldier bade him show his gun. "This is bewitched," said he, ere he had held it in his grasp an instant, "ye can take no more rightful aim with this; and be you ever so skilful a marksman, the same hap will attend every gun ye take in your hand."

Wilhelm, somewhat terrified, raised several doubts in opposition to the stranger's faith in magic; the latter on his part besought him to prove his words. "With us soldier folk"—said he—"such occurrences are not rare, and up till evening, even to midnight, could I cite ye marvellous examples. How hit the sharpshooters their mark, who fire in spite of everything, and strike their man 'mid volumes of thick powder-smoke which obscures all, knowing no art save to aim and pull their trigger? Here, for instance, is a bullet, which is sure to hit its mark, so much of secret virtue hath it to withstand every witchcraft. Try it, it will not fail thee."

Wilhelm loaded his rifle and looked round him for an aim. A huge bird of prey swooped high up in the clouds, seeming a mere point. "Shoot that eagle yonder"—said he with the wooden leg. Wilhelm laughed, for the bird flew at such an altitude 'twas almost out of sight. "Hey man, fire!"—exclaimed the other—"I'll wager my wooden stump that he falls." Wilhelm pulled his trigger, the dark point sank quickly, and a large lammergeyer fell bleeding to the earth.

"Ye need not wonder at it"—said the soldier to the young hunter now all speechless with astonishment—"you were always an excellent marksman. It is no monstrous difficult art to cast such bullets, and requires merely some skill and courage, since it must be done at night-time. I will teach you bye and bye when we see each other again, to-day I must be off, since it just struck seven. Accept then a couple of these my stock,—you still seem half incredulous. *Au revoir!*"

With these words the Wooden-leg gave Wilhelm a handful of bullets and limped away. Full of wonder the hunter tried another of these balls, and hit an almost impossible mark; he then essayed his usual charge, and failed. Again he wished to have the old soldier by his side, but could find him not in the wood: Wilhelm was therefore obliged to solace himself with the hope of his promised reappearance.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

There was great joy in the Forest-lodge, when Wilhelm returned, as of yore, with a stock of venison; and father Bertram prophesied from his achievements that he would turn out a skilful hunter yet. He now pondered about relating the cause why ill-luck had followed him so unmercifully, and what he had done to cast it off; but he was ashamed to speak regarding these infallible bullets without sufficient evidence, and he therefore threw the odium upon his gun which he had not cleaned till the previous night.

"See now, mother Anne"—said the Forester, laughing—"it is as I have told ye; our hunter hath trimmed his tools; and the hobgoblin which old Father Cuno conjured up this morn, lay in that rusted nail."

"What hobgoblin?" enquired Wilhelm.

"Nought!"—replied the other—"that picture fell down of itself this morning, just as the clock struck seven; and mother Anne conjectures thence 'tis haunted."

"At seven!" cried Wilhelm, as it occurred to him that this was the very hour the Wooden-leg had parted from him.

"Good 'sooth, but that was no right hour for ghosts," exclaimed the Forester, and patted mother Anne pleasantly on the back. She, however, shook her head thoughtfully. "God grant, that all hath happened naturally," said she with a sigh. Thereupon Wilhelm blushed a little.

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He resolved to lay his bullets on one side, and only to use one for the Trial-shot, so that his happiness might not be marred by the intervention of any evil spirit. The Forester urged him, however, to continue at the sport, and in order not again to excite a suspicion of his bad-luck, or irritate the old man, he was obliged to have recourse to some of his magic bullets.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

In a few days Wilhelm became so accustomed to the use of these lucky balls, that his conscience was quieted on the rightfulness of employing them. He went daily into the wood in the hope of meeting the soldier with the wooden leg; for his stock had diminished to two only, and in order to make sure at the Trial shot, the most sparing use of them had become necessary. The old Forester to-day bore him company to the field; and the morrow the Umpire was expected, who would naturally require before the Trial, to be shown a proof of his skill. A message came, however, to Bertram towards evening, to say that this dignitary had been bidden to a grand *battue* held by the Court, and that he should visit their district some eight days later.

At this, Wilhelm thought he should have sank to the earth; and his fears excited the suspicion that all things had conspired to retard the promised bliss of his marriage. He *must* now go to the chase, and at least sacrifice one of his bullets. He swore, however, to retain the last for *that* decisive shot upon his bridal day.

The Forester chided as Wilhelm returned from the chase with but a single stag, then his supplies diminished fearfully. Another day he scolded him still more, since Rudolf returned with a rich booty, whiles Wilhelm came home almost empty-handed. At even he was for sending the lad forth again, expressing unwillingness to his union with Kate, unless he brought back at least two roebucks the following morning. Kate grew sadly anxious, and besought him by their mutual affection to apply himself to the chase with renewed diligence, and to think less on her.

Full of despair, Wilhelm therefore betook him to the forest. Kate beheld him lost to her for ever as it were, and to him alone was left the mournful determination as to by what means he could restore himself good-luck.

Whilst wandering adrift, thus buried in the contemplation of his miserable fate, a herd of deer came running close beside him. With a convulsive grasp he seized his last bullet; it seemed to weigh a hundred-weight in his hand. He was about to reserve it, resolute to keep back the treasure, cost what it would,—when he perceived him of the wooden leg advancing toward him in the distance; joyfully, he rammed down this last bullet, fired, and two roebucks fell. Wilhelm suffered them to lie, and hastened to the old soldier, but he must have taken another track, for he was nowhere to be found.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Father Bertram was well pleased with our Wilhelm, but the latter passed the day in a fit of silent despair, nor even the caresses of his darling Kate could rouse him from his melancholy.

Toward even-tide he sat apart so wrapped in thought that he scarcely remarked the old Forester, who had entered into a lively altercation with Rudolf; until the noise they made finally aroused him.

"You should not tolerate this any more than myself"—cried Bertram to the young dreamer—"that any man should slur our Cuno's memory like Rudolf here. Did not the Saints protect him, and that poor man beside? read, too, of your English Robin Hood i' the old ballad! We ought to still praise God thereon, and not accuse our ancestor of magic. He died quietly and calmly in his bed surrounded by his children and relations; but those who play with devils' arts ne'er come to a goodly end, as I myself have witnessed, when practising at Prague in Bohemia."

"O tell us what it was!" cried Rudolf, and the rest joined in his request.

"The circumstance was evil enough"—continued the Forester—"and the bare thought of it makes me still to shudder. There was then in

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in Prague a young man by name George Schmid, a rumbustious wildling youth, but brave and alert beside; he possessed a great liking for the chase, and joined our party as often as he was able. He would have made himself an expert hunter, had he not been too hasty, and shot too often at random. Once when we went out together, he loudly asserted that he would soon prove a better hunter than any of us, and that no game should escape him either in the field, or the air. He gave utterance then to an evil word. A few days afterwards a strange huntsman rapped betimes at our door, telling us that George lay in the street without, helpless and half dead. We lads made for the spot forthwith: there lay George all bleeding and mangled, as though he had been torn by wild cats, nor could he speak, being senseless and scarcely alive. We bore him gently into the house, and one of us took the news into Prague, whence he was immediately sent for. There, previous to his death, he related how that he would have cast free-bullets which never fail, with an old mountaineer; and that while about it, the Devil had so roughly handled him, he must pay the penalty with his life."

"What happened to him?"—enquired Wilhelm trembling—"has then the Devil aught with such arts to do?"

"Who else?"—replied the Forester—"I know that many prate a jargon about 'natural science' and 'propitious stars'; but I stick to mine opinion thereupon, such things are devilry."

Wilhelm began to breathe more freely. "Did George never relate what had misused him so?" asked he of the Forester.

"Freely"—replied the other—"and to the ears of Justice. He had gone with the mountaineer to a cross-road at midnight; there they made a circle with a bloody sword, and laid skulls and cross-bones around it. Then had the mountaineer instructed Schmid, what he was to do. He was to begin directly the clock struck eleven, to cast the bullets, no more and no less than three and sixty, one over or under this number ere the clock chimed midnight, and he was lost; also, it were fatal to him to utter one word during his work, or to step out of the circle. Sixty of these bullets would be then infallible, and three only would fail. Schmid had now applied himself vigorously to cast, but, as he said, such terrific and monstrous apparitions appeared, that at last he shrieked aloud, and sprang out of the circle; whereupon he fell senseless to the earth, and knew no more till he found himself in Prague under the Doctor's hands, and speaking to living persons; all had appeared as 'twere a dream."

"God defend every Christian from such snares of Satan"—said the Forester's wife, and crossed herself.

"Had George entered in a compact with the Fiend as well?"—enquired Rudolf further.

"I will not attest that for certain"—answered the Forester—"though so 'tis said, I cannot certify it. 'Tis evil crime enough when a man can so far sin as to invoke the aid of One whose presence must be destruction to both body and soul. The Evil One comes oft enough uncalled, nor needeth any compact. An honest hunter wants no more (as ye have proven, Wilhelm) than a good barrel and good skill to boot—they give the hunter free-bullets, and help him hit whate'er he will. For no price would I use such ball, the Devil is a crafty knave, and could turn to his own bad aim, as well as mine."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

The Forester retired to his rest, and left Wilhelm in the most painful disquietude of mind. He tossed restlessly about his bed, and sleep had fled from his eyelids. The soldier with the wooden-leg, George, Kate, the royal Commissary who should preside at the Trial-shot, flitted before his vision, and his feverish fancy grouped their images into fearful tableaux. Here, the bleeding image of the miserable invoker of spirits warned him, this phantom soon resolved itself into an appearance of Kate pale and lifeless; then the Wooden-leg stood before him with a mocking hellish laughter. Now he found himself at the Trial-shot before the royal Commissary; he aimed, fired, and—failed! Kate sank fainting to the earth, her father repulsed him, then came he of the wooden-leg and offering fresh bullets—too late; no second shot was permitted him.

So passed the night. With the early morning he entered the forest,

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and sought the place where he had encountered the old soldier. The fresh bright morning-air had cleared from his spirit the dark shadows of the preceding evening. "Fool!"—said he to himself—"whiles thou provest not not this wondrous secret, a secret must it still remain. And is the what I seek unnatural, that Spirit's help is needful thereunto? Man lays a rein upon his beast, and so constrains him to his master's will; wherefore by natural art should he not rule the dead metal in the barrel, that through him hath received its substance and its shape? Nature is so rich in miracles, the which have ne'er been sifted; should I then trifle with my happiness, succumbing to prejudice. I will not invoke Spirits, but use me Nature and her inborn strength; and wherefore am I not qualified to learn her secrets? I seek the Wooden-leg and find him not,—I have a holier courage than this George; Presumption urged him on; Love and Honor bid me."

However he of the wooden-leg was not to be found, though Wilhelm sought him with such earnestness. None, of all that he costed, had seen any one answering to his description.

The following day was passed in as fruitless a search.

"So be it then"—concluded Wilhelm—"my days are numbered. This very night I hie me to the cross-road in the Forest; 'tis lonely there, no one will see my labour by the night, nor will I quit the circle till my work's completed quite."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Twilight darkened, and Wilhelm had prepared himself lead, a bullet-mould, coals, and other necessities, so that he could steal at even, unnoticed from the house. He wished to be off, and bade the old Forester a "good night" as he clasped his hand.

"Wilhelm"—spoke he—"I know not why, but a fear I never before experienced has come over me this night. If you would do me a service, pass it with me; you yourself must not give way to sorrow thus, in case mishap result therefrom."

Kate proffered her request that she might watch by her father, and would give up the charge to no other hands, not even into those of her beloved Wilhelm; but Bertram waved her to desist. "Another time, and you can watch"—said he—"now, shall I be more tranquil having Wilhelm with me."

Wilhelm would gladly have made an excuse, but Kate urged on him the guardianship of her father so pressingly, and with such entreaties not to be withstood, that he willingly remained and postponed his project for another night.

After midnight, Father Bertram became tranquil and slept sound; so that in the morning he laughed at his fears. He wished to accompany Wilhelm to the forest, but the latter hoped to meet with the stranger, and warned the Forester to pay greater attention to his health. The soldier appeared not, Wilhelm therefore determined a second time to betake himself to the cross-road.

When he returned that evening from the chase, Kate ran smiling towards him. "Only guess, Wilhelm"—she cried—"whom you will find here. Visitors are come for you, right dear friends; but I will not tell you who, you must guess."

Wilhelm was not disposed either for guessing, or seeing visitors; his sweetheart at this moment was a trouble to him. He checked Kate's joy by his dejection, and was seeking for an excuse to return, when the door of the house opened and the moon shewed him a venerable old man in a hunter's dress, advancing towards him with outstretched arms.

"Wilhelm!" cried a well-known, friendly voice, and the lad found himself in the embraces of his uncle.

The bright remembrances of childhood's love, joy, and gratitude, broke forth in the heart of Wilhelm, the deed of darkness was forgotten 'till in the midst of their pleasant chat the midnight-hour struck, and Wilhelm remembered with a shudder his neglect.

"But one more night remains"—thought he to himself—"to-morrow or never!"—his agitation did not escape the old man, who good-naturedly saw good ground for Wilhelm's being a little distraught, and he blamed the having continued a conversation so late into the night, which could as well have come off next morning. "Do not repent the lateness of the

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time"—said he to Wilhelm, at parting—"perhaps you'll sleep the sounder for 't."

These words had weighty import with him to whom they were addressed. He thought within himself that the postponement of his project would banish all calm sleep for that night.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

The third evening came. That which had to be done, must be done this day, for the morrow was fixed for the trial. Mother Ann had been busy from sunrise to sunset in the house with Kate making suitable reception for the guest above-mentioned. At evening, all were in their best and every thing arranged beseechingly. Mother Ann embraced Wilhelm, when he returned from the chase, and saluted him for the first time with the beloved title of "son." Kate's eyes glowed with the tender desire of a young and lovely bride. The table was adorned gaily with emblematic flowers, and richer than usual with Wilhelm's marriage-presents from the mother, and with tall daintily-cared flagons set there by the Forester. "To-day it is our feast"—said the old Bertram, as he entered in his wedding garment—"to-morrow, shall we not be alone, and cannot sit so cosily and heartfully together: let us be joyful then, as though a *life* of joy were in this one hour."

He embraced all round, and was so affected, that his voice betrayed him. "Now, Papa"—said his wife with a significant smile—"I do not think our young people will be as gladsome to-morrow, as to-day; do you understand me?"

"Aye, aye, mother"—replied the Forester—"I hope the young folk understand ye too, and make themselves as happy as they can. Children, the minister will be here in the morning, and as soon as Wilhelm has proved that he can shoot....."

A rattling, and a loud cry from Kate, interrupted the Forester. Cuno's picture had fallen from the wall, and the border of the frame had slightly wounded her upon the forehead. The nail had remained in its place, and had fallen with a large piece of the plaster.

"I cannot tell"—said the Forester concernedly—"why that picture will not hang as usual, this is now the second time that it has frightened us. Art thou hurt, Kate?"

"'Tis of no consequence"—she added cheerfully, and wiped the blood from her hair—"I was far more terrified."

Wilhelm was in his turn dreadfully agitated when he saw Kate's death-pale cheek, and remarked the blood upon her forehead. The phantoms of the previous night rose up before him, and all their gloomy bodings seemed fulfilled. His resolution to commence the twice-deferred work, that evening, was shaken; but the wine, of which he drank quicker and deeper than was his wont, filled him with a daring courage, and he determined a-fresh, boldly to undertake the venture, seeing in the attempt nothing more than the brave struggle of Love and Courage against Danger.

The clock now told nine. Wilhelm struck his breast with force. He sought for an excuse to absent himself; a likely thing, for a bridegroom to leave his bride upon the nuptial-eve! Time flew on swiftly, a thousand pangs tormented him thus dallying with delaying Love. At last, ten was passed, now was the time for parting. Without a farewell he slunk from the side of his bride; already with his tools he stood outside the house, when the mother came after him. "Wilhelm, Wilhelm!" she anxiously enquired. "I have shot a buck, and forgotten it in the thicket," was the answer. In vain she besought him, in vain Kate hung smiling on him, there was something terrible but undefined in his agitated haste, as repulsing them both, he hurried into the forest.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

The moon was on the wane, and appeared on the horizon of a dark red color. Grey clouds floated across it, and occasionally darkened the landscape, soon though again it re-appeared, sleeping in the awful stillness of the moonlight. The birchen and the aspen seemed like spectres in the wood, and the white-poplars appeared to Wilhelm to beckon him as though they stood, a dim host of phantom-shadows. He shuddered, and his dis-

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quietude of the previous night, in conjunction with the second fall of Cuno's picture, seemed to him the last warnings of his guardian-angel, ere he should consummate his evil deed.

Once again he swerved from his determination. Already was he upon the point of retracing his steps, when a voice seemed to whisper his ear. "Fool! hast already not *used* magic, lack you the courage to create it?" He paused, the moon issued smiling from her dark clouds, and was reflected on the peaceful roof of the Forest-lodge. Wilhelm saw Kate's window twinkle through the silvery beam; he stretched forth his arms, and stepped back towards his home; then the voice whispered to him again, and a powerful wind brought the sound of the half-hour's chime. "On, to the deed," it seemed to say. "To the deed!" he repeated aloud; "'tis weak and childish when half way to turn me back; folly to attempt a great thing, when perhaps one has for one's welfare ventured so little. I will proceed."

He made a bold step forward, the wind drove the scudding clouds again across the moon, and Wilhelm entered the deepest part of the forest.

At last he was arrived at the cross road. The magic circle was described, the skulls and cross-bones laid in order round. The moon sank deeper and deeper behind the clouds, leaving it to the dull coals, blown by the chance gusts of wind, to lend their red and mournful glimmer to the deed of night. In the distance a turret-clock chimed the three-quarters past: Wilhelm laid the melting ladle on the coals, and threw in the lead, together with three bullets which had already hit their mark, for he remembered to have heard say, that this with the Free-shooters was the usual custom. It now began to rain in the forest. Owls, bats, and birds of night, dazzled by the blaze, fluttered about. They perched on various branches, and sat round the magic circle, where their low hooting seemed to maintain an unintelligible conversation with the skulls. Their numbers increased, and behind them vapory figures waved to and fro like clouds; some of the fashion of beasts, and some of men. The gusts of wind played with their mournful robings, as with the dew-cloud at even; one only stood firm, drawing near to the circle, and looking fixedly and sadly upon Wilhelm. At times it stretched out towards him its pale hands, and seemed to sigh. The coals burnt lower when it raised its hands, but a grey owl flapped its wings and fanned them up again. Wilhelm raised himself, and the countenance of his dead mother seemed to look forth on him in the dim phantom, with an expression of mournful woe.

The clock then struck eleven: the pale spectre vanished sighing. The owls and night-ravens fluttered and hooted; between their wings they rattled the bones and skulls. Wilhelm knelt down before his pile of coals, he poured the lead, and at the last stroke of the clock,—fell the *first* bullet from the mould!

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

The owls and skulls were quiet. But through the forest came an old decrepid beldame, making straight for the circle. She was surrounded with wooden spoons; pot-ladles and other cooking utensils were hanging from her waist and made a frightful clattering; the owls welcomed her with screechings, and stroked her with their wings. At the circle she bowed to the bones and skulls, but the coal-flame flickered towards her, so that she drew back her horny hand. She then ran round the circle, and grinning held out her several wares to Wilhelm,—grumbling the whiles to him thus:

- "An these old bones wilt give,
- "In change my spoons receive;
- "A skull at least ye'll spare,
- "Why need the trump'ry, dear?
- "Ye cannot use them,
- "Quick then disuse them!
- "Our nuptial shall be fine,
- "Sweet bridegroom mine!"

Wilhelm shuddered, but remained quiet and hastened on his work. The old witch was not unknown to him. A mad beggar-woman was she, who had often made her appearance in the neighbourhood, until she found

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a refuge in the madhouse. He knew not whether it were reality or an illusion, which then appeared to him. After a while the old thing angrily threw him her stick, and with the words

"That for thy wedding night,
 "They thy bridal bed set right;
 "On the morrow, when eve shall be,
 "Then art thou betrothed to me.
 "Come soon, bright sweetheart."

hobbled slowly into the forest.

Then came a tremendous rattling, like the rolling of wheels and crack of whips. A chariot appeared drawn by six horses, and with out riders. "What's this on our road?" cried the foremost; "Room there!" Wilhelm looked up; sparks flashed from the horses' hoofs, and round the carriage-wheels glowed a phosphoric light. Wilhelm believed it to be an illusion, and remained tranquil. "Thorough! thorough! on! on! upon our way, away! away!" cried the outrider again, and that instant the whole troop made for the circle. Wilhelm fell to the earth as the horses bounded over his head; but the phantom steeds sprang with the chariot into the air, turned once round over the magic circle, and vanished in a whirlwind, which broke the surrounding twigs and branches, strewing them about.

Time passed on before Wilhelm had recovered from his fright. He attempted to steady his trembling hand, and cast with disquietude another bullet. Then the distant well-known tower-clock chimed. How comforting sounded its friendly voice from the world of life without, to the miserable mortal in the unhallowed circle; but the clock chimed twice,—thrice.—He shuddered at the rapid flight of the precious moments, for the third part of his labor was not as yet completed. It struck a fourth time! Wilhelm's strength forsook him, every nerve appeared unstrung, and the bullet-mould fell from his trembling hand. He listened with a desperate resignation to the striking of the complete hour; the bell clashed, vibrated, and died away. The fearful power of the Fiend seemed to sport with the sound of the midnight-hour itself. Full of joyful expectation Wilhelm dashed out his watch; it told the half-hour only. He looked thankfully toward Heaven; a conviction strengthened his joy that he had triumphed over the powers of darkness, evidenced by a loud cry which then rang in his ears.

Nerved and strengthened against any fresh deception, he courageously set to work again. A deep stillness reigned around him, the owls only croaked, as it were, and struck the skulls against the bones from time to time. At length the bush rustled. The sound was too well known to the skilful hunter: he looked, and, as he had surmised, a wild sow brake through the thicket and made for the circle. Wilhelm felt that there was no deception here; he sprang up, pointed his gun, and fired on the animal: no spark, however, was struck from his flint; he drew his hanger, but the bristly beast sprang, like the chariot and horses, into the air, and vanished.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

Wilhelm, alarmed, endeavoured to make up for his lost time. Sixty bullets were cast, he looked forward joyfully; the clouds opened, and the moon threw a clear light on the landscape. A piteous cry sounded in the wood: "Wilhelm! Wilhelm!"—it was the voice of Kate. Wilhelm beheld her rush through the bush, and cast on him a terrified glance. Behind her ran the old witch, and stretched her horny arms to catch the fleeting figure, whom she sought to lay hold of by the fluttering robe. Kate exerted her last remaining strength for flight, when he of the wooden leg stepped in her path: she stopped a moment, and the old woman clutched her with her bony fleshless hands. Wilhelm could contain himself no longer, he threw the mould with the last bullet from his hand, and just as about to spring from the circle, the clock struck twelve, the whole appearance vanished, the owls knocked the bones and skulls together and flew away, the fire expired, and Wilhelm sank fainting to the earth.

Now there came slowly up a rider on a coal-black steed. He halted before the scattered remains of the magic circle.

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"Thou hast well survived the ordeal"—said he—"what watest thou with me?"

"Nothing from thee!"—answered Wilhelm—"what I required, that have I obtained myself."

"With my help"—continued the stranger—"therefore let me share."

"Nothing!"—cried Wilhelm—"I neither bargained with thee, nor have called thee."

The horseman laughed scornfully. "Thou art bold"—said he—"such as thee should be cared for. Take the bullets thou hast made. Sixty for thee, three for me; those hit, these miss: we meet again, then wilt thou understand."

Wilhelm raised himself up. "I will never meet thee again"—he cried—"leave me!"

"Why dost thou turn from me?"—asked the stranger, with a fearful laugh—"know'st thou me not?"

"No, no!"—shrieked Wilhelm, shuddering—"I will not know thee, I know nought of thee! who'er thou art, leave me!"

The dark horseman turned his steed. "Thy hair on end"—said he, with dark earnestness—"tells that thou knowest me well. I am HE, whose mention breathes an icy shudder o'er the inmost soul!"

With these words he disappeared, and the trees beneath which he had taken stand, fell scorched in ashes to the ground.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

"Merciful Heaven, Wilhelm, what *has* happened to thee?"—exclaimed Kate and mother Anne, as Wilhelm, all pale and agitated, returned home after midnight—"it seems as ye were risen from your grave!"

"'Tis through the night air"—answered Wilhelm—"what I have done hath made me feverish."

"Wilhelm"—said the Forester, who then stepped in—"something has happened to thee in the forest. Why dost thou not tell us? you mystify me."

Wilhelm was struck by the old man's earnestness. "Yes"—replied he—"something *has* certainly happened to me. But have patience for nine days only. Earlier, if you will yourself".....

"Willingly, dear son, willingly!"—interrupted the Forester—"Good sooth, it *must* be a secret, to be kept nine days. Let him alone, mother, tease him not, Kate! I had nearly done ye an injustice, Wilhelm! go now and rest, for 'night,' hath the adage, 'is no man's friend,' only take courage, who'er is virtuous and walks uprightly, no nightly apparition haunts him ever."

Wilhelm had need of all the dissimulation possible, in order not to betray how near the old man's suspicions neared the truth. His beautiful paternal love, his unshaken trust when all things seemed to indicate his guilt, nigh broke the heart of Wilhelm. He hastened to his chamber, resolved to annihilate his magic work. "One bullet only—*one* only will I use"—he cried out, as, weeping, he raised his folded hands to Heaven—"The end in view will surely now absolve the middle course I take. Ten thousand full atonements will I give, if aught be sinful then in this my deed! Can I now draw back without I lose my bliss, mine honour, and my love?"

This intention lulled his heart, and he looked upon the morning sun with more tranquillity than he had hoped to do.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

The royal Commissary arrived, and desired, before the Trial-shot, to make a hunting party with a few, including the young Forester. "Though"—said he—"it is right that we should honour the old solemnity, yet the hunter's skill is best displayed in the forest. Up then, young heir-presumptive; to the field!"

Wilhelm turned pale, and would have excused himself, but as this would not hold with his superior, he begged to do as little as possible before his Trial-shot. The old Forester shook his head thoughtfully. "Wilhelm, Wilhelm"—said he, in a deep and earnest tone—"and have I guessed then rightly, yesterday?"

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"Father!"—cried the latter, and desperation almost deprived him of speech. He withdrew quickly, but in a few moments was equipped for the chase with his father-in-law, and followed the Commissary to the forest."

The old Forester sought to conceal his uneasiness, but strove in vain to bear an untroubled mien. Kate was also restless, and wandered to and fro at home. She enquired of her father "whether it were not possible to omit the Trial-shot?" "Would that it were!"—said he, and embraced her in silence.

At last the minister arrived, wishing peace to all; he reminded the bride of her wreath. Mother Anne had procured it, but in the midst of their bustle, had mislaid the box. A child was immediately despatched to a shop, to bring another wreath for the bride. "Bring the prettiest!"—cried mother Anne to the child; but the latter, in its innocence, asked for the most glittering, and the shop-mistress, in construing its meaning, gave it a virgin's funeral-wreath of myrtle and of rosemary entwined with silver. Both mother and bride saw the hidden meaning of the mischance; each shuddered, and embracing each other, sought to forget their terror in smiling at the child's mistake. The box was again sent back; it opened easily, the contents had been exchanged, and the bridal-wreath was bound on Kate's fair tresses.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH AND LAST.

The hunting party returned. The Commissary was extravagant in Wilhelm's praise. "It seems to me absurd"—said this umpire—"to desire a further trial after so many proofs of skill. Nevertheless, to honour an old law, we must for once do that which is unnecessary; therefore, the quicker done the better. On yonder pillar sits a dove, shoot it."

"For God's sake!"—cried Kate, hastening thither—"Wilhelm, do not shoot. Ah, I dreamt last night that I was a white dove, and that they put a ring about my neck; you entered, and my mother was covered with blood."

Wilhelm drew back his gun already pointed, but the Commissary smiled. "Ha, ha!"—said he—"so frightened, this will not do for a hunter-maiden: take heart, take heart, little bride! or is the dove mayhap your pet?"

"No"—answered she—"I only feel so sad."

"Now then"—cried the Commissary—"courage, Sir Forester, and fire!"

He fired, and at the same moment, uttering a loud shriek, Kate fell to the earth.

"Extraordinary girl!"—cried the Chief, and raised Kate up, but a stream of blood poured over her face: her brow was shattered, and a rifle bullet lay in the wound.

"What is't?"—exclaimed Wilhelm, as a loud cry arose behind him. Looking back he saw Kate bleeding in the pallor of death. Beside her stood he of the wooden leg, who, with hellish laughter, grinned out—"Sixty achieve, three deceive!"

Wilhelm drew his hanger from its sheath, and struck at the Accursed One. "Deceiver!"—shrieked he, madly—"is't thus thou mockest me?" More he could not utter, but sank senseless to the ground beside his bleeding bride.

In vain sought the good Pastor and the Commissary to comfort the aged pair. Mother Anne had scarcely on the breast of the virgin's corse laid the prophetic funeral wreath, ere she poured out her last tears in ineffectual grief. The lonely father followed soon their path. And in a madhouse, closed the days of Wilhelm!

From this interesting tale, Kind has built up his admirably dramatic plot, embodying all the main incidents provided here. According to him, however, the traffic with the Power of Evil is entered into by one Caspar, comrade and disappointed rival of Max (the Wilhelm of the tale). This Caspar entraps his fellow hunter into the forest at night, but thinks that the mere presence

of the latter at such an unhallowed ceremony will place him and his bride within the power of the Fiend. Caspar, under this impression, cast the bullets himself. Max uses the last (the Devil's bullet) at the Trial-shot, but Agathe his bride is protected from ill by a wreath of sacred roses, given her by an aged Hermit: the Evil One directs the bullet fired by Max to the heart of Caspar, who formally had entered into a compact with him; Caspar expires in agonies of body and soul. The repentant Max confesses his weakness and his guilt; his Prince would banish him, but after passing a year of atonement ordained by the Hermit, he is united to his beloved Agathe, and the custom of the Trial-shot, which had induced so much of evil, is abolished.

The direct meaning of the word *Freischütz*, Free-shot, will be found explained at page 10 of the original edition of Apel's tale. He describes it as a shot fired with aid of magic and devilry, which, whether it be truly aimed or no, must always hit its mark. Gipsies under the Roman Emperors, and also under Sigismund King of Hungary, in the year 1423, were granted "Free charters for shooting." Whether the word "Free-corps,"—that is, one of free will, or free of constraint,—had its origin exactly thence, remains unknown. Single soldiers became from this intitled "Free-hunters" (*Frei-Jäger*); and in many places brigands and mountain robbers were called "Free-shooters" (*Frei-Schützen*). Regarding the point in an historical light we may remark, that Charles the Seventh, as early as the year 1448, organized a body of "*Franc Archers*" (*Free Archers*); but Louis the Ninth, who for a time deprived them of their freedom, restored it, and in 1481 gave the name to the Swiss Guard in his pay. The magic power of the "free-shot" was well known in the year 1429, when the Maid of Orleans first appeared; and Shakspeare, in the first part of his "*Henry IV.*," does not stint his allusions to the various magic arts and wondrous shots achieved by hell's assistance, attributed to the very Joan herself. Klingemann, in his "*Art and Nature*,"* asserts that—"Formerly there were a set of these wild fellows, Free-shooters (in the sense of the Opera), in Zurich. They stepped forward during the fifteenth century, and freed themselves from regular service-ship along with the citizens, and as "free-shooters" became even bolder than the hardy mountaineers themselves. At last they were disbanded, in 1764.

Furthermore, in exemplification of these credences, we can refer our readers to the "*Versuch einer Geschichte der Hexenprocesse*," by Joh. Mor. Schwager,† vol. i.; also to the tract by Eberhard Gockelius "*von dem Beschwören und Verzaubern*," p. 75; to the "*Bedenken von der Zauberei*;" and to Balrassor's "*Ehre von Krain*" (i. 676).

The next point of interest which we come upon in the Legend is that of the "Wild chase:" the origin of this may be likewise traced back to the writers of antiquity; for M. T. Cicero tells us that "the goddess Fauna was wont to rush over and through the neighbouring meadows and woodland with mysterious uproar, accompanied by a mighty clatter of arms, spreading mischief and danger around."‡ The tales of wonder, monsters and apparitions pertaining to woods and forests, during the Middle Ages are well known; we can principally call to mind St. Hubert, the holy Genoveva, the Emperor Maximilian, "Friedrich des Weisen," and the "Dame am Brunnen,"§ the Horn of Oldenburg, and the testimony of many Hermits who asserted that they had been nourished and fed by ravens and forest animals. Coming down to subsequent years we can call to mind the Wild Host and its

* "*Kunst und Natur*" (Brunswick, Meyer, 1828,) Bk. iii. p. 128.

† Berlin, 1784.

‡ Cic. de harusp. resp. besides C. xi.—Bergrl. Lucret. ii.

§ S. Lindenblüten, Leipzig bei Hartnoch, 1819.

leader the Lord of Rodenstein.* Bürger's Ballad on the "Wild Huntsman" is also generally known.

It may naturally then be supposed that a Romantic Legend like the "*Freischütz*" so thoroughly imbued with the Folk-lore of the country which gave it birth, afforded the greatest possible scope to, at the same time exerting a severe tax upon, the musical genius and creative faculties of such a Composer as Weber. The apposite remark "that he seems to have taken the voice of Nature expressive of all the various phases of his tale, and modulated it

into music," is perhaps the best, because the most comprehensive criticism on the "*Freischütz*" that can be offered. Admirable and effective as is the coloring of this great picture, perfect as the design and its outline; still, its wondrous truth to Nature will always remain its greatest charm.

Before concluding these pages, we shall annex, as is our wont, the Original Cast with which this Opera was given in Berlin in 1821, and the subsequent most prominent casts in this country.

| ORIGINAL CAST. Berlin, June 18, 1821. | | ENG. OPERA HOUSE. (1st time in England 1824. | COVENT GARDEN TH: 1824-25. | DRURY LANE TH: 1824-25. | COVENT GARDEN TH: 1827. |
|---|-------------------------------------|---|--|--|---|
| AGATHE | M ^{de} Seidler | Miss Noel, and Miss Ste- | Miss Paton | Miss Graddon | Miss Paton. |
| ANNCHEN | M ^{lle} Eunicke | Povey.....[phens. | " Love..... | " Povey | M ^{me} Vestris. |
| MAX | Herr Stümer | Mr. Braham | Mr. Pearman | Mr. T. Cooke | Mr. Sapio. |
| OTTO KAR | " Rebenstein | " Baker | " N. N. | " Mercer | " N. N. |
| KILIAN | " N. N. | " Tayleure | " Keeley | " Knight | " Duruset. |
| THE HERMIT | " N. N. | " (omitted) | " N. N. | " G. Smith | " N. N. |
| CUNO | " Wauer | " Bartley | " N. N. | " Bedford | " N. N. |
| CASPAR | " Blume | " Bennett, and Mr. Be- | " Bennett | " C. Horn | " Isaacs. |
| HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. (German Opera.) 1832. | | (German Opera.) 1833. | DRURY LANE TH: 1839. | ST. JAMES'S TH: (German Opera.) 1840. | DRURY LANE TH: (German Opera.) 1841. |
| M ^{ad} De Méric, & Fischer. | M ^{me} Pirscher | Miss Delcy | M ^{me} Fischer Schwarz- | M ^{lle} Stöckel Heinefetter. | |
| M ^{lle} Schneider | M ^{lle} Nina Sontag | M ^{me} Pilati | " Schumann | " Schumann | |
| Herr Haitzinger | Herr Binder | Mr. Frazer | Herr Schmetzer | Herr Tichatschek, & Hait- | |
| " Heim | " N. N. | " N. N. | " Benesch | Herr Steiner. [zinger. | |
| " Müller | " Ehlers | " Duruset | " Herbold | " Hitti. | |
| " Rube | " N. N. | " Kockert | " Froitzheim | " Hermanns. | |
| " Gunther | " Kockert | " N. N. | " Eike | " Emmerich. [mann. | |
| " Pelligrini | " Blume | " H. Phillips | " Poeck | Herr Staudigl, & Sessel- | |
| DRURY LANE TH: 1842. | | COVENT GARDEN TH: (German Opera.) 1842. | DRURY LANE THEATRE. 1843-44-45. (German Opera.) 1849. | | |
| Miss Romer | M ^{ad} Stö; Heinefetter & | Misses Romer, & Delcy. | M ^{lle} Von Romani. | | |
| " P. Horton | M ^{lle} Gned[Schödel. | " Betts, and Poole. | M ^{me} Marlow. | | |
| Mr. Allen | Herr Eichberger | Messrs. Templeton, and | Herr Jos. Erl, & Bahrdt. | | |
| " Sims Reeves | " Pichon | Mr. Binge | Herr Kückler. | | |
| " G. Horncastle | " Derossi | M ^{me} G. Horncastle & H. | " Nerger. | | |
| " J. Bland | " Rossi | Mr. S. Jones [Horncastle. | " Herrmanns. | | |
| " Stretton ..[Phillips. | " Brucker | M ^{me} Stretton, & Morgan. | " Breuer. [Stapan. | | |
| Herr Staudigl, & Mr. H. | " Staudigl | " H. Phillips, & Stretton. | Herren Karl Formes, and | | |

The expectation was very great in Berlin for the long promised inaugural Work which was to open the newly-erected Opera House there, and accordingly the Theatre was crammed to suffocation on the 18th of June, the day of its production. The public perceived the true worth of the music from the beginning to the end, and from the Overture to the Final Chorus no piece was suffered to pass over without the most tremendous applause; and, at the fall of the curtain, the Composer was called for, amidst a perfect storm of plaudits. The *maestro* appeared, modestly leading on to the stages Mesdames Seidler and Eunicke, to divide with him the well-merited approbation bestowed on all sides, bouquets and wreaths being thrown to them in showers.

Want of space *must* preclude us for the present from entering into details respecting the above several performances, and from doing adequate justice to the admirable singing of Messrs. Braham,

Haitzinger, Frazer, Poeck, Staudigl, and Formes, or of Mesdames Stephens, Paton, De Meric, Heinefetter, and Delcy in their several parts; this, however, as their performances are some of them comparatively recent, is not of so much moment.

We now arrive at the completion of an Edition of this fine musical composition, which has been with us, indeed, a labour of love. Whether we have done any real service to the musical public by presenting them the "*Freischütz*" for the first time in English in its integrity, their appreciation of the result will show; if this Volume passes into the hands of those to whom the Opera has been hitherto unknown,—if to those acquainted previously with it new beauties are revealed by this book, and any gratification result from its perusal, equal to that which we ourselves feel at the hearing one note of its transcendent score,—then will it add to our joy in the Opera, to which we trust many many voices will join us, in extolling as one of the most beautiful, striking, and original productions of Musical Art and Human Genius ever produced!

J. W. M.

* S. Justi's, "*Taschenbuch der Vorzeit*" 1822. Gottschalk's "*Ritterburgen*," vol. iv. p. 69. The stag-hunt of the "Wild Huntsman" will be found in the "*Vorzeit Bühmens*," by Ewald Dietrich. Meissen, Klinkicht, 1847, Vol. i.

DER FREISCHÜTZ

(THE FREE-SHOOTER,)

A Lyric Folk-Drama :

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH, BY

J. WREY MOULD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OTTOKAR, a Prince of Bohemia.
 CUNO, Head-ranger to the Prince.
 AGÄTHE*, his daughter.
 ANNCHEN, her young relative.
 CASPAR, first huntsman.
 MAX, second huntsman.
 First HUNTER }
 Second HUNTER } in the Prince's service.
 Third HUNTER }

SAMUEL, the "Wild Huntsman."

A HERMIT.

KILIAN, a wealthy peasant.

A SERVANT GIRL.

An APPARITION of AGÄTHE.

The SHADE of MAX' MOTHER.

Bridesmaids; Huntsmen and Attendants on the Prince;
 Peasants, male and female; Musicians, &c. &c.;
 Spirits; Demons; and various Apparitions.

The Scene is laid in Bohemia.

The action is represented as taking place shortly after the termination of "The Thirty Years' War."

First performed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin, June 15th, 1821.

ACT THE FIRST.

The stage represents a Hermit's dwelling on the side of a woody dell; it is partly screened from view by foliage, but a path leads up to it through the heather and brushwood, from below; and beyond it, a beautiful Bohemian landscape is seen: close to the entrance, an altar of turf is raised; behind this, a rustic cross, round which white roses are twining in great profusion: they also grow around the rude altar; other wild flowers render the abode agreeable.

An aged Hermit is discovered kneeling before the altar, his hands raised in holy fervour towards Heaven.

SCENE I.†

THE HERMIT, solus.

THE HERMIT. (*kneeling at the altar.*)

Infinite! I bow before ye;

Thou, to whom all worlds give glory,

Here from things of earth apart

Purify thy servant's heart.

(*he folds his hands and bends forward, his face resting upon the altar: there is a pause—he then springs up, as if having seen a vision; he appears terrified.*)

Terrific sight!

Almighty Pow'r, avert such blight!—

I saw—e'en at the thought I cower—

I saw the Fiend of Darkness lower

With demon-pleasure in his glance;

And stretching—ha! my pulse is still with awe—

And stretching one huge giant-claw

Toward an unblemish'd child-like lamb,

The pure Agäthe! hell's lustre swam

In each fierce orb, as wildly gleaming

O'er her betrothed, this hideous seeming

With hate did bid the lover stand,

And grasp him in his red right hand.—

(*with fervent piety.*) Turn not from me, Lord, in anger,
 O, avert this pending danger!

Thou, whose spirit knows no night,

Shield this pair from Satan's might!

(*he rises and advances forwards.*)

What was this?—it seems to me as though I had been buried, and even now were come again to light. I live a-fasting and my couch is hard, cold runs the life-blood in an old man's veins—but visions are vouchsafed from mighty God!—now, by the Saints,

* Agäthe, pronounced, as in the German, "Agäthē," throughout the Work.

† In performance, the Drama always commences at Scene III. of this Act.

for three days have I seen Agäthe not, and the tender plant again shrinks at the chilly touch of ev'ning—there! or mine eyes deceive me—yes, 'tis she!

SCENE II.

The same; AGATHE; ANNCHEN, for a moment.

AGATHE. (*as she enters up the walk, bearing a pitcher of milk, to Annchen, who carries a basket for her, and sets it down.*) Much thanks! (*Annchen departs.*)

THE HERMIT. *Benedicite*, sweet daughter, long time have ye remained away.

AG: And is all well with thee, mine honoured father? yesterday should I have come, but that this fruit which I selected thee was hardly ripe—prithce accept it, this bread beside, this pitcher, too, of milk. I dared as yet not bring the rennet.

THE HER: How welcome are these fruits! thou cherish'st me as wert my daughter.

AG: (*affectionately.*) Next to mine own father do I love thee most.

THE HER: An that were true, what think you Max would say?

AG: (*naïvely.*) Nay—I mean in *child-like love*: you jest with me.

THE HER: (*aside.*) (How little doth she dream—) (*aloud.*) and is thy Max then well?

AG: Of surety—alone a something anxious for this “Trial-Shot,” which will take place the morrow.

THE HER: As I have heard: (*pointedly.*) and hast thou no misgiving?

AG: At times, yes—when Max appears so ill at ease.

THE HER: It likes me not to cloud thy youthful joyousness one moment: yet, dare I not conceal it.

AG: (*alarmed.*) O speak, mine honoured father; what comes of thee must mean me well.

THE HER: I know not the precise amount of evil pending o'er thee and o'er thy lover; but yet a dream hath bid me much to care.

AG: What saw ye then?

THE HER: Visions that give in dim foreshadowing forth, the Future: O that their interpretation was mine art! yet do I feel sorrowful, in looking on thee.

AG: Be mine and Max' true welfare doubly mem'ried in thy pious pray'rs!

THE HER: Alas! I am but a poor weak mortal man—yet do assure thee of them.

AG: Then am I full of hope again!

THE HER: Preserve the purity of thy pure heart, so shall the Almighty guard thee well.

AG: Adieu then, father! and forget us not. (*as she is departing.*)

THE HER: God rest with thee, my daughter! (*she is on the point of leaving, when he calls her back*) Agäthe!

AG: (*turning.*) Aught more to say?

THE HER: Some voice within me bids me not let thee go forth giftless on this day: (*pointing to the roses growing around the altar and cross*) this rose-bush, whose first parent-shoot my predecessor brought from Palestine, hath wondrous virtue in't: I do collect and press the leaves, for country-folk bepraise the water they distil as owning much leech-craft: take, then, of these roses, the bridal gift of my paternal love (*he breaks off some of the flowers, weaves them into a wreath, and presents them to Agäthe.*)

Accept the gift of Friendship,

A pledge of purity.

AG: (*devoutly.*) From the Redeemer's grave!—

How sacred shall they be!

THE HER: And when these flowers perish,

The thought 'twill bid thee cherish

That things of this earth—die.

AG: Each leaf hereafter serving
This hour will be preserving,
Lest fleeting mem'ry fly.

THE HER: Or should it suit thy pleasure
To give each blossom pressure,*
A healing dew distils.—

AG: Thus, Virtue's tranquil gladness
The heart bowed low in sadness
With Hope's sweet healing fills.

THE HER: Then take the gift of Friendship,
A pledge of purity.

AG: Above all meaner treasures
How sacred shall they be!

(*blessing her, the Hermit, taking the fruits and pitcher, enters his dwelling; and Agäthe departs down the heather-grown path.*)

The Scene changes.

The stage represents an open space in a Village bordering upon a forest in Bohemia; on the right hand stands the Village Inn, a picturesque structure of no little antiquity, with huge projecting gables, and the roof clustered with dormer lights; rude benches are placed in front of this building, and before the porch stands a table, with rustic seats, ivy and wild roses climb in profusion over the walls and gables; behind the Inn are lofty trees: on the left hand side, modest-looking cottages peep forth from the forest border, and in the middle distance runs a rippling stream, finding its course over several rocky inequalities, and backed by a steep bank of dark brushwood, behind which some fine mountain-scenery is perceived; several very thick groups of bushes intervene between the Inn and the running stream.

A pole, with a stuffed bird fixed in the middle of a star, which forms the “bull's eye” of a target, stands back toward the centre of the open space; Max is discovered seated at the table in front of the Inn, his head resting moodily upon his hand, and his whole demeanour indicating disappointment and vexation; Kilian stands in the foreground facing the pole, and just after the scene opens, he pulls the trigger of the gun raised to his shoulder, and strikes down the bird; groups of Peasants and Huntsmen form around, watching the sport, the men for the most part elevated on the Inn benches, and leaning over behind the women; several who have failed in their endeavours to hit the mark stand on one side with their rifles lowered, watching Kilian's attempt; loud shouts from all greet his success.

SCENE III.

MAX; KILIAN; CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN AND PEASANTS, &c. &c.

ALL THE PEASANTS. Ha, ha! *bravo*; capitably hit! (*loud shouts and plaudits.*)

MAX. (*lifting his head from his hand, with which he strikes the table violently; looking, too, at Kilian with bitter scorn.*) Success to thee, (*contemptuously.*) Peasant!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS. (*whilst, amid acclamations, the pole is being removed.*)

Victoria! a praise let us chorus

To him who hath triumph'd so bravely before us;

His rivals all shots, or near or afar,

Victoria! Victoria! Victoria!

* “To give each blossom pressure”—“*Man muss die Rose pressen.*” Roses were sometimes pressed, partly for the rose-water they could make, a cooling lotion for the eyes; and partly for the oil obtainable thence. Kosegarten sings thus—

“Warum wird die Rose gepresst, dass den duftenden Blättern
Ihren Thränen köstliches Wasser entrieselt? und warum
Wiegt die Distel ihr Haupt so stolz und sicher im Winde?
Warum—magst du es sagen, du Mädchen der trüberen Seele?
Warum muss Tugend so viel, so viel der Edlere leiden?
Das sie in Thränen dauernder dufte, presst man die Rose;
Das sie in Thränen rührender siegte, leidet die Unschuld.”

MAX. Aye, fresh and firm—shout! sing! (*lifting his gun, and striking the ground vehemently with the butt-end, as he exclaims bitterly.*) Was I blind? Are the sinews of this my hand unstrung? (*A March is played, previous to which a procession has been formed: this now advances to the music in the following order—first, the MUSICIANS, performing on various rustic instruments; then PEASANT BOYS, who carry the last quarter of the target elevated in the air on a sword-point, and a number of new tin toys, designed to serve as prizes; next follows KILIAN, as king of the marksmen, with a large nosegay, which the Peasant-girls have fixed in his breast, and the band of the order bound across his shoulders; slung 'round his neck by a gay ribbon hangs the star-centre of the target which he has just struck down; then come HUNTERS bearing their rifles, and PEASANTS gaily attired, each with a GIRL on his arm, and several with stars on their caps and hats; WOMEN and CHILDREN close the procession: it moves round in as large a circle as the open space will admit of, and all, as they pass MAX, point at him in derision, nod significantly to each other, whisper, and laugh; Kilian, at last, plants himself right opposite to Max, and striking his breast triumphantly, sings.*)

KILIAN. Sneer upon my claim as little,
 "King" still stands my lawful title;
 So unbonnet, proud *Mosieu**,
 (*turning to them.*) Must he not, Sirs, he, he, he?
 CHORUS. Quick unbonnet, proud *Mosieu**,
 (*to each other.*) Must he not, Sirs, he, he, he?
 KIL: Star and flow'r shed lustre o'er me,
 See the target borne before me;

CHORUS. (*all laughing.*) Had ye eyes just now, *Mosieu*?
 How didst use 'em, he, he, he?
 CHORUS. (*all laughing im-*) Had ye eyes just now *Mosieu*?
 (*moderately.*) How didst use 'em, he, he, he?

KIL: 'Sooth, when next we shoot together
 (*ironically.*) Pray come off with equal feather;
 (*laughing im-*) Some poor prize at least, *Mosieu**,
 (*moderately.*) You will spare us, he, he, he?
 CHORUS. Some poor prize at least, *Mosieu**,
 You will spare us, he, he, he?

(*irritated beyond all bounds by this last taunt, Max draws his hanger, and rushes upon Kilian.*)

MAX. Leave me at peace, or —! (*they all strive to rescue the Peasant, when Cuno, Caspar, and several attendant Huntsmen with rifles and hunting-spears, enter in quickly, hearing the tumult; Max desists from his purpose, Kilian escapes from his grasp, the Peasants fall partly back.*)

SCENE IV.

The same; CUNO; CASPAR; HUNTSMEN.

CUNO. What have we here? fie! some thirty against one? what rascal-varlet dares to lay a finger on my boy?

KILIAN. (*just let loose, and writhing still under the effects of Max' grasp; also timidly avoiding him, and getting round to the other side of Cuno.*) All in good part, all in good part, gentle master Head-Ranger; there was no harm meant! you know it is an old custom amongst us for one who so constantly has missed to be excluded from the rejoicings held in honour of the king of the marksmen, and to be rallied a trifling moment—all in good part, nevertheless.

CUNO. (*starting.*) "So constantly has missed," who? who has done that?

KIL: (*consequently.*) 'Tis a sorry liking when your peasant beats your hunter, but give question to the gentleman himself—(*pointing to Max.*)

* *Mosieu*, pronounced shortly—"Mös-yë.

MAX. (*as Cuno turns towards him with an interrogating countenance.*) Would I could deny it! I have not struck the target once.

CASPAR. (*aside, and with a dark smile.*) (Thanks to thee, Samiel!*)

CUNO. (*sorrowfully.*) Max! Max! can this be possible? ye were the best shot far and near; four weeks have flown, nor yet one quarry hast thou brought to ground, and now again—O shame upon thee!

CAS: Hark ye, comrade; 'tis as I have augured: some one or some thing has bewitched you, ye must break the spell, or hit no game.

CUNO. (*sternly.*) Nonsense!

CAS: I hold to mine opinion; besides, 'tis deftly done: take my counsel, cousin forester, hie the next Friday to some cross-road, draw a circle o' the ground with a ram-rod or a bloody sword, and thrice invoke the "Mighty Hunter."—

KIL: God 'a mercy on us! one of Beelzebub's legion.

CUNO. (*turning upon Caspar with a frown, and speaking authoritatively.*) Silence, forward knave! we have noted ye long for a trickster, a sot, a false dicer—beware lest that I think worse of thee! (*Caspar makes a crouching motion, as if wishing to excuse himself, yet with a malignant scowl upon his features.*) not a word, or ye stand discharged upon the instant—(*turning to Max.*) but Max, my son, have you a care! more than father have I been to ye; and it gives my old heart joy, in that his Highness grants the son-in-law son's right—yet—shouldst fail the morrow at the Trial-shot, I must withhold from ye, my child, (*laying his hand on Max' shoulder.*) 'sooth, is your reason unchartered of constraint?

MAX. (*abstractedly.*) To morrow! the very morrow!

SOME HUNTSMEN. How stands the right meaning of that Trial-shot? oft have we heard thereon.

KIL: Aye, so have we—but not one on's is wise enow to give the true state of the case.

SOME OTHERS. Then tell us, good Master Cuno!

CUNO. Well, as you will; there's time sufficient ere we join the Prince—(*he seats himself, the rest gather 'round him.*) My ancestor, whose picture ye may have seen i' the Ranger's house, was (like myself) named Cuno, and of the then Prince's body guard. One morn, a stag broke cover to the hounds, and on this stag a man was stoutly chained: for so in former times your forest-thief was punished. At sight of this, compassion moved his Highness, he promised to whoso should kill the stag without hurting the man, a Ranger's post, and the right of manor to the nearest Forest-lodge. The gallant Cuno, more from pity than the promised guerdon, thought not twice: he fired, commending the bullet to his patron-saints. The stag fell; the forest-thief, though caught in a thick thorn bush, still escaped unhurt.

ALL THE WOMEN. The poor fellow! now God be praised!

THE MEN. *Bravo! bravo!* that was a master-shot.

CAS: (*darkly.*) Or a lucky chance, a thing not quite impossible.

MAX. Would that I were that Cuno! (*he shudders, and sinks into his former gloomy reverie.*)

* Samiel; from the Turkish, as Simoom or Samûm (*Semum oder Samum*) from the Arabic, a desolating and suffocating south-wind. Byron thus alludes to it in his "*Giaour*," p. 225 (8vo. edit: 1823)—

"He came, he went, like the Simoom,
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree, still sad when other's grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!"

Also Von Hammer, in his "*Morgenländischen Kleeblatt*," Stanza 34—
 "Er, der Wüste Tyrann, dess Odem senget und brennet,
 Dessen giftiger Hauch Thiere und Menschen entseelt."

It might be difficult to assign an especial reason why this Oriental name is given to the "Wild Huntsman" in the German "*Jagdstücklein Büchern*." On the authority of George Sand, the name *Georgéon* has been given to a terrible forest-demon in French story.

CUNO. My ancestor held himself much rejoiced at the saving the unfortunate, and the Prince maintained his promise to the full.

KIL: So, from that your Trial-shot hath origin: neighbours and friends, let us account us wiser.

CUNO. Now hear the end: there were then as now (*looking at Caspar*.) those bad tares whom the devil sows among the wheat. Cuno's foes would have the Prince believe that the shot was fired by enchantment, and the guardsman's rifle loaded with a magic bullet.

CAS: I thought so; (*aside*.) (help Samiel!)

KIL: (*to some of the Peasants*.) A magic bullet!—those are snares of the—of the—&c:—(*pointing downwards*.) My grandmother once sucked me that egg—six hit your mark, but the seventh belongs to &c:—, ahem! and flies just where he wills it.

CAS: Foolery! 'tis nothing but a little natural science!

CUNO. Upon these grounds 'twas that his Highness ordained that Cuno's heritors should undergo a Trial-shot, or severe or light, as the then reigning Prince or his Counsel should determine. And 'tis our custom that the young and lucky Forester should wed that day with his betrothed, whose fame unblemished must send her forth, the maiden's wreath of honour on her brow. Enough of this.—(*to the Huntsmen who entered with him*.) Now, let's on our way—but you, Max! up to the house, where some excellent sportsmen are assembled—collect thyself! for sure the Arch-Magician Love has spun his web around thee: meet me ere sunrise at his Highness' tent.

MAX. O, how that morrow
Darkly looms through unborn night!

CUNO. Joy, or worst sorrow
On thy wav'ring fate may light.

MAX. Ah, what fearful censure
Would my failure bring.

CUNO. Still, must ye adventure.

CAS: (*advancing to Max, and laying his hand upon his shoulder*.)
Only try *my* venture;

Fortune, change may ring.

MAX. Agäthe bereft me,
(*in agony*.) God, what then were left me!
Deep, thick despair o'ershrouds me now.

CHORUS AND See the cloud upon his brow;

CUNO. Better luck such virtues merit.
Hope! bloom softly in his spirit,
Cheer that soul with genial glow.

MAX. Bliss, thy tide long hath ceased to flow;
Dim and ghastly fears are rolling
Nights of shadow o'er my breast,
Pressing that, too much oppress:

CUNO. Be the knell of thy bliss tolling,
Heaven alway willet best.

CAS: Let Heav'n frown, there's still consoling,
Higher, mightier powers rest:
Put those powers to the test.

CUNO. (*raising his hand, and speaking cheerily to the dejected Max*.)
My son, I tell

Who trusts in *Him*, trusts well.

(*A faint expression of hope beams on Max' countenance, Cuno turns to the Huntsmen and Foresters*.)

Then scour you upland together
And hail morrow's dawn by your cries.

CHORUS OF The game on forest and heather,
HUNTSMEN The fowl of bonny blue æther,
(*joyously*.) Are ever and ever our prize.

AND CHORUS Come lusty ye horns be resounding;
OF PEASANTS. Ere eve again greet the hill side,
Old echo shall crack with the sounding
A pean to bridegroom and bride!

(*shaking Max warmly by the hand, Cuno prepares to leave the*

scene; shouldering rifle and spear, and following Cuno and Caspar, the Huntsmen joyfully depart.)

SCENE V.

MAX; KILIAN; CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

KILIAN. A fellow of some worth, this our Head-Ranger! but let us to the Inn, 'tis getting dusk and right shivering: (*to Max*) we'll stick firm friends as ever, Master Max; for my part, I hold ye earnest of my best wishes o' the morrow: come, scuttle these crotchets from your cranium, trip it to a girl, and tread a measure with's.

MAX (*shaking his head*.) Good 'sooth, the fancy likes me not.

KIL: (*smiling*.) Well, as you will.

(*he selects a partner, the others follow his example: the Musicians strike up a Bohemian waltz, and all except Max join in the same; Max stands aside against the Inn table wrapt in thought. Some wheel waltzing off the scene; others dance into the tavern: it is now getting quite dark; the music dies away, and Max finds himself alone.*)

SCENE VI.

MAX, *solus*.

MAX. (*after pacing up and down in the gloomiest reverie, striking his brow with his hand*.)

Shall pangs like these be never finish'd?

Some phantom-terror slays all Hope:

O for what fault am I thus punish'd?

With trampling woe why forc'd to cope?

(*with an air of subdued melancholy*.) Through the woodland, through the meadow,
Who so light a heart could claim?

Sporting in the sun or shadow,
Ev'ry quarry crown'd my aim;

Ev'ning brought such blest beguiling

'Neath the sacred tranquil roof,

Where Love chid the spoiler—smiling

In Agäthe's soft reproof.

(*he pauses: a dark shade seems to cross his spirit, as he shudders and starts with some inward presentiment.*)

SCENE VII.

The same; SAMIEL, unseen.

MAX. (*at these words, Samiel glides forwards out of the bushes a step, and stands motionless; he is of almost superhuman stature, clothed in dark green, with a mantle of fiery red; a large hat adorned with a plume overshadows his terrible countenance.*)

Doth guardian Providence forsake me!

Can Heaven turn its eye away!

Shall dark misfortune then o'ertake me

Become of worse despair the prey?

(*Samiel glides back; the clouds which have gathered over the scene dissipate, and a rich stream of mild evening sunset glows on all things; the anguish passes from the brow of Max, as the image of his Agäthe steals upon his mind.*)

From the lattice gladly op'ing

Now her straining glances press;

How her heart in truth is hoping

"Max brings tidings of success."

Night-wind 'mid the leaflet rambling

Bids her deem me in the grove,

Wooing zephyr, blossom trembling,

Faintly mock her sigh of love.

(*his mind again becomes clouded, the sunset fades, and the sky darkens and darkens deeper; Samiel strides forth in the background with tremendous steps across the scene; and as Max' despair increases he advances behind him, and with his*

arms stretched forth over him, seems to triumph in the having Max in his power.)

Darkest despairs, thick fears surround me,
And speechless horrors ice my blood;
Can no ray pierce the night around me?
Doth Fate rule blindly? lives no God?

(at this word Samiel shudders, and vanishes into the earth; Max sinks on the ground on one knee, his head bowed down between his hands, he is a prey to the deepest mental suffering; the sun has set, and the whole scene is darkening into night.)

SCENE VII.

MAX; CASPAR; SAMIEL, mostly invisible; A SERVANT GIRL.

CASPAR. *(enters, stealthily creeping towards Max; but assuming a more careless air when the taller perceives him.)* So, so; here still, comrade: lucky that I find ye.

MAX. How! dogging my steps again?

CAS. And that is all my thanks: o' the way hither, good service thee-ward shot across my mind; and with true heartedness I'm here to offer't, but speed has stole my breath. *(feigning to have exhausted himself by running.)* It gives—gives me much grievance that ye have so become a dumpling-peasant's butt. Jove! how the swipes-swaggering curl-pates laughed, ha, ha, ha!—but where so great a harm? scarce this out of your cerebrum, brother-heart! *(looking into a pitcher on the table.)* how? what? *(with contempt.)* beer! why that's no care-dispeller; *(calling aloud into the tavern.)* wine! wine! two pass-service cups!—An it should drain me of my latest denier ye must drink with me, I cannot see a comrade so cast down: *(to the Servant-girl, who enters from the Inn, bearing a wine bottle and two tall glasses, which she places upon the table, at the same time clearing away the one or two remaining beer-mugs.)* chalk it to my score—*(the Servant re-enters the tavern.)*

MAX. *(turning away.)* Excuse me! my head is over dull enough without. *(he sits down, and buries his face in his hands.)*

CAS: *(aside, whilst Max is in this position, dropping something quickly from a small phial into the glass intended for his comrade.)* *(There, friend, we have thee safe!)* *(pours wine into the glass; aside.)* *(help, Samiel!)* *(the head of Samiel appears above the bush close to which they are seated, Caspar is terrified.)* thou there? *(Samiel disappears.)*

MAX. *(looking up.)* With whom do ye speak?

CAS: *(confusedly.)* I? with no—one. I said "there, friend," i' the act of filling ye a bumper.

MAX. *(refusing the wine which Caspar holds out to him.)* But I would rather not.

CAS: *(filling his own glass.)* Long life to the Head-Ranger! Will ye not second me in a health to our good master?

MAX. *(carelessly.)* As ye list *(they drink together.)*

CAS: *(sitting negligently on the top runnel of his chair, his foot across the end of the table.)* Now let us sing a verse! *(sings.)*

"When the heart of a man's oppress with care,"

(Max expresses his disapprobation.) Ah, you like that not? Well then, for another. *(refilling his glass, he sings.)*

In this earthly vale of tears
All were care and plaguy fears,
But for wine's extatics;
Therefore, 'till my latest breath,
I, on Bacchus fix a faith
Firm as mathematics!

(drinks.) hey man! join in a chorus. *(drinks again.)*

MAX. *(shaking his head.)* Excuse me.

CAS: *(refilling both glasses.)* Long life to Agáthe! he who toasts not his betrothed, can be no man.

MAX. Ye presume. *(they drink together.)*

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

CAS: *(refilling, he sings.)*

One makes one, and three make three,
Two joys triplicate the glee
Purpling grape is giving;
Dice flung down with lusty jest,
And a ripe girl's rounded breast,
Make life worth the living!

'gad, will nothing stir thee up to-day? *(drinks.)*

MAX. *(reproachfully.)* How can ye expect me to voice in such a song.

CAS: *(refilling for both.)* Long live our lord the Prince! who chimes not with that is a Judas.

MAX. Well then—but no drop more. *(they drink together, Max fans himself with his hat, indicating that the heat oppresses him.)*

CAS: *(sings.)* When these three together joined,
That word "Pleasure" then was coin'd;

Fools deem each—a foible:

Wines, be then my A, B, C!

Women my divinity!

Cards and dice my Bible!*

MAX. *(springing up.)* Knave! my Agáthe's right, in that she ever warns me 'gainst thee. *(he is for leaving; during the remainder of the scene a certain vehemence is observable in his manner, but light, as if proceeding from slight intoxication.)*

CAS: *(coming forward.)* Angered so soon, brother-heart? I served my "sub"-ship 'neath Tilly, and danced with him that devil's dance at Magdeburg: your soldier-folk can teach a spicey song or two. *(the village clock strikes seven; Max is moving off.)* Art for home already?

MAX. Yes, 'tis time, it then struck seven. *(the stage gets darker and darker.)*

CAS: To Agáthe? *(Max assents.)* There, knew I it not—but you may frighten her; remember, she will expect ye bring some prize as auguring well the morrow.

MAX. *(dejectedly, as he stops short.)* Alas, poor girl!—myself, too!—the morrow!

CAS: Then stay, and be advised; 'tis for this that I have really sought thee: there are means of help at hand!

MAX. Of help?

CAS: *(mysteriously.)* Could I give acquaintance of my friendship 'neath so many eyes?—'twas not for nought I dropped those hints an hour since—*(in a lower tone.)* there exist certain simple natural crafts, certain innocent hunter-practices;—this very night, at the moon's eclipse, may great things be accomplished!—An old mountain-hunter once let me i' the secret *(during these words of Caspar's, Samiel has been seen from time to time to peer forth, unseen by both speakers.)*

MAX. Ye measure me the poison drop by drop.

CAS: How were it, comrade, should I lend ye hand to-day to a right lucky shot; giving Agáthe rest, thyself success o' the morrow?

* This drinking song has been rendered into Latin, under the initials W. K. We cannot supply the hiatus of the rest of the name.

Cuncta mundi flebilis
Plena forent lacrymis
Dulci dento mero:
Hinc ad imos spiritus
Libero confidimus—
Voluptatum hero!
Major uno trinitas,
Hinc ad vini pateras
Duo altra data:
Alearum gaudia
Virginiumque basia
Læsa reddunt fata!
Illi absque tribus hæ
Terrarum deliciæ
Omni mele carent;
Vini, lusus, virgines,
Faciunt nos hilares
Simul si apparent!

C. M. VON WEBER.

MAX. You speak parables: can such be possible?

CAS: Courage! courage! "What the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve." Now, take my gun. (*handing his rifle to Max.*)

MAX. And with it what to do?

CAS: (*putting out his hand to motion Max.*) Patience! (*he scrutinizes the sky.*) doth nothing show itself? (*quickly, as he gives Max the rifle.*) there! there! dost see yon eagle? (*pointing upwards.*) fire!

MAX. Art a fool, or tak'st me for one? It is quite dark, the bird appears but a speck in the sky, cloud high, and out of shot-range!

CAS: (*hastily.*) Fire in the d—dunderhead's name! ha! ha!

MAX. (*touching the trigger with some hesitation, the gun goes off: at the same moment a yell of laughter is heard, so that Max, terrified, turns to Caspar.*) Why laughest thou?—the dark wings of a fiend seem circling there above—(*a large golden eagle sweeps for an instant spinning in the air, then falls dead at the feet of Max.*) What is this?

CAS: (*kneeling down and lifting up the eagle.*) A golden eagle, and one of the largest! *what* a shot; and how marvellously hit! right under the wing, otherwise not touched: have him stuffed, brother, for a cabinet.

MAX. (*in bewilderment.*) But I cannot conceive—(*examining Caspar's gun.*) this rifle is as others are—

CAS: Victorial! here have we your respect from the peasants, here Agathe's joy! (*plucking out some of the largest feathers, he sticks them in Max hat.*) there, comrade, stands your trophy!

MAX. (*shuddering.*) What do you? an icy chill hath check'd my ev'ry vein.—(*vehemently.*) with what did ye load? what manner of bullet was't?

CAS: (*laughing.*) No bullet, little fool! nought but a snail-in-young, which hits alway.

MAX. O, am I drunk with dreams, or dream'd with wine? such like hath happen'd to me ne'er before!—Caspar! I pray ye, I entreat ye, (*catches hold of him.*) dear Caspar! I will give thee—give—say, what ball was that.

CAS: (*struggling in his hands.*) Has Joy outquenched the sob'rer light of Reason? come, I will share this with thee (*embraces Max.*)—nothing, little friend! it was a shot;—leave me loose.

MAX. (*frees Caspar from his grasp.*) Where gottest thou those balls?

CAS: Humph; since ye come into your proper sense—now tell me truly—thou expertest hunter, art, or feign'st thee so untaught? do ye really know not what a "free-bullet" means?

MAX. (*turning aside.*) Ridicule and gossip!

CAS: One's school'd it better 'mongst your soldier-folk: ha, ha! how hit the sharp-shooters their mark, who strike their man 'mid volumes of thick powder-smoke? or have ye ne'er heard tell how Sweden's king did fall at Lutzen? two silver bullets hit him—aye, aye (*musingly.*) well knows it your philosopher who nathless dares at other arts as deep to sound, as difficult to gain.

MAX. (*stooping and examining the eagle.*) The shot is incredible—i' the dark twilight—brought hither from the clouds. O, how can this be real?

CAS: Two things hinge thereon: to lift a weakling son of earth from deep dejection to the light of life; to win him honour, place, and most supreme affection!

MAX. (*inwardly brooding.*) Hast thou more of these balls?

CAS: That was the last—they have just served their turn? (*a pause.*)

MAX. Why suddenly so silent?—"Just served their turn!"—your meaning?

CAS: (*darkly.*) Because that more may be obtained to-night.

MAX. This very night?

CAS: Assuredly! three days the sun stands backward of his course, and this is now the second; to-night the moon is totally eclipsed—Max! comrade! thy fate hangs o' the influx of propitious stars! thou may'st achieve greatness! and this day, right

'i the thick of night, win honour at the trial, secure thee place and bride, if ye dare *dare* an unseen power's help—for then shall Nature bow herself thy slave.

MAX. Well;—if my fate willeth,—procure me such a ball!

CAS: More than ye could require: but will ye take my tutorage?

MAX. How may they be obtained?

CAS: That can I teach thee—meet me at midnight in the "Wolf's Glen!"

MAX. (*starting.*) At midnight—in the "Wolf's Glen!" No—the place has a bad name,—and at midnight the gates of Hell are opened.

CAS: Pah!—what fancies!—but yet 'cannot I leave thee to thine evil star—I stand thy friend, and will help ye to cast them.

MAX. (*shaking his head.*) Nor that either!

CAS: So;—then be the morrow's laughing stock; loose Agathe and the forest'ry.—I stand thy friend, and will cast them for ye; but ye must be at my side.

MAX. There is a smooth persuasion on thy tongue—(*meditates.*) no! on things like these no honest man must pause (*is moving off.*)

CAS: Coward! would'st purchase bliss, and by another's danger; think ye—thy share of the guilt (if guilt) but trifling? think ye the guilt (if guilt) already not upon ye? (*spreading out the eagle.*) think ye this eagle given thee by chance?

MAX. Horrible, if ye are right!

CAS: Strange, how you doubt!—Ingratitude's the world's best thanks; I'll cut me off a wing, that I may suck some profit i' this matter (*kneels, and cuts off one of the eagle's wings with his hanger.*)—how droll! ye dared this shot to give Agathe rest; to gain her, fail in sequent courage! methinks 'twill sourly cheer that waxen doll who jilted me for thee. (*aside.*) (I catch him now.)

MAX. (*bitterly.*) Wretch! I have courage.

CAS: To the proof, then! the casting of the bullets which ye need is child's play; but for this timely help, just augur from such late mischance your fate: she loves thee to distraction, would die—or, perhaps, despair, without thee!—you, the jesting-butt of all, despair in turn—(*pressing his hand to his eyes, as if to dash away the tears.*) Shame on thee, rugged hunter, in that thou lov'st him more, than he, his weakling self! (*aside.*) (help, Samiel.)

MAX. (*who has during all the latter portion of this discourse been much perturbed in mind.*) Agathe die! I—perish from despair! aye, there lays the end—(*giving Caspar his hand.*) by Agathe's life, I come! (*Samiel has glided forth at these last words, he beckons and vanishes.*)

CAS: No word to no man! 'twere danger to us both. I wait thee! Midnight! (*in an impressive voice.*)

MAX. (*shaking his hand.*) Betray thee?—Midnight! I come! (*rushing off the stage.*)

SCENE IX.

CASPAR, solus.

CASPAR. (*looking after Max with fiendish derision in his countenance; meanwhile it has become quite night.*)

Still!—lest friendly tongue should warn,

Dark Hell shall mock thy fear to scorn,

Nought from the deepest fall can save ye;

Around him, O demons, your trammels entwine,

Yell, when his puny struggles brave ye:

Revenge, the triumph is thine!

(*rushing off on the opposite side, as the curtain descends.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT THE SECOND.

The stage represents an ante-room, with two lateral passages leading into the Forest-lodge; deer horns and gloomy tapestry,

with hunting spears, impart an antique appearance to the apartment, and indicate that the dwelling formerly has been a princely hunting tower. In the middle there is an opening, covered with thick hangings, which forms a recess for an altar: on the right hand side stands Agáthe's spinning-wheel; on the other, an ancient-looking table, whereon a lamp is burning, and on which a white dress with a green riband is lying.

On the rising of the curtain, Annchen is discovered on a pair of steps, rehanging the picture of Cuno's ancestor mentioned in the First Act, she is hammering the nail in securely; Agáthe, in her robe-de-boudoir, is seated by the table, binding a fillet round her forehead.

SCENE I.

AGÁTHE; ANNCHEN.

ANNCHEN. *(to the nail, as she merrily hammers it in.)*

Rogue! 'twere best

Keep thy position;

We desire no apparition

In this ancient owlet-nest.

AGÁTHE. *(looking round.)*

O, mock not the Sire's condition.

ANN:

From his aspect stern

Due respect I learn,

On the Knight's dull brain this dressing

Like respect impressing.

AG: Solve your riddle; say, what "Knight?"

ANN: Why, the nail here! can'st not parry?

(laughing.) He his honor'd Lord should carry:

Let him fall! dost think that right?

AG: *(smiling.)* Nay; in truth, that was not right.

(to Annchen, who comes down, and places the steps aside.)

When art thou aught but joyful?

Clouds behold thy sun-smile—and part:

Ah, how otherwise my heart!

ANN: *(placing her hand affectionately in Agáthe's.)*

Care I ever deem'd a trifle.

Laugh while the moonbeams play,

Dance all the live-long day,

That is your only way—

Never with Grief leave thee to languish!

AG: What can lull the bosom's anguish?

What, still Love's too pleasing pain?

Who thro' such Grief would not languish

For the Life Hope brings again!

ANN: *(looking up at the picture.)* Methinks his ancientship will hold him fast another little century; we can look up to him in more than one sense now. *(running toward Agáthe.)* but thou hast unbound thy kerchief? hath the blood abstained to well?

AG: Have not a care, sweet Annchen, the fright itself was worse;—where tarries Max?

ANN: He will be here anon: Cuno assured us that he would soon send him home again.

AG: Alas, how still and lonely here!

ANN: I cry accordance with you on that score; 'twould like me not to be shut up the nuptial eve, forlorn and lonely in a haunted tower; especially—when such revered and lang-syne mouldered gentry *(looking at the picture.)* come "will ye, nill ye," down from off the wall: for I prefer the living and the young! *(she sings, with pretty and appropriate pantomimic motions.)*

Were a slender youth before one,

Fair, with locks of chesnut brown;

Conscious of him blushing o'er one,

Eye will peep with glance cast down.

Toward his brow that emblems heaven,
Coy, in shame, in maiden art,
Pure, tho' stolen looks are given:
Still, untouch'd, he bears his heart.

Should their glances meet, thus rambling,
Soft—why blooms that mantling blush?
Doth the rose not turn her trembling
To the god-like sun—and blush?

Eyes grow near, anon are nearest,
Lips their mutual glow confide;
He sighs "loveliest!" she smiles "dearest!"
Gentle bridegroom, gentler bride!

Sing them blessing! carol duty!
Who wears not a white wreath now,
Honoring her angel-beauty,
His serene and manly brow?

AG: *(who during the song has been engaged in binding the green riband upon the dress, now joins in.)*

"His serene and manly brow."

ANN: Right; ye please me now, Agáthe; thou art as I shall be *(with naïve importance.)* when I become a bride.

AG: Who knows? yet, do I wish thee such from all my heart; although the bridal state not clear of care: since from the hermit I this morn returned, a heavy stone has laid upon my heart, though somewhat lighter it now bears itself.

ANN: How so? narrate me! the product of your visit I ignore, save that the pious man presented thee these consecrated roses. *(pointing to a jar containing the roses, which stands upon the table.)*

AG: He warned me of some unknown mighty danger a vision had revealed him; his warning was but now clear nigh fulfilment—yon picture might have slain me by the fall.

ANN: Well riddled! there lies the way to catch your evil omen: my father he was once a valiant blade, yet of sore discontent, a somewhat puzzle to his loving child: he held it of his doctrine, that though we must so utterly despise Dan Fear, as bid him fly, still truth hangs i' the adage—"the best part of valour is discretion*."

AG: The roses now become more doubly dear, and I will tend them faithfully.

ANN: Suppose I set them in the fresh of night, before our window? 'tis time we 'gan undress.

AG: *(unheeding the last remark.)* So do, my little Annchen!

ANN: And then the both of us to bed.

AG: Before Max come?

ANN: *(smiling.)* Enough of trouble with your lover-folk!

(taking the jar of roses in her hand, she merrily trips by the lateral passage into the forest-lodge.)

SCENE II.

AGÁTHE, sola.

AGÁTHE. Calm slumber brought each morrow
Before I knew his love;
True Passion link'd with Sorrow
E'er hand in hand will rove.

* In the original, "*Halunke, wehre dich!*" which we have not literally rendered, the real meaning being "*Rascal, defend thyself!*" This common term of abuse is derived from the Bohemian, and indicates, a partisan. This adage, and similar ones, often constituted what were called *Shooting Tickets* (*Schiesszetteln*), being commonly written on parchment, and sealed up for security in amulets, or as amulets, on which no small faith was placed.—See "*Wunderhorn*," Book I, p. 162.

Fair moon, dost on his path smile bright?
(she draws aside the curtains from the centre recess: an altar is perceived, and above it a large traceried opening, through which the distant country is seen, lighted by the full moon.)

O lovely night!
(she enters the recess, and kneeling at the altar, raises her hands to Heaven.)

Gentle measure,
 Hymn'd with pleasure,
 Float to yonder starry azure!
 Song, within you
 Heaven's dominion,
 Waft my pray'r on seraph-pinion!

(she rises, and looks out into the night.)
 Lo, each orb's refulgent fountain
 Pours of light a living flood;
 Yet, far o'er the distant mountain
 Dark a tempest seems to brood;
 Steep'd in clouds, the wood is lost
 'Neath their solemn sullen host.

(kneeling again; with pious fervour.)
 Thee-ward tending
 See me bending,
 Lord without first-cause or ending!
 So that Danger
 Be a stranger,

Send thine Angel-guards, Avenger!
(she now rises, and again anxiously looks forth.)

Sleep subdues the earth in rest;
 Why delay, my bosom's guest?
 Though all sense is strain'd for sound,
 Only fir-trees murmur 'round;
 Only birchens i' the grove

Whisper through the silent thicket;
 Only nightingale and cricket

Tune their various note of love.
(she pauses, and listens more attentively.)

But what? play not false mine ear!

A step advances—

There, where the pine-leaf dances

Doth something near!
(she stretches forth to see.)

'Tis he! 'tis he!

Pure flag of Affection, stream high!

(she takes the handkerchief from the table, and waves it aloft as a signal.)

(calling.) Thy maiden's sight
 Keeps watch through night—

(dejectedly.) This fails to have met his eye!

(starting.) God! but it seems
 'Spite moon's pale beams
 That welcome flow'rs adorn his brow.

(throwing up both arms.) Success! the prize in triumph he has borne,
 Foretelling bliss shall crown the morn.

New Hope salutes me! Joy is with me now!

(in an ecstasy of delight she comes forward, her countenance beaming with cheerfulness and hope.)

O, how my pulse is beating,
 Heart would burst its bonds in strife,
 Yearning toward my more than life!

(pausing.) Should this too bright hope prove fleeting?—

(resuming her cheerful air.) Fortune at the goal doth wait
 To smile glory on his fate,

On the happy, happy morrow.

'Tis no dreaming! no void blank!

(raising her eyes in a burst of gratitude.)

Heaven, thou hast stay'd my sorrow,
 Take the all my soul can thank!

(she rushes to meet Max, who enters by the other passage, he looks pale; they affectionately embrace.)

SCENE III.

AGATHE; MAX; afterwards ANNCHEN in a night-robe.

AGATHE. Here at last, beloved Max?

MAX. *(affectionately.)* My Agáthe. *(as she withdraws from his embrace, she perceives the plume of dark feathers in his hat, in lieu of the expected flowers.)* O that thou should'st have kept thee waking on my account; alas! I come but for a few moments.

AG. Ye will surely not forth again? a storm approaches.

MAX. I must! *(flings his hat down upon the table, so that the plume of feathers extinguishes the lamp; the prospect seen beyond the altar begins to grow dark and clouded.)*

ANNCHEN *(who has just entered.)* 'Tis well that the moon shines, or all would be in darkness; *(she strikes a flame, and relights the lamp; to Max, ironically.)* good sooth, we are right lively—we, perhaps, have danced?

MAX. Yes, yes—perhaps—

AG. *(timidly, shewing signs of deluded hope.)* A shade seems on thy brow: again hast been unlucky?

MAX. No! no! to the contrary!

AG. *(more enquiringly, regarding his troubled mien.)* No? of a surety, no?

ANN. *(to Max.)* What have ye won? a riband? if so, pray give it me; *(laughingly.)* largess! largess! Agáthe has a warehouse load already.

AG. *(anxiously.)* But what have ye hit, dear Max? it were of consequence to me this day.

MAX. *(with painful embarrassment.)* I was—was not successful at the target-shooting!

AG. And yet thou say'st, thou hast had fortune?

MAX. *(warmly.)* E'en so, a wondrous, incredible fortune: see! *(he shews her with such earnestness the plume of feathers in his hat, that he strikes her with it in the face.)* I brought our largest bird of prey from farthest cloud!

AG. *(putting her hand to her eye.)* Be not so hasty, nor go so near to blind me—

MAX. Forgiveness! ten thousand times, forgiveness! *(he remarks the blood on her forehead.)* but what is this? thou art wounded! thy tresses stain'd with blood!—by all the saints, but what has happen'd?

AG. Nothing; or that which is more than nothing; 'twill heal before our bridal convoy starts: *(leaning on him caressingly.)* thou wilt not surely be 'sham'd of thy young bride?

MAX. But tell me more.

ANN. *(reluctantly.)* Yon portraiture fell down—

MAX. *(starting.)* Yon? the ancestral Cuno?

AG. Why not? we have none other picture here.

MAX. *(in terror.)*—The noble, brave, and God-revering Cuno?

ANN. The fault was half and half Agáthe's: *who bade her linger since seven o'clock at yonder window? there has she hung away-ye, till ye came home.*

MAX. *(more in amazement.)* Since seven o'clock?

ANN. Exactly; the village-tow'r that moment 'chim'd.

MAX. Strange! *(aside.)* (for at that hour I shot the eagle.)

AG. *(approaching him timidly.)* You converse with yourself, and for what reason!

MAX. *(perplexed.)* None! none i' the world!

AG. *(affectionately and sorrowfully.)* Art thou displeased with me?

MAX. *(with considerably increasing embarrassment.)* Nay! how could I be?—*(he pauses.)* but yes! I bring thee token of returning chance—it cost me much, and thou—canst cheer me little there-upon: is this then—love?

AG: Be not unkind, Max! I know not how—a bird of prey so large as this must be, inspires me terror.

ANN: We differ then! to me it seems right stately. (*Max seems absorbed in thought.*)

AG: (*to him.*) Be not thus lost in thought, I love thee so, so dearly; should'st fail upon the morrow, wert thou from me, and I from thee dissever'd, the tomb were all then left!

MAX. For that cause—aye, that very cause—must I forth once more.

AG: But what impels thee?

MAX. (*reluctantly.*) I have—had good luck yet once again.

AG: Yet once again?

MAX. E'en so! yes! (*without being able to look at Agáthe.*) I shot a stag of sixteen antlers i' the twilight! and must bring him home, lest that the Peasants steal.

AG: (*anxiously.*) Where doth he lie?

MAX. (*making an effort.*) At some far distance—deep in the wood—in the "Wolf's Glen!"

AG: (*starts from his side in the utmost alarm.*)

Where? what? O terror!

There, in that fearful Glen?

ANN: The demon-hunt there whirls in error,
(*warningly.*) Who hears it once, hears not again.

MAX. (*with an incredulous, but forced air.*)

Should paltry fears swerve my decision?

AG: (*raising her hand.*)

Tempt not thy God, that boast were vain!

MAX. I know too well each apparition

Dark midnight conjures i' the wood;

The rustling oak-boughs breed suspicion,

The screaming night-bird chills the blood.

(*he takes up his hat, hunting-bag, and gun.*)

AG: and } Grief is my guest; O tarry,
ANN: } her

Nor haste away so soon.

MAX. (*looking out over the altar; aside, gloomily.*)

(No shade as yet yon disk doth carry,
Sublime effulgence bathes the moon;

Anon such light will thence be driven.)

ANN: (*watch-*) 'Twould pose to so observe the heaven
ing him.) My small unphilosophic sense.

AG: (*imploringly.*)

O soothe a heart by sorrow riven.

MAX. (*with nerve.*) Both Toil and Honour—bid me hence.

AG: and ANN: Farewell!

MAX. (*embracing Agáthe.*) Farewell! (*he goes out hastily into the passage, but suddenly stops short, and turns.*)

And has thy heart forgiven

This little transient ache?

AG: (*placing her hands in his.*)

The pain was but Affection,

Yet, O, its warning take!

ANN: The hunter, day or even,
Should ne'er his toil forsake.

AG: If, alas! ye must leave us,
Think on Agáthe's word!

ANN: (*to Ag:*) Cheer thee, since he must leave us;

(*to Max.*) Think on Agáthe's word!

MAX. (*moving toward the passage, and pressing his hat firmly over his brows.*)

Whate'er net Fate may weave us,
She calls—and must be heard!

(*he departs; Agáthe, her hand in that of Annchen, sorrowfully quits the scene by the opposite side.*)

The scene changes.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

The stage represents a dark, dismal, and fearful glen, surrounded for the most part with dwarfed, stunted, and blasted trees, which stretch forth their gaunt and naked branches, and have round their trunks the few vestiges of a withered rank vegetation; the glen is closed in on all sides by gloomy and precipitous rocks, down one of which a rushing waterfall descends; the upper background presents a dismal view of mountains, covered by dark pine-forests, and the full moon sheds a melancholy light on all, making the desolation of the place still more desolate: the foreground is broken on either side by huge riven masses of rock, and the damp on all sides trickling down the precipitous slopes reflects in a spectral manner the few moonbeams which pierce its lowest depths: the whole scene presents an awful stillness; two thunder-storms in opposition to each other appear lowering at a considerable distance in the sky, and during the progress of the action approach closer, darkening the Heavens.

In the near foreground and on the right hand-side, the gnarled and knotted trunk of a withered oak, whitened by age, lifts one or two gaunt boughs, and forms a conspicuous object by reflecting the moon-beams; it has been cleft in two by lightning. On the other side a large owl, with fiery eyes, is seated on the leafless and twisted branch of another tree; this owl from time to time closes and re-opens his glaring eyes: half concealed among the crevices of the rocks, ravens and night birds of all descriptions may be perceived. Caspar is in the central foreground without his hat and coat, yet with his hunting-bag and hanger; surrounded by black stones, of which he forms a circle; in the midst of these a skull is lying: close beside the skull is placed the wing of the eagle which he cut off in the First Act, a ladle for melting lead, and a bullet-mould.

SCENE IV.

CASPAR; CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS. (*From various sides of the glen, in gloomy and portentous tones, to which other spirits answer with the cry of owls.*)

Moon's milk fell upon the weed—

OTHER SPIRITS. (*in answer.*) Uhú! Uhú! (*at t'is, the owl in the foreground opens and closes its eyes.*)

SPIRITS. Now the spider's web doth bleed,—

OTHER SPIRITS. Uhú! Uhú! (*the owl, as before.*)

SPIRITS. Ere another eve succeed—

OTHER SPIRITS. Uhú! Uhú! (*the owl, as before.*)

SPIRITS. Dies the bride, a stricken reed—

OTHER SPIRITS. Uhú! Uhú! (*the owl, as before.*)

SPIRITS. Then the welcom'd sinking night

Brings the sacrifice to sight.

OTHER SPIRITS. Uhú! Uhú! Uhú! (*the owl, as before.*)

(*during this Chorus, Caspar has been completing the circle of stones, it is now quite finished. The Village-clock strikes the hour of twelve dully in the far distance; at the twelfth stroke, Caspar drives his hanger into the skull.*)

SCENE V.

CASPAR; SAMIEL.

CASPAR. (*raising the hanger with the skull on its point, and calling aloud, in a measured voice.*)

Samiel! Samiel! appear!

By the wizard's skull, draw near!

Samiel! Samiel! appear!

(*the skull and hanger fall with a crash into the middle of the circle: subterranean thunder is heard, and a rock splits asunder with a loud explosion, Samiel appears in the rock; Caspar bows down before him.*)

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SAMIEL. . . Why call'st thou me ?
 CAS: (ser- vily.) Thou know'st my term of years
 Its expiration nears—
 SAM: To-morrow.
 CAS: Extend it yet again to me—
 SAM: No.
 CAS: I bring new offering to thee—
 SAM: Whom ?
 CAS: My comrade Max is snar'd,
 He, one who ne'er thy gloomy realm hath dar'd.
 SAM: What, his will ?
 CAS: Charm'd magic balls, on which he hath relied—
 SAM: Sixth achieveth,
 Seventh deceiveth
 CAS: Then be that seventh thine !
 From out his gun turn it to slay his bride !
 This will to worst despair consign
 Him—and the father—
 SAM: O'er her as yet I hold no power.
 CAS: (sorrowfully.) Will he suffice, in fine ?
 SAM: It may be so.
 CAS: Wilt grant reprieve, yet three years come this day,
 If I can bring thee him thy prey ?
 SAM: So be it ! by the gates of Hell,
 To-morrow, he—or thou !
 (dull thunder, which is re-echoed ; Samiel disappears ; the skull and hanger have also disappeared, and in their stead a small hearth, with live coals upon it, rises out of the earth, and beside it a bundle of twigs.)

SCENE VI.

CASPAR ; then MAX ; various PHANTOMS AND APPARITIONS ;*
 CHORUS OF SPIRITS ; finally SAMIEL.

CASPAR. (rising, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, as he perceives the coals.) Excellently served ! (he drinks from a hunting flask which he draws from his pouch.) blessed be Samiel ! he hath made me warm—but wherefore tarries Max ?—or, should he break his word ?—Samiel, help ! (he moves about, not without uneasiness, hither and thither in the circle which he has formed ; the coals have nearly expired, he kneels down, lays the twigs upon them, and blows them with his mouth ; the owl and other birds thereupon flap their wings, as if to fan it also ; the fire crackles and flickers.)

MAX. (appearing on the broken bridge, and looking with terror down into the abyss beneath him.)

Ha ! widely gapes
 The yawning darkness—fearful sight !
 My vision shapes
 A very hell in yon black night :
 Those pregnant clouds now teem with thunder,
 The frighted moon withdraws her beam,
 Dim spectral waving phantoms wander,
 Alive the rocks do seem ;
 And here—hush ! hush !
 The birds of night fly from the bush !
 Red-grey and gnarled bows are bending
 Toward me their giant claws,
 Nay—though my heart would pause,
 I must ! all fear at once commanding !
 (he climbs a few steps down the rock.)

* The Spirit of the Mother of Max, Agathe's double, and the Wild Chase, must be invariably as directed. The other Apparitions, &c. in those dramatic establishments where this Opera is mounted as a stock-piece, must be provided consonantly with the stage directions given throughout the scene. This Incantation often suffers from the tawdry and nonsensical rubbish introduced into it : blue fire, red fire, squibs, &c.—there is more real terror in Weber's music than in barrels of gunpowder, and pounds of nitrate of strontian.

CAS: (who has been attending to the fire, raises himself, and perceives him ; aside.) (Thanks, Samiel ! the extended time is won !) (to Max.) So ! come at last, my comrade ? think you it right to leave me thus alone ? sees't thou not how sore it has gone with me. (pointing to the fire, which he has fanned with the eagle's wing, and holding the latter up to Max.)
 MAX. (starting at the sight of the eagle's wing ; and striking his forehead with his hand.)

That eagle in yonder sky was kill'd ;
 Retreat were vain now—be Fate fulfilled—
 (he is about descending, when he stands fast, and looks terrified at the rock opposite to him.) Woe's me !

CAS: (loudly.) Come down ! time hastens on—

MAX. To fear, I am slave—

CAS: (angrily.) Hare-hearted ! thou that couldst outclimb the chamois !

MAX. See yonder ! see ! (he points to the rock, on which the moon shines full : a white-veiled spirit is perceived thereupon, waving its hands to him in a warning manner.)

To there upbraid

Doth rise my mother's shade,

So, wrapt in her shroud ; so, laid in her grave !—

Her glance doth warn me deceit,

She bids me retreat.

CAS: (aside.) (Help, Samiel !) (aloud.) Childish trumpery ! ho ! hah ! look once again, with less of coward-folly in thy gaze. (the veiled spirit has vanished ; an apparition of Agathe is perceived, with dishevelled locks, and decked with leaves and straw in an unaccountable manner ; she resembles a lunatic, and appears about to spring into the waterfall beneath.)

MAX. (with Agathe th' example hath shewn !

dismay.) I must, I must then down !

(the phantom vanishes ; Max climbs quite down into the glen ; the moon now commences its eclipse, &c.)

CAS: (aside, and sneeringly.) (I hold to your opinion !)

MAX. (vehemently to Caspar.) Here am I ! what more remains to do ?

CAS: (holding out the hunting flask to him, which Max refuses.) First drink ! the night air falls cool and fresh—wiltst thoust do ?

MAX. 'Tis not of our agreement.

CAS: Take courage then ! step i' this circle, it is a barrier 'twixt us and spirits or from above or from below—whate'er ye may see and hear, rest quiet. (with an ill-concealed terror.) Should a stranger come to help us—a night-black rider on a phantom-steed—what care to thee ? should others come, what harm ? so that we see no separator here !

MAX. (stepping into the circle, pulled by Caspar.) How 'will this end ?

CAS: Death is in vain ! but not without resistance give the dead their secrets up to life ; yet, should'st see me tremble, come to the help ; and call, as I should call, or we indeed are lost. (Max would seem to object.) be still, moments grow precious ! (the moon is by this time nearly eclipsed. Caspar takes up the ladle and places it on the fire.) now mark, that ye learn the art ; (he takes the various ingredients from his hunting-pouch, and throws them one by one into the ladle.) here is the lead,—then, some pounded glass from a broken church-window ; easy to gain.—then, some quicksilver !—three bullets that have already hit their mark !—the right eye of a lapwing !—the left of a lynx !—*Probatum est* !—and now, the blessing of the balls. (during three pauses, he bows his head thrice to the earth.)

Thou the "Mighty Hunter" hight,
 Samiel ! aid me with thy might !
 Stand by me this fearful night,
 'Till the charm be weaved quite
 Bid the lead with Fate agree,
 Blest be seven, nine, and three,

Pow'rful that each bullet be !
Samiel ! stand this night by me !

(the mass in the melting-ladle begins to seethe and hiss, giving forth a pale-greenish glow : a cloud passes across the face of the moon, so t'at the only visible objects are the fire, the mass in the ladle, the eyes of the owl, and the phosphorescent branches of the blasted oak.)

CAS: *(as he casts, and lets the bullet fall from the mould.)* One !
AN ECHO. *(repeating.)* One ! one !

(night birds come forth, fly round the circle, scream, and flutter their wings.)

CAS: *(casting as before.)* Two !

AN ECHO. Two ! two !

(A black boar rushes through the bushes, and courses wildly by.)

CAS: *(startled, and casting as before.)* Three !

AN ECHO. Three ! three !

(A storm arises, breaking off branches from the trees, and driving forth sparks from the fire.)

CAS: *(still more terrified, casting as before.)* Four !

AN ECHO. Four ! four !

(a rattling is heard, the cracking of whips, and the trampling of horses ; four fiery wheels roll across the stage so quickly, that the phantoms of the horses which drag them, and of the chariot which they bear, are scarcely perceived.)

CAS: *(more and more alarmed, casting.)* Five !

AN ECHO. Five ! five !

(barking of dogs and neighing in the air ; a cloudy apparition of hunters on horse and a-foot, of stags and dogs, crosses in the sky.)

CAS: Woe ! the Wild Chase !*

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. *(with wild and fearful voices.)*

Thro' hill and dale, thro' gulf and height,
Thro' dew, thro' vapor, storm, and night !
Thro' cavern, marsh, thro' brake and brier,
Thro' air, thro' earth, thro' sea, thro' fire !
Joho ! Joho ! wow ! wow !

CAS: *(casting.)* Six ! woe !

AN ECHO: Six ! woe ! six ! woe !

(The whole heaven becomes thick with night, two storms seem to battle thereon, and combat with horrid thunders and lightnings ; crashing rain falls ; blue flames spring from the earth ; ignis-fatui play on the hills ; the waterfall foams and heaves ; large masses of rock fall into it ; from all sides a commotion of the elements is heard ; the earth seems to quake.)

CAS: *(almost exhausted, and shrieking.)* Samiel ! Samiel ! help !—Seven ! *(Caspar falls to the ground.)*

MAX. *(driven about hither and thither by the storm, springs out of the circle, and catches hold of a bough of the oak, calling.)* Samiel ! *(at this moment the storm ceases, in the place of the withered tree stands the Wild Huntsman, who seizes Max' hand.)*

SAMIEL. *(in a voice of thunder.)* Here am I !

(Max signs the cross, and sinks to the earth. It strikes One. There is an awful stillness. Samiel has vanished ; Caspar still lays with his face to the earth ; Max raises himself up convulsively as the curtain falls.)

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT THE THIRD.

The stage represents a romantic and thickly-wooded portion of the forest. Hunter-music is heard from time to time behind the curtain ere it rises.

* For the explanation of this term, see the preceding "ACCOUNT."

DER FREISCHUTZ.

SCENE I.

Two of the PRINCE'S HUNTERS.

FIRST HUNTER. *(entering with his comrade.)* Here's wondrous weather for the chase !

SECOND HUNTER. Ne'er more had I expected such ; the storm was fearful up to day-break.

FIRST HUNT: And i' the "Wolf's-Glen" played its choicest pranks ; Beelzebub there made a night on't.

SECOND HUNT: Aye, like his grandmother before him.

FIRST HUNT: What wind beside ! the thickest trunks are split as though a straw ; prone shews the giant pine a mighty bulk, and strains its unavailing root toward heaven.

SECOND HUNT: Of course ; we know what happen'd there anon—

FIRST HUNT: Pish, for such gossip ! up and on !

(they are moving off, when Max enters from the opposite side, somewhat angry in manner, and followed by Caspar.)

SCENE II.

The same ; MAX ; CASPAR.

FIRST HUNTER. *(to Max, from the back.)* Good day !—

SECOND HUNTER *(lifting his hat to Max.)* And luck, mine Heir-Presumptive !

MAX. To both, still better sport !

SECOND HUNT: *(pulling back his comrade, and pointing to Max.)* Hist, be polite : this is a rare fellow, sir ; he has made three shots the like to which our sight, much less our guns, could touch : his Highness, too, seems bent on him—'gad, Fortune is a parlous fickle jade ; if she maintain her present tack, he'll soon become Chief Forester.

FIRST HUNT: Perchance ;—but on ! *(they depart.)*

SCENE III.

MAX ; CASPAR.

MAX. *(to Caspar.)* Thank heav'n, we are alone !—hast more of these same magic balls ? then give !

CASPAR. How likely ! excuse me ; bnt three for me and four for thee, has help'd you to the lion's share.

MAX. Alas, and I have left, but one ! the Prince hath set his eye on me—with three brave shots have I astounded him : *(imploringly.)* what hast thou done, then, with those other balls ?

CAS: *(taking two magpies from his hunting-pouch, and throwing them behind a bush.)* See, killed yonder trash with two.

MAX. Art mad ?

CAS: *(carelessly.)* 'Twas good to bring such gallows-birds to ground ! and what the devil is all your Prince's sport to me ?

MAX. *(anxiously.)* But ye have still one left ; O give it me !

CAS: Am I a fool ! I have one—you one ! then let it serve ye at the trial.

MAX. Give me thy third !

CAS: I may not—

MAX: Caspar !

SCENE IV.

The same ; A THIRD HUNTER.

THIRD HUNTER. *(entering, to Max.)* The Prince awaits you, and at the instant : they wager on how far your barrel carries. *(he departs, making a reverence.)*

SCENE V.

MAX ; CASPAR.

MAX. So ! *(to Caspar hurriedly, and catching him by the coat.)* Give me that third !

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CASPAR. (*savagely.*) No; were ye falling at my feet for't!—
(*making a movement.*)

MAX. (*as he rushes off with a look of execration at Caspar.*)
Beast!

SCENE VI.

CASPAR, solus.

CASPAR. Well and good!—now, to dispose of the sixth; (*he loads his gun.*) the seventh, the devil's bullet, serves him at the trial; ha, ha, ha! a choice example, and a pretty present for the pretty bride!—there runs a fox; his maw shall bolt the sixth. (*he runs off, pointing his gun; and a shot is heard immediately afterwards.*)

The scene changes.

The stage represents Agathe's chamber, a room antequely yet neatly ornamented. On one side stands a small house-altar, upon which is placed a vase, containing a nosegay of white roses.

Agathe is discovered in a white bridal dress, trimmed with green: she kneels at the altar; then rises, and lifts her hands and eyes toward Heaven with pious devotion.

SCENE VII.

AGATHE, sola.

AGATHE. For though a cloud sometimes concealth
Yon sun's still undiminished glance,
Supreme, one Holy Will prevailth,
Nor yields an erring world to chance;
Whose watchful care pours from above
On all a stream of endless love!

To Him, its weakling woe and sorrow
My child-like heart hath dared confide;
Should I behold no more a morrow,
His Father-word would call me—"bride,"
Whose watchful care pours from above
On all a stream of endless love!

SCENE VIII.

The same; ANNCHEN.

ANNCHEN. (*entering, gaily attired for the bridal, but still without flowers or leaves of any kind on her person.*) Ah, we are true to our time! but why thus melancholy; I know ye have been weeping? bridal tears and summer rain (so hath the adage) are not of long account. Heav'n knows though, there was rain enough last night; oft thought I that the storm would whistle this ancient hunting-box about our ears.

AGATHE. (*sorrowfully.*) And dear Max in the forest-dell all night!—myself, too, troubled with such fearful dreams.

ANN. Dreams? I have always heard that we should note right well the what we dream before our wedding-day; such visions prophecy one's after lot: what then was thine?

AG: One wondrous strange. I thought me to a white dove changed, and flying from bough to bough; Max aimed at me—I fell; the white dove now had vanished, again was I Agathe: beside me weltered in its blood a huge black bird of prey.

ANN: (*clapping her hands.*) Charming! charming!

AG: (*astonished at her careless demeanour.*) How can ye treat it as a jest?

ANN: O your "huge bird of prey" just well unlocks the riddle: ye wrought right late at the same bridal robe, and thought whilst dozing off, on this day's toilet: there have we your "white dove!"—then, frightened at the eagle-plume upon Max' hat, ye conjured thence your "huge black bird of prey! O am I not a sapient expounder, coz', of dreams?

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

AG: Nay; but thy love toward me would make thee one, thou darling joyous child! (*faltering.*) notwithstanding—have ye ne'er heard that dreams sometimes fall true?

ANN: (*aside.*) (Can nothing cross my spirit to divert her?) (*aloud, with a seeming earnestness and fear.*) In verity, we cannot cast them all aside! for I myself do know one terrible example. (*Agathe seats herself near the altar, Annchen brings forward a large stool to her feet, sits upon it, and places her hands in those of Agathe, looking the while naïvely into her countenance.*)

ANN: My dear departed aunt once dreaming
Beheld her room door open wide,
Whilst—white as chalk her nose then seeming,
She saw that with one fearful stride

A monster came in,
His eyeballs all flaming,
With chain that did rattle
He drew near the settle
On which she did sleep,
(I mean my poor aunty
With courage so scanty.)

And moaned an "ah!" so low,
And groaned an "ah!" so deep;

(*representing the movements of the supposed spectre.*)

She pray'd, she did weep,
And shriek'd as though her lungs would
"Susanna! Margaret!" [break.
Susanna! quick awake!"—
And they came with a light,
And—only think—and—
(Drop not with affright.)

(*mysteriously.*)

This ghost *incog'*

Was—this ghost was—

(*jumping up from her seat.*)

Nero, the mastiff dog!

(*Agathe rises, as if her feelings were hurt; Annchen throws her arms tenderly 'round her.*)

Art cross with me?

My tale's not idle;

For though I feel with thee,

(*kissing her.*) Yet—tears become a bride so little!

O, is weeping,

Dear, in keeping

With a maiden's wedding morn?

Coy advances,

Pretty glances

Where Hope dances,

And with fancies

Longing panting love entrances,

Should alone her brow adorn.

Let the cell and cloister

Their recluses foster,

Thy path glows with rosy light;

Tapers glisten on the altar

Of a faith too pure to falter,

Hov'ring angels bless the rite!

But I must fetch betimes thy bridal-wreath: old Elspeth brought it up from town, and I (forgetful thing) leave it below: hark, here are the bridesmaids come already! (*moving out.*)

SCENE IX.

The same; A BRIDESMAID · CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

ANNCHEN. (*to the Bridesmaids, who enter attired for the wedding, with the exception of the wreaths and flowers; and as she goes out.*) Fair morning, dear girls! sing bravely to the bride 'till I return anon. (*she runs out.*)

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SCENE X.

AGATHE; A BRIDESMAID; CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS

A BRIDESMAID. (*advancing to Agathe.*)

For thee we weave the maiden-wreath
 With silk of purest azure;
 We lead thee forth with tuneful breath
 To Love's celestial pleasure.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. (*as they form a circle, and dance round*
 Bonny blooming maiden-wreath *Agathe.*)
 Wove with silken azure!

THE BRIDES-MAID. The myrtle, rose, and fragrant thyme
 Grow temptingly together;
 No suitor plies his honied ryme
 To bid me stoop and gather.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. (*as before.*)
 Bonny blooming maiden-wreath
 Wove with silken azure!

THE BRIDES-MAID. And she has spun come seven years,
 Sev'n year the flax she dresses;
 Her cheek its virgin pureness wears,
 Her brow its uncrown'd tresses.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. (*as before.*)
 Bonny blooming maiden-wreath
 Wove with silken azure!

THE BRIDES-MAID. Eftsoons to woo, the suitor came,
 When sev'n long years were ended;
 'Neath flow'ry emblem of her fame
 She, toward the altar bended.*
 (*they all draw back.*)

SCENE XI.

The same; ANNCHEN.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. (*as before.*)

Bonny blooming maiden-wreath
 Wove with silken azure!

ANNCHEN. (*entering with a round band-box tied up, and joining*
in with the Chorus, whilst she raises the box
triumphantly above her head.)

Bonny blooming maiden-wreath
 Wove with silken azure!

Behold me now again returned, but almost with a broken nose:
 an ye would credit it, Agathe, Sir Cuno hath been at his tricks
 again.

AGATHE. (*anxiously.*) How say you?

* CARMEN FAMATUM.
 "For thee we weave," &c. "Wir winden dir," &c.

Latino sermone expressum.

Sponsale sertum fasciis
 Purpureis ligamus
 Choreis te virgineis,
 Ac ludis oblectamus!

CHORUS. Belle virens sertulum,
 Purpuram canamus!
 In horto frutex Veneris
 Cum thymi flore crescit.
 Quo tempus terit juvenis?
 Spes vivida languescit!

CHORUS. Belle virens, &c.
 Septennis fila splendida
 De colo sponsa traxit,
 Hæc nebulis æquantia
 Non Pallas vela faxit!

CHORUS. Belle virens, &c.
 Sol orbem linquens septimum
 Puellæ sponsum donat.
 Nunc sertum crines myrthinum
 Pulcherimæ coronat!

CHORUS. Belle virens, &c.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

ANN: That I across the picture just did well nigh twist my
 neck: a second time this night he's come to ground, and with him
 now has brought a goodly piece of wall: the frame is wholly
 smashed.

AG: Fear checks mine ev'ry vein: for he was our great ancestor.

ANN: One whisper makes thee tremble, gentle love! on such a
 night, when oak-trees split in twain, may aught be wondered at?
 I had besides a little weakling hammer, and the old nail was
 rusted out. Now girls! (*to the Bridesmaids.*) the burden of your
 song yet once again. (*she cuts the riband round the box, and*
kneeling down sportively before Agathe, presents it to her.)

ANN: AND CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Bonny blooming maiden-wreath
 Wove with silken azure!

AG: (*during this refrain, has opened the box; she starts back,*
horrified.) Ah! (*all except Annchen, who still kneels, fall back*
simultaneously.)

ANN: What have we now? (*Agathe lifts the wreath out of the*
box, it is a silver funeral-crown.) a funeral-wreath!—Heavens!
 that is—(*springing up, and concealing her embarrassment.*) O
 this is past all bearing;—the purblind dame, or else the shop-
 girl, hath for surety changed the box. (*the Bridesmaids look one*
at the other with anxiety on their countenances; Agathe tran-
quilly gazes on vacancy, and clasps her hands.) what course to
 now pursue? (*she closes the box and quickly hides it.*) tho' off
 with this, a wreath must still be had.

AG: Perchance this may be warning from above: the pious
 hermit gave me yon white roses, (*pointing to those in the jar on*
the altar.) significantly saying "weave them for thy bridal-crown
 —at the altar or on her bier, well may a maiden bear the spotless
 rose."

ANN: (*as she quickly takes the roses out of the flower-jar, and*
shaking off the water, weaves them into a wreath, and places the
same on Agathe's head.) An opportune idea, they twine as if of
 their own pure accord, and suit thee charmingly; away now, for
 our comrades surely wait—(*to the Bridesmaids.*) sing! sing!

THE BRIDESMAIDS AND ANN: (*singing with a subdued voice,*
as they lead Agathe out.)

Bonny blooming maiden-wreath

Wove with silken azure! (*they all depart.*)

The scene changes.

The stage represents a romantic and beautiful landscape—a pic-
 turesque plateau of land, divid'd by a deep and woody dell
 from the opposite heights, beyond which is seen a broad expanse
 of the loveliest country of Bohemia. On one side, and in the
 middle distance, stands the tent of Ottokar the Prince; a
 banquet-table is spread beneath it, at which Guests and
 Nobles are discovered feasting; a table is laid down the
 opposite side, at which Huntsmen and Sportsmen are enjoying
 themselves; behind this, scattered in rude profusion, lie a
 quantity of deer, wild boars, and other trophies of the chase;
 rather to the back stands a huge oak, whose shady boughs
 stretch out over the table.

Ottokar is discovered seated on a throne at the dais under the
 tent; at the end of the table opposite to him, Cuno is placed;
 Max stands near to Cuno, yet, without the tent, and leans upon
 his rifle; on the other side, Caspar is seen lurking behind a
 tree.

SCENE XII.

MAX; OTTOKAR; CUNO; CASPAR; CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN. (*accompanying their song with appro-*
priate gestures and carousing.)

What bliss can approach this grand joy of the hunter?

His beaker of life with true nectar is full,

When tearing with clarion old Echo asunder,

He outstrips the stag in his wild pride of soul:

C. M. VON WEBER.

A pleasure worth Godhead is ever before us,
That strengthens our manhood, that 'nobles our race;
Let woodland and crag ring alive with our chorus!
Let goblet on goblet be pledg'd to the chase!

Joho! trallala!

Diana bestows sweetest silvery glances
When even draws down her cool shade o'er the day,
Revealing the blood-thirsty wolf to our lances,
The boar vainly gnashing his teeth at the bay:

A pleasure worth Godhead is ever before us,
That strengthens our manhood, that 'nobles our race;
Let woodland and crag ring alive with our chorus!
Let goblet on goblet be pledg'd to the chase!

Joho! trallala!

(*having filled their glasses and drinking-horns, they chink them together, and drink with loud acclamations.*)

OTTOKAR. (*to them all.*) Enough of feasting and its co-content,
my trusty friends, my trusty brother hunters! to something
now more serious: we well approve your choice (*pointing to*
Max.) my gallant Cuno, your son-in-law hath pleased us.

CUNO. Though graced with best of testimonials, yet is he
truly zealous to prove himself right worthy your great kindness.

OTTO: We hope so: advise him that he do prepare himself.
(*Cuno crosses from the tent, speaks with Max, and leads him to the background.*)

CASPAR. (*aside.*) (Why doth that puppet tarry? help, Samiel!)
(*he climbs up the tree, and conceals himself amongst its branches.*)

OTTO: Where is the bride? so much in her true praise have we
been told, that expectation stands on tiptoe for acquaintance of her.

CUNO: (*making a reverence to the Prince.*) O sire, ye do observe
ancestral wont in such too gracious kindness toward myself and
my poor house.

MAX. (*holding the last bullet in the hollow of his hand, and*
gazing wildly upon it.) For this have I preserved thee, unfailing
magic ball! how heavy dost thou seem in my cold hand!

CUNO. (*to Ottokar.*) My daughter will be here anon; yet, my
Lord Prince, may I proffer one request: 'tis that the Trial-Shot
take place ere she arrive; my own dear boy, since that his
promised bliss has neared, hath seemed possessed of some ill
chance—I fear the presence of his bride might peril his precision.

OTTO: (*laughing.*) As yet, for a true hunter, he seems scarce
cool enough; whiles we observed him afar he gave three master-
shots, but since I called him to me, so hath he nought but failed.

CUNO. It may not be denied—yet was he early and continually
of our most dextrous—

OTTO: Who knows, old man! if you or I had come off better
on our wedding day?—ne'erless, we must preserve old customs—
yet (*laughing and aloud, so that Max should note him.*) have you
no other hunter, Cuno, to whom the preference, at least in point
of years, should still be given?

CUNO. (*pointing out Max.*) This—O gracious Sire!—is
allowed me.

MAX. (*aside.*) (Caspar may still have kept his last free-ball:—
he might have given it.) (*loading his rifle hastily, and ramming*
down his last bullet.) yet once! this once!—and never more!

OTTO: Now; to fulfil our custom and our duty! (*he advances*
from the tent, the rest follow him; all rise: servants and atten-
dants clear the scene of impediments.) well, young huntsman!
another shot like thy three first, and thou art safe: (*looking round*
him, and pointing.) seest that white dove on yonder bough? the
task is easy, fire! (*a dove is discovered fluttering on a tree, Max*
aims at it.)

SCENE XIII.

The same; AGATHE; ANNCHEN; THE HERMIT, visible for a
moment; CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS, &c.

AGATHE. (*at the moment Max is about to fire, appearing with*

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

her comrades behind the very tree on which the white dove is
seated; cries out in alarm.) Fire not! I am the dove! (*the dove*
flies off, and lights on the tree in which Caspar is hidden; Max
follows with his rifle, he fires; the dove flies off; Agathe screams
and sinks forward on the ground; Caspar with a loud shriek
falls from the tree; behind all, steps forward the Hermit, lifts
up Agathe into the arms of her comrades, and disappears in the
crowd: all this is the work of an instant.)

SOME OF THE HUNTERS, &c. (*at the moment that Max has fired.*)

Look! behold!

Agathe's hours are told—

OTHERS. The wolf fell struck from his lair.

CHORUS.

We scarcely dare

To scan more near

So dark a horror, such fear!

Heart can hear heart beating, failing,

Lest some terror shock the eyes;

Eyes that dread to glance, revealing

Who hath fall'n a sacrifice.

(*Ottokar and the guests around him have meanwhile hastened*
to Agathe; some of the Hunters to Caspar. Agathe lays
upon a bank in the foreground, surrounded by Annchen, her
Bridesmaids, and several of the Peasant-girls; Max kneels
at her feet, clasping her hands in his.)

AGATHE. (*recovering from her faint.*)

Where am I?

And was't a dream I sank?

ANNCHEN.

True friends are by. (*caressing her.*)

MAX AND CUNO. She lives!

SOME OF THE Just Heav'n! we praise and thank—

HUNTERS. With light her eye still gloweth.

OTHERS. (*standing around Caspar.*)

From one here wounded, floweth

The crimson tide of life.

CASPAR. (*writhing in agony upon the ground.*)

I saw the Hermit near her stana;

Heav'n wins the strife!

Out runs my last last sand!

AG: (*recovering herself more and more; she now sits upright.*)

I live again; fright struck me too completely;

To breathe pure air again I rejoice—

CUNO. (*with exultation.*)

She breathes more free!

MAX. (*with rapture.*)

Again smiles sweetly!

AG: (*recognizing him.*)

My Max!

MAX.

The music of that voice!

CHORUS.

Just Heav'n! we praise and thank.

SCENE XIV.

The same; SAMIEL, invisible to all except Caspar.

CASPAR. (*beholding Samiel rise up behind him out of the earth.*)

Is't Samiel I see?

(*his eyes glaring, and the death-rattle in his throat.*)

So; thus thou hold'st thy word with me?

Take thy rich prey! I, ere I breath relinquish,

(*leaping frantically up, and stretching his clenched fist toward*
the skies.) Curse Heav'n! curse God! curse thee!

(*springs into the air, and falls dead on the earth in convul-*
sive agonies; Samiel vanishes.)

SCENE XV.

The same; without SAMIEL.

CHORUS. (*falling back with horror at these words.*)

Ha! that his pray'r in death's last anguish?

C. M. VON WEBER.

CUNO, AND SOME OF THE HUNTERS, &c.

Deprav'd in mind, far worse in deed,
As he hath sown, he reaps his seed.

OTHERS. He cursed his Lord Creator then!

OTHERS. Hush! name it not; he call'd the Devil!

OTTOKAR. *(to them.)*

Up; throw his carcase in the "Wolf's Glen."
(some of the Huntsmen bear off the body of Caspar.)

SCENE XVI.

The same; without CASPAR.

OTTOKAR. *(turning to Max, who has just risen from Agathe's feet.)*

'Tis thine, this myst'ry to unravel,
Some ill hath been achiev'd and plann'd;
Woe's thee, if in it thou hast borne a hand.

MAX. *(bowing before Ottokar.)*

Prince; dare I dream to find thee gracious?
By terrors worse than death unnerv'd,
Too soon the dupe of lies fallacious,
From Purity and Truth I swerv'd:
Four bullets through this gun just pass'd
Blest by the Fiend! with Caspar they were cast.

OTT. *(with dignity and just indignation.)*

Away from thought, from sight, for ever,
A wretched outcast from our land!
From things of Hell must Heaven sever!

(pointing to Agathe.) Nay, nay; ne'er thine, this holy, virgin hand.

MAX. *(with Too just, thy sentence*

contrition.) Excludes repentance;

Tho' weak in deed,
I was not bad at heart.

CUNO. *(bowing himself before Ottokar.)*

In Virtue lay his chiefest part——

AG. *(throwing her arms around Max.)*

O, tear him not from these embraces!

THE HUNTERS. He is a lad of brave, bright blood——

PEASANTS. So faithful, honest, kind, and good——

ANNCHEN. *(kneeling to Ottokar.)*

and CHORUS. Mercy most true justice graces.

OTTO. *(unmoved.)* Nay! nay! nay!

Agathe is too pure, I say.

(to Max.) Away, away, from out my sight!

To thee the dungeon opes its rayless night.

(Max bows low; when, at these last words, the Hermit steps forward majestically from the back; all uncover and bend before the holy man, who advances into the midst; the Prince himself removes his hat.)

SCENE XVII. and LAST.

The same; THE HERMIT.

THE HERMIT. Who lays on aught so strong a ban?

One false step, should such rigor be its meed?

OTTOKAR. *(reverently to the Hermit.)*

Art thou that holy man
Whom far and near all hold their creed?
We bid thee hail, blest servant of the Lord,
Obedience waits to hear thy word;
Speak thou His judgements; His pure willing
Shall meet our full fulfilling.

THE HER: Hearts train'd to Virtue no more waver
Than compass-needles slight the North;
Despair, of Love the sure enslaver,
Can put to nought Truth's magnet-worth.
Is't right, if bullet hit or swerve,
To hang two fates upon its chances?

Two hearts whom one true love entrances,
Should hazard crown their hopes alone?
Learn ye the words of Him I serve,
"Who knows no sin may cast first stone!"
Hence from this day the "Trial-shot" is o'er.

(raising his eyes to Heaven and casting a severe glance at Max.)

Him, Lord, who sinn'd against thee sore,
Must better learn Thy hest to fear,
And therefore pass one Ordeal-year:
If then, in pristine worth and grace he stand,
He wins his prize, Agathe's hand!

OTT: Thy word bids all agree,

One mightier, speaks thro' thee. [dares]

CHORUS.

Hail to our Prince! whose judgment not dis
The what this rev'rend priest ordains.

OTT: *(to Max.)* Observe the course to thee we all assign,
Ourselves shall knit ye at the shrine.

MAX. *(taking Agathe's hand in his, and addressing the Prince with the deepest gratitude and emotion.)*

My heart shall earn thy grace, revealing
How Virtue's love it best asserts.

AGATHE. *(also with the deepest emotion.)*

O let these tears by their appealing
Express a thanks beyond all words.

OTT. & THE Far o'er the stars dwells One, all mercy;

HER: A Prince is honor'd, hon'ring Him!

CUNO. *(to Max and Agathe.)*

Ne'er list to Vice, delusive Circe,
And bliss shall fill your cup to brim.

ANNCHEN. *(to Agathe.)*

Sweet love, ten-thousand bright contrivings
I'll weave for thy new bridal hence.

THE HER: Now join with me your best thanksgivings
To Him, the Shield of Innocence.

(He kneels, the centre of the group; and lifts his hands towards Heaven; Agathe, Cuno, Max, Annchen, and the rest follow his example: Ottokar stands beside him uncovered, his hands and eyes raised in pious devotion.)

ALL.

Yea, offer to Heaven devoutest thanksgiving,
Build firmly on Him who Eternity built;
Be pure in your hearts, be as guileless in living
Till quietly call'd to—His Promise fulfill'd!

(the curtain falls.)

APPENDIX,

Giving the ORIGINAL TEXT of SCENES I. and II. in ACT THE FIRST.

ERSTER AUFTRITT.

EREMIT.

EREMIT. *(vor dem Altar knieend.)*

Allerbarmer! Herr dort oben!
 Dir, den Sonn' und Sterne loben,
 Sey auch in der Einsamkeit
 Deines Knechtes Herz geweiht!

(er faltet die Hände und stützt betend sein Gesicht auf den Altar. Pause, von Musik ausgefüllt. Dann richtet er sich, wie aus einer Entzückung, erschrocken in die Höhe.)

Welch ein Gesicht! —
 O Herr der Welt, gestatt' es nicht! —
 Ich sah — noch jetzt ergreift mich Schauern —
 Ich sah den Feind im Dunkeln lauern;
 Mit tückisch-treud'gem Angesicht.
 Er streckte — ha! wie mir das Herz noch

[graus't! —

Er streckte seine Riesenfaust
 Nach einem unbeflecktem Lamm.
 Agathe war's! — Nach ihrem Bräutigam
 Lauscht' er mit gier'gen, wilden Blicken,
 Als woll' er seinen Fuss umstricken;
 Im düstern Antlitz Spott und Hohn,
 Erfasst' er seine Rechte schon — — —

(mit brünstiger Andacht.)

Herr! vernimm des Greises Flehen!
 Lass den Frevel nicht geschehen!
 Schirm', o Herr, der ewig wacht,
 Vor des Bösen Trug und Macht!

(er steht auf und geht einige Schritte vorwärts.)

Was war das? Ist mir doch, als wäre ich begraben gewesen und nun zurückgegeben dem Lichte! Ich lebe einfach und mein Lager ist hart; kalt schleicht das Blut in den Adern des Greises — dann kommen Gesichte von Gott! — All' ihr Heiligen! seit drei Tagen sah ich Agathen nicht, und schon zeichnet das Glöckchen der Clause sich auf jenen Büschen ab, und verkündet das Herannahen des Abends. — Dort — täuschen mich nicht die Augen — ja, sie ist's!

ZWEITER AUFTRITT.

DER EREMIT; AGATHE; ANNCHEN für wenigen Minuten.

AGATHE. *(mit einem Milchkrüge; zu Annchen, wer trägt ihr ein Körbchen nach und gibt es ihr beim Auftreten.)* Hab' Dank!
(Annchen ab.)

EREMIT. Sey mir gesegnet, meine Tochter! Du bleibst lange aus —

AGA: Ihr seyd doch wohl, ehrwürdiger Vater? Ich wär' schon gestern oder vorgestern gekommen, aber dieses Obst, das ich für Euch aufbewahrt hatte, wollte nicht früher reifen. Da nehmt es, und diess Brod und diess Krüglein Milch. Andere Labung darf ich Euch ja nicht bringen.

ERE: Die Früchte sind auserlesen. Du sorgst für mich, wie eine Tochter.

AGA: Ich liebe Euch auch nach meinem Vater am meisten.

ERE: Wär' das wahr, was würde Max dazu sagen?

AGA: Ei — ich sprach von kindlicher Liebe. Ihr scherzt mit mir.

ERE: *(vor sich.)* *(Wie sehr irrt sie!)* *(Laut.)* Dein Max ist doch wohl?

AGA: Vollkommen — nur dass ihm vor dem Probeschusse bange ist, den er morgen ablegen soll.

ERE: Ich habe davon gehört. Hast du keine bange Ahnung?

AGA: Zu Zeiten wohl — weine mich Max so schwermüthig ausieht!

ERE: Es thut meinem Herzen weh, deine Heiterkeit auch mir auf Augenblicke zu trüben. Dennoch kann ich dir nicht verhehlen —

AGA: O sprecht, ehrwürdiger Vater! Was von Euch kömmt, wird stets zu meinem Heil dienen.

ERE: Ich kenne die eigentliche Gefahr nicht, die dir und deinem Verlobten droht; doch hat mich ein Gesicht besorgt gemacht.

AGA: *(ängstlich.)* Was erschien Euch?

ERE: Gesichte deuten gewöhnlich die Zukunft mir in ungewissem Halbdunkel an; auch das meinige war dieser Art. Doch fühle ich mein Herz, wenn ich dich ansehe, beklommen.

AGA: So lasst mein und Maxens Glück doppelt Eurem frommen Gebete empfohlen seyn!

ERE: Ich bin nur ein schwacher Mensch, aber meiner Vorbitte könnt Ihr gewiss seyn.

AGA: So bin ich voll Hoffnung —

ERE: Bewahre treu die Reinheit deines Herzens, so wird de Allmächtige dich bewahren!

AGA: Lebt denn wohl, ehrwürdiger Vater! und vergesst unserer nicht in Eurer Andacht.

ERE: Gott mit dir, meine Tochter *(Agathe geht, er ruft ihr nach.)* Agathe!

AGA: Habt Ihr mir noch etwas zu sagen.

ERE: Eine innere Stimme ruft mir zu, dich heute nicht ohne Gegengabe zu entlassen. Dieser Rosenstock, dessen erstes Reisslein meinem Vorgänger ein Pilger aus Palästina mitbrachte ist wunderbarlich empor gewachsen. Jeden Frühling blüht er aufs reichste; ich sammle und presse die Blätter, und die Landleute schreiben dem Rosenwasser wunderbare Schutz- und Heilkräfte zu. Nimm denn einige dieser Rosen als Brautgeschenk meiner väterlichen Liebe!

(er bricht Rosen ab, fügt sie in einen Strauss zusammen, und übergibt sie ihr am Schlusse des folgenden Zweigesangs.)

Nimm hin des Freundes Gabe,
 Geweiht, keusch und rein!

AGA: *(devot.)* Von des Erlösers Grabe —!

Sie soll mir heilig seyn!

ERE: Wird sich die Blüthe senken;

Sollst du dabei gedenken,
 Was erdich ist, vergeht!

AGA: Ich will der Blätter wahren,

Dass noch in späten Jahren
 Erinnerung mich unveh!

ERE: Auch sollst du nicht vergessen:

Man muss die Rose pressen,
 Eh' Heilung sie gewährt —

AGA: So wird zu reinern Freudern.

Das Menschenherz durch Leiden
 Geläutert und Geklärt!

ERE: Nimm hin, des Freundes Gabe

Geweiht, keusch und rein!

AGA: Vor aller meiner Habe

Soll sie mir heilig seyn!

(der Eremit in die Einsiedlerwohnung, Agathe durchs Gebüsch ab.)

DRITTER AUFTRITT.

(Platz vor einer Waldschenke. u. f. w.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Soprani.
AGÄTHE.
ANNCHEN.
A BRIDESMAID.

Cantantes.
Tenori.
MAX.
OTTOKAR.

Bassi.
CASPAR.
KILIAN.
CUNO.
THE HERMIT.

CORO.

Loquentes.

SAMIEL.
FIRST HUNTER.
SECOND HUNTER.
THIRD HUNTER.

A SERVANT GIRL.
AN APPARITION OF MAX' MOTHER.
AN APPARITION OF AGÄTHE.

THEMATIC INDEX.

Adagio.

OVERTURE.

page 1

ACT THE FIRST.

Nº 1. *Molto vivace.* CHORUS.

INTRODUZIONE.

Max; Kilian;
Chorus of Peasants.

Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! a praise let us
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! der Meis - ter soll

page 14

Nº 2. *Allº modº* MAX.

TERZETTO con CORO.

Max; Cuno; Caspar;
Chorus of Peasants;
Chorus of Huntsmen.

O how that mor - row Dark - ly
O! die - se Son - ne, Furcht - bar

page 33

Nº 3. *Allº* MAX. *ARIA.* *Modº* MAX.

WALZER und ARIA.

Max.

Shall pangs like these be never Thro' the woodland, thro' the
Nein, lün - ger trag' ich nicht die Durch die Wül - der, durch die

page 61 page 63 page 64

Nº 4. *Allº feroce, ma non troppo presto.* CASPAR.

TRINKLIED.

Caspar.

In this earth - ly vale of tears All were
Hier im ird' - schen Jam - mer - thal, War' doch

page 74

Nº 5. *Moderato.* CASPAR.

ARIA.

Caspar.

Still! still! lest friend - ly tongue should
Schweig, schweig, da - mit dich nie - mand

page 83

No. 6.

DUETTO.

Agathe; Annchen.

ANNCHEN.

All^o grazioso.

ACT THE SECOND.

Rogue! 'twere best Keep thy po - si - tion;
Schehm! halt fest, ich will dich's leh-ren,

No. 7.

ARIETTA.

Annchen.

Were a slender youth be - fore one Fair, with locks of ches - nut
Kommt ein schlanker Burach ge - gan - gen, blond von Lock-en o - der

No. 8.

SCENA ed ARIA.

Agathe.

Calm slumber brought each morrow Gen - tle mea - sure
Wie ruh-te nür dir Schlummer, Lei - se, lei - se,

No. 9.

TERZETTO.

Agathe; Annchen;
Max.

Where? what? O terror! There, in that fear - ful
Wie? Was? Ent - set - zen! dort in der Schreckens -

No. 10.

FINALE.

Chorus of Invisible
Spirits; Caspar; Samiel;
Max; Spirits and Appa-
ritions.

Moon's milk fell up - on the weed
Milch des Mon - des fiel auf's Kraut

ACT THE THIRD.

No. 11.

ENTR' ACTE.

Molto vivace.
ff p

No. 12.

CAVATINA.

Agathe.

AGATHE.
Adagio.
For though a cloud sometimes conceal - eth You
Und ob die Wol - ke sie ver - hül - le, die

No. 13.

ROMANZA ed ARIA.

Annchen.

Andante. ANNCHEN. page 187 Allegro. ARIA. page 192
My dear departed aunt, once O, is weeping, Dear, in keeping
Einst traum-te meiner sel - gen Trübe Au - gen, Liebchen, tau-gen

No. 14.

VOLKSLIED.

A Bridesmaid.
Chorus of Brides
maids.

A BRIDESMAID And^{te} quasi Alleg^{to}
For thee we weave the maid - en - wreath With
Wir win - den dir den Jung - fern - kranz mit

No. 15.

CHORUS.

Chorus of Huntsmen.

Molto vivace.
Tenori
What bliss can ap - proach this grand
Was glückt wohl auf Er - den dem

No. 16.

FINALE.

Agathe; Annchen;
Max; Otto; Cuno;
Caspar; The Hermit;
Chorus.

Allegro. CHORUS. page 219
Look! be - hold! A - ga - the's hours are told -
Schaut! o - schaut! er traf die eig' ne Braut!

OVERTURE.
to
DER FREISCHÜTZ — WEBER.

PIANO
FORTE.

Adagio.
Viol: Imo
Viol: 1^{mo}
Stringed & Wind ins: p
Adagio.
Str: & Wind ins: ppp
f
f

con anima.
2 Corni in C.
Str: ins:
cello

2 Corni in F. *2 Corni in C, & 1 in F.*
mf
4 Corni.

con anima.
Corni in F. *Corni in C.*

Viol: 2 Clar: sempre tenuti.
ppp

The Overture is written for 2 Violins, Viola, Violocello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in E₂, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in C, 2 Horns in F, 2 Trumpets in C, 3 Trombones, and Drums in C. A. G.

Basso e Tympt:

First system of music for Bassoon and Tympani. The Bassoon part is in the upper staff, and the Tympani part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of eighth-note patterns.

= cello

Second system of music for Cello. The Cello part is in the upper staff, and the Tympani part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of eighth-note patterns.

Basso e Tympt:

Third system of music for Bassoon and Tympani. The Bassoon part is in the upper staff, and the Tympani part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of eighth-note patterns.

= cello

Fourth system of music for Cello. The Cello part is in the upper staff, and the Tympani part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of eighth-note patterns.

= cello:
fz
Viol. e Basso.

Fifth system of music for Violins and Basses. The Violins and Basses part is in the upper staff, and the Cello part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of eighth-note patterns. The dynamic marking *fz* (forzando) is present.

p

Sixth system of music for Violins and Basses. The Violins and Basses part is in the upper staff, and the Cello part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time and features a series of eighth-note patterns. The dynamic marking *p* (piano) is present.

First system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present.

Second system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present.

Third system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *pp* is present.

Fourth system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *pp* is present.

Fifth system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

Sixth system of piano accompaniment. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *f* is present.

First system of the musical score. It features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking 'cres.' and a 'do' note. The bass staff provides harmonic support. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the piano introduction. A fortissimo marking 'ff' and the instruction '> Tutti.' appear above the treble staff. The music is more rhythmic and dynamic.

Third system of the musical score. The piano introduction continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking 'cres.' and a 'do' note. The bass staff provides harmonic support. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Fourth system of the musical score. The piano introduction continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking 'cres.' and a 'do' note. The bass staff provides harmonic support. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Fifth system of the musical score. The piano introduction continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking 'cres.' and a 'do' note. The bass staff provides harmonic support. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Sixth system of the musical score. The piano introduction continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a crescendo marking 'cres.' and a 'do' note. The bass staff provides harmonic support. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

2 Viol.

p *ff* *Tutti*

p *Viol. Bassi* *ff*

Trombone Basso sempre tenuto.

ff

4 Corni.

Clar. solo. Pg. 70

fz *fz* *fz* *fz* *con molto passione*

Clary

pp

cello & Viol 2do

6

> 2 Clar: &c

Viol: e Bassi Pizz.

Fag: Bassi Pizz: Fag:

Clar:

Clar: & Viol: 1^{mo}

dolce

Viol: e Bassi.

f

Viol: Bassi e Clar:

Fl: Clar: Fag:

Viol: Bassi e Corni.

Viol:

Str: in s: crescendo

f *Str. & Wind ins.*

Viol. *ff* *Wind ins.* *ff*

ff Tutti.

ff

ff

p
Bassi e Fag:

f
ff

Oboe. solo.
dolce.
Str. ins:
Tromboni.

Oboe.
Tromboni.

Oboe.
Viol.
Tromboni.
= cello

Viol: Bassi Cor Fag: & c.

cres *ff* *Tutti.*

Viol: Impo

p *Viol: e Bassi.*

pp

Clar:

p *Viol:*

*Bassi e Fag:**Viol:**Viol:**Viol: e Bassi.*

f *Str: & Wind ins:* *f* *Str: & Wind ins:* *f*

p *Stringendo.*

ff Tutti.

ff

Viol: e Bassi uais; Wind ins: tenuti.

ff Viol: Bassi, e Clari:

Basso: Pizz?

Viol: e Fag:

Basso: Pizz?

= cello.
 = cello sempre legato.

Viol.
pp
Viol. e Bassi.
Fas. Pizz.

ff Tutti.

Viol.
ff Tutti.

ff

ff
Tutti.

sempre Tutti.

Wind ins: Viol: Wind ins:

Tutti.

Viol: Wind ins: Viol: 2 Viol:

Bassi:

ff Tutti.

Viol: Str: & Wind ins: Basside Fag:

Fl.: gva loco Viol: ff

Wind ins: ff Tutti sempre.

Str: ins:

ACT THE FIRST

The stage represents an open space in a Village bordering upon a forest in Bohemia; on the right-hand stands the Village-Inn, a picturesque structure of no little antiquity, with huge projecting gables and the roof clustered with dormer lights, rude benches are placed in front of this building, and before the porch stands a table with rustic seats, ivy and wild roses climb in profusion over the walls and gables; behind the Inn are lofty trees: On the left-hand side, modest looking cottages peep forth from the forest border, and in the middle-distance runs a rippling stream, finding its course over several rocky inequalities, and backed by a steep bank of dark brushwood, behind which some fine mountain-scenery is perceived; several very thick groups of bushes intervene between the Inn and the running stream.

A pole with a stuffed bird fixed in the middle of a star, which forms the "bull's eye" of a target, stands back towards the centre of the open space; Max is discovered seated at the table in front of the Inn, his head resting moodily upon his hand, and his whole demeanour indicating disappointment and vexation; Kilian stands in the foreground facing the pole, and just after the curtain rises, he pulls the trigger of the gun raised to his shoulder, and strikes down the bird; groups of Peasants and Huntsmen form around, watching the sport, the men for the most part elevated on the Inn benches, and leaning over behind the women; several who have failed in their endeavours to hit the mark, stand on one side with their rifles lowered, watching Kilian's attempt; loud shouts from all greet his success.

SCENE I.

MAX; KILIAN; CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN & PEASANTS &c&c

NO I.
INTRODUZIONE.

MAX; KILIAN;
CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Molto Vivace.
Viol: *fmo*

p Str: & Wind ins:

Molto Vivace.

cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do* *mf*

f

This Chorus is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, 1 Flute, 1 Piccolo, & Oboes, 2 Clarinets in E \flat , 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in D, 2 Trumpets in D, and Drums in D, A.

* ALL THE PEASANTS. Ha, ha! — bravo; capitally hit! (*loud shouts and plaudits.*)

MAX. (*lifting his head from his hand, with which he strikes the table violently; looking too at Kilian with bitter scorn.*) Success to thee, (*contemptuously.*) Peasant!

* DIE BAUERN. Ah! ah! — brav; herrlich getroffen! (*Jubel und Geklatsch*)

MAX. (*bis jetzt die geballte Faust von der Stirn: schlägt damit heftig auf den Tisch*) Glück zu, Bauer!

(The Curtain rises at this bar, and Kilian fires immediately afterwards.)

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Soprani. ff
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! a praise let us
Contralti. ff
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! der Meis - ter soll
Tenori. ff
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! a praise let us
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! der Meis - ter soll
Bassi. ff
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! a praise let us
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! der Meis - ter soll

sempre Tutti.

cho - rus To him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us, To
le - ben, der wac-ker dem Stern-lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! der

cho - rus To him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us, To
le - ben, der wac-ker dem Stern-lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! der

cho - rus To him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us, To
le - ben, der wac-ker dem Stern-lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! der

cho - rus To him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us, To
le - ben, der wac-ker dem Stern-lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! der

him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us; His, ri - - vals all
wac-ker dem Sternlein aen Rest hat ge - ge - ben! ihm glei - - chet kein

him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us; His, ri - - vals all
wac-ker dem Sternlein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! ihm glei - - chet kein

him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us; His, ri - - vals all
wac-ker dem Sternlein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! ihm glei - - chet kein

him who hath triumph'd so brave-ly be-fore us; His, ri - - vals all
wac-ker dem Sternlein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! ihm glei - - chet kein

Viol. Mo
ff
Tutti sempre.

ff

shots, or near or a - far; Vic -
Schütz' von fern und von nah! Vic -

shots, or near or a - far; Vic -
Schütz' von fern und von nah! Vic -

shots, or near or a - far; Vic -
Schütz' von fern und von nah! Vic -

shots, or near or a - far; Vic -
Schütz' von fern und von nah! Vic -

Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -
Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -

ff

- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -
- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -

- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -
- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -

- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -
- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -

- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -
- to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -

ff

- to - ria! a praise let us cho - rus To him who hath
 - to - ria! der Meis - ter soll le - ben, der wac - ker dem

tri - umph'd so brave - ly be - fore us; Vic -
 Stern - lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! Vic -

tri - umph'd so brave - ly be - fore us; Vic -
 Stern - lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! Vic -

tri - umph'd so brave - ly be - fore us; Vic -
 Stern - lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! Vic -

tri - umph'd so brave - ly be - fore us; Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -
 Stern - lein den Rest hat ge - ge - ben! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic -

- to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -

- to - ria, vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria, vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria, vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 praise let us cho - rus; Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 Meis - ter soll le - ben, Vic - to - ria, vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria, vic -

- to - ria, a praise let us chorus; Vic - to - ri - a! Vic - to - ria, vic -
 - to - ria! der Meis - ter soll le - ben, Vic - to - ri - a! Vic - to - ria, vic -

Tutti.

Wind ins:

-to-ria, vic-to-ria, vic-to-ria!
-to-ria, vic-to-ria, vic-to-ria!

-to-ria, vic-to-ria, vic-to-ria!
-to-ria, vic-to-ria, vic-to-ria!

-to-ria, vic-to-ria, vic-to-ria!
-to-ria, vic-to-ria, vic-to-ria!

-to-ria! a praise let us chorus;
-to-ria! der Meister soll le-ben;

Vic-to-ri-a!
Vic-to-ri-a!

Tutti.

* MAX. Aye, fresh and firm — shout! sing!
(lifting his gun, and striking the ground
vehemently with the butt-end, as he ex-
claims bitterly.) Was I blind? are the
sinews of this my hand unstrung?

* IAX. Immer frisch! Schreit! schreit!
(stampft mit der Büchse auf den Boden
und legt sie an einem Baum.) War ich
blind? Sind die Sennen dieser Faust ent-
schlafft!

(A March is played, previous to which a procession has been formed; this now advances to the music in the following order; first, the

Tempo di Marcia.

p Tromba. Corni. Tromba.

Tempo di Marcia.

MUSICIANS performing on various rustic instruments; then, PEASANT BOYS, who carry the last quarter of the target elevated in the air

Corni. Band. Tutti. Orchestra.

on a sword-point, and a number of new tin toys designed to serve as prizes; next, follows KILIAN, as king of the marksmen, with a

large nosegay, which the Peasant-girls have fixed in his breast, and the band of the order bound across his shoulders; slung round

his neck by a gay ribbon hangs the star-centre of the target which he has just struck down; then come HUNTERS bearing

their rifles, and PEASANTS gaily attired, each with a GIRL on his arm, and several with stars on their caps and hats; WOMEN

Corni. Tutti.

This March is played by a band on the stage consisting of 2 Violins, Violoncello, and Double Bass, 1 Clarinet in C, 2 Horns in G, and 1 Trumpet in C.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEBER.

and CHILDREN close the procession; it moves round in as large a circle as the open space will admit of, and all, as they pass

Musical score for Corni and Tutti. The Corni part is in the upper staff, and the Tutti part is in the lower staff. Both parts are in G major and 2/4 time. The Corni part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the Tutti part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

MAX, point at him in derision, nod significantly to each other, whisper and laugh.)

Musical score for Tutti. The score is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes in the upper staff and a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes in the lower staff.

Musical score for Corni and Tutti. The Corni part is in the upper staff, and the Tutti part is in the lower staff. Both parts are in G major and 2/4 time. The Corni part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the Tutti part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Musical score for Tutti. The score is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes in the upper staff and a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes in the lower staff.

Musical score for Orchestra and Violins & Basses. The Orchestra part is in the upper staff, and the Violins & Basses part is in the lower staff. Both parts are in G major and 2/4 time. The Orchestra part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the Violins & Basses part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Musical score for Tutti. The score is in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes in the upper staff and a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes in the lower staff.

(Kilian at last, plants himself right opposite to Max; and striking his breast triumphantly,
Fl: e cello.

23

Allegretto.

Scherzando.
Viol: e Bassi.

sings.) **KILIAN.**

Kil:

Sneer up - on my claim as lit - tle, "King" still stands my lawful ti - tle;
Schau' der Herr mich an als Kö - nig! dünkt Ihn mei-ne Macht zu we - nig?

fp
Viol: e Bassi.

(turning to them.)

Kil:

So un-bon-net, proud *Mosieu' Must he not, Sirs, he, he, he? Must he not, Sirs, he, he, he?
gleich zieh' er den Hut Mos-je? wird erfrag' ich-he, he, he? wird erfrag' ich-he, he, he?
Soprani.

Contralti.

(all laughing.)

**CHORUS OF
 PEASANTS &c:**

He, he,
 He, he,

Tenori.

Bassi.

f
=cello, e Fag:

This Song and Chorus is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 1 Flute, 2 Chorus,
 2 Clarinets in B?, 2 Bassoons, and 2 Horns in G, The Band on the stage also join in the Symphony at
 the end of each verse.

DIE FREISCHÜTZ.

* *Mosieu'*, pronounced shortly *Mos-yě.*

C. M. Von WEBER.

The Band on the stage join in.

KIL:

Star and flow'r shed lus - tre ö'er me,
Stern und Strauss trag' ich vorm Lei - - - be,
Fl: e-cello.

ff Viol: e Passi.

fz

Kil:

See the tar - get borne be - fore me;
Kan - tor's Sep - herl trägt die Schei - - - be;

Fl: e-cello.

fz

Kil:

Had ye eyes just now, Mos - ieu? How didst use 'em, he, he, he?
hat Er Au - gen nun, Mos - je? was traf er denn, he, he, he?

f

= celli e Fag:

How didst use 'em, he, he, he?
was traf er denn, he, he, le?

(all laughing.)

he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,

CHORUS OF PEASANTS; &c.

Tenori.

Bassi.

Ob: e Viol:

pp

he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, How didst, how didst
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, was traf er denn?

he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, How didst, how didst
he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, was traf er denn?

how, didst use 'em? How didst, how didst
was traf er denn? was traf er denn?

Had ye eyes just now, Mosieu? How didst, how didst
Hat Er Au-gen num, Mosje? was traf er denn?

Tutti. cres: f

Kil:

use 'em, he, he, he?
was denn? he, he, he?

use 'em, he, he, he?
was denn? he, he, he?

use 'em, he, he, he?
was denn? he, he, he?

use 'em, he, he, he?
was denn? he, he, he?

ff Tutti. The Band on the stage join in.

Kil:

KIL:

'Sooth, when next we shoot to ge - - ther,
Darg ich et - was en - re Gna - - den

fp Viol: e Passi. fz Fl: e cello. fz

(ironically, laughing immoderately.)

Kil:

Pray come off with e - qual fea - - ther;
's nächs - te - mal zum Schiessen la - - den?

Some poor prize at least, Mosien!
Er gönnt andern was, Mos - je!

fz f

Kil:

You will spare us, he, he, he? You will spare us, he, he, he?
Nun, Er kommt doch? he, he, he? nun, Er kommt doch? he, he, he?

(all laughing.)

CHORUS OF
PEASANTS; &c.

He, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
 He, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,

celli e Fag: *pp Ob: e Viol:*

Kil:

he,
 he,
 (all laughing)

he,
 he,

You will spare us? You will spare us?
Nun, Er kommt doch? nun, Er kommt doch?

cello.

he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he how didst, how, didst use 'em he, he, he?
 he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he was traf er denn, was denn he, he, he?

he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he how didst, how, didst use 'em he, he, he?
 he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he was traf er denn, was denn he, he, he?

how didst, how, didst use 'em he, he, he?
 was traf er denn, was denn he, he, he?

Some poor prize at least Mosieu' You will you will spare us he, he, he?
 Er gönnt an dern was, Mos - je! nun Er kommt doch? kommt doch, he, he, he?

Tutti. *cres.* *f*

Tutti. The Band on the stage join in.

(Irritated beyond all bounds by this last taunt, Max draws his hanger, and rushes upon Kilian.)

MAX. Leave me at peace; or —!

(they all strive to rescue the Peasant, when Cuno, Caspar and several attendant Huntsmen with rifles and hunting-spears enter in quickly, hearing the tumult; Max desists from his purpose, Kilian escapes from his grasp, the Peasants fall partly back.)

(Max springt auf, zieht den Hirschfänger und fasst Kilian bei der Brust.)

MAX. Lasst mich zufrieden, oder —!

(Getummel auf Max eindringend, Cuno, Caspar und mehre Jäger mit Büchsen und Jagdspiesen.)

The same; CUNO; CASPAR; HUNTSMEN.

CUNO. What have we here? fie! some thirty against one? what rascal-varlet dares to lay a finger on my boy?

KILIAN. (*just let loose, and writhing still under the effects of Max' grasp; also, timidly avoiding him, and getting round to the other side of Cuno.*) All in good part, all in good part, gentle Master Head-ranger; there was no harm meant! you know it is an old custom amongst us for one who so constantly has missed, to be excluded from the rejoicings held in honor of the king of the marksmen, and to be rallied a trifling moment — all in good part, nevertheless.

CUNO. (*starting.*) "So constantly has missed," Who? who has done that?

KIL: (*consequently.*) 'Tis a sorry liking when your peasant beats your hunter, but give question to the gentleman himself — (*pointing to Max.*)

MAX. (*as Cuno turns towards him with an interrogating countenance.*) Would I could deny it! — I have not struck the target once.

CASPAR. (*aside; and with a dark smile.*) (Thanks to thee, Samiel!)

CUNO. (*sorrowfully.*) Max! Max! can this be possible? ye were the best shot far and near: four weeks have flown, not yet one quarry hast thou brought to ground, and now again — O shame upon thee!

CAS: Hark ye, comrade; 'tis as I have augured: someone or something has bewitched you, ye must break the spell, or hit no game.

CUNO. (*sternly.*) Nonsense!

CAS: I hold to mine opinion, besides 'tis deftly done: take my counsel, cousin forester, hie the next Friday to some cross road, draw a circle o' the ground with a ramrod or a bloody sword, and thrice invoke the "Mighty Hunter" —

CUNO. Was giebt's hier. Pfui! dreissig über einen? Wer untersteht sich, meinen Burschen anzutasten?

KILIAN. (*von Max losgelassen, aber noch furchtsam.*) Alles in Güte und Liebe, werther Herr Erbförster. Gar nicht böse gemeint! Es ist Herkommen bei uns, dass, wer stets gefehlt hat, vom Königsschusse ausgeschlossen und dann ein wenig gehänselt wird — Alles in Liebe und Güte.

CUNO. "Stets gefehlt"? Wer? wer hat das?

KIL: Es ist freilich arg, wenn der Bauer einmal über den Jäger kommt, — aber fragt ihn nur selbst. —

MAX. (*beschämt und verzweifelnd.*) Ich kanns nicht läugnen — ich habe nie getroffen.

CAS: (*für sich.*) (Dank, Samiel!)

CUNO. Max! Max! ist es möglich? du sonst der beste Schütze weit und breit! Seit vier Wochen hast du keine Feder nach Hause gebracht, und auch jetzt — pfui der Schande!

CAS: Glaube mir, Kamerad! es ist, wie ich gesagt habe: Es hat dir Jemand einen Waidmann gesetzt, und den musst du lösen, oder du triffst keine Klare.

CUNO. Possen!

CAS: Das meine ich eben. So etwas ist leicht gemacht. Lass dir rathen, Kamerad! Geh nächsten Freitag auf einen Kreuzweg, zieh' mit dem Ladestock oder einem blutigen Degen einen Kreis um dich, und rufe dreimal den grossen Jäger —

KIL: God 'a mercy on us! one of Beelzebub's legion

CUNO. (*turning upon Caspar with a frown, and peaking authoritatively.*) Silence, forward knave! we have noted ye long for a trickster, a sot, a false dicer — beware lest that I think worse of thee! *Caspar makes a crouching motion, as if wishing to excuse himself yet with a malignant scowl upon his features.*) not a word, or ye stand discharged upon the instant — (*turning to Max.*) but Max, my son, have you a care! more than father have I been to ye; and it gives my old heart joy, in that his Highness grants the son-in-law son's right — yet — shouldst fail the morrow at the Trial-shot, I must withhold from ye my child, (*laying his hand on Max' shoulder.*) sooth, is your reason unchartered of constraint?

MAX. (*abstractedly.*) To morrow! the very morrow!

SOME HUNTSMEN. How stands the right meaning of that Trial-shot? oft have we heard thereon —

KIL: Aye, so have we — but not one on's wise enow to give the true state of the case.

SOME OTHERS. Then tell us, good Master Cuno!

CUNO. Well, as you will: there's time sufficient ere we join the Prince — (*he seats himself, the rest gather 'round him.*) My ancestor, whose picture ye may have seen in the Ranger's house, was (like myself) named Cuno, and of the then Prince's body-guard — One morn, a stag broke cover to the hounds, and on this stag a man was stoutly chained, for so in former times your forest-thief was punished. At sight of this, compassion moved his Highness, he promised to whoso should kill the stag without harming the man, a Ranger's post, and the right of manor to the nearest Forest-lodge. The gallant Cuno, more from pity than the promised guerdon, thought not twice; he fired, commending the bullet to his patron saints. The stag fell, the forest-thief, though caught in a thick thorn bush, still escaped unhurt.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

KIL: Gott bewahr' uns, Einen von des Teufels Heerschaaren!

CUNO. Schweig! vorlauter Bube! Ich kenne dich längst Du bist ein Tagedieb, ein Schlemmer, ein falscher Würfler — hute dich dass ich nicht noch Aergeres von dir denke! (*Caspar macht eine kriechende Bewegung als wollte er sich entschuldigen.*) Kein Wort, oder du hast auf der Stelle den Abschied! Aber auch du, Max, siehe dich vor! Ich bin dir wie ein Vater gewogen; es freut mich, dass der Herr Fürst Sohnes — Recht auf den Eidam übertragen will — aber — wenn du morgen beim Probeschusse fehltest, müsst ich dir doch das Mädchen versagen. Wollt Ihr in der Irre herumlaufen?

MAX. Morgen! morgen schon!

EINIGE JÄGER. Was ist das eigentlich mit dem Probeschusse? Schon oft haben wir davon gehört. —

KIL: Ja, auch wir, aber noch hat uns Niemand die rechte Bewandniss zu sagen gewusst.

ANDERE. O erzahlt' uns, Herr Cuno!

CUNO. Meinetwegen! Zum Hoflager kommen wir noch Zeit genug (*setzt sich.*) Mein Uraltervater, der noch im Forsthause abgebildet steht, hiess Cuno, wie ich, und war fürstlicher Leibschütz. Einst trieben die Hunde einen Hirsch heran, auf den ein Mensch angeschmiedet war; so bestrafte man in alten Zeiten die Waldfrevler. Dieser Anblick erregte das Mitleid des damaligen Fürsten. Er versprach demjenigen, welcher den Hirsch erlege, ohne den Missethäter zu verwunden, eine Erbförsterei, und zur Wohnung das nahegelegene Waldschlosschen. Der wackere Leibschütz, mehr aus eigenem Erbarmen, als wegen der grossen Verheissung, besann sich nicht lange. Er legte an und befahl die Kugel den heiligen Engeln. Der Hirsch stürzte, und der Wildschütz war, obwohl im Gesicht vom Dorn-gebüsch derbzerkratzt, doch im übrigen unverfehrt.

C. MAXIMILIAN WEBER.

ALL THE WOMEN The poor fellow now God be praised.

THE MEN. Bravo! bravo! that was master-shot.

CAS: (darkly.) Or a lucky chance, a thing not quite impossible.

MAX. Would that I were that Cuno! (he shudders, and sinks into his former gloomy reverie.)

CUNO. My ancestor held himself much rejoiced at the saving the unfortunate, and the Prince maintained his promise to the full.

KIL. So; from that your Trial-shot hath origin: Neighbours and Friends, let us account us wiser.

CUNO. Now hear the end: there were then as now (looking at Caspar.) those bad tares whom the devil sows among the wheat. Cuno's foes would have the Prince believe that the shot was fired by enchantment, and the guardsman's rifle loaded with a magic bullet.

CAS: I thought so (aside.) (Help, Samiel!)

KIL: (to some of the Peasants.) A magic bullet! — those are snares of the — of the — &c. (pointing downwards.) my grandmother once sucked me that egg — six hit your mark, but the seventh belongs to &c. — ahem! and flies just where he wills it.

CAS: Foolery! 'tis nothing but a little natural science —!

CUNO. Upon these grounds, 'twas that his Highness ordained, that Cuno's heritors should undergo a Trial-shot, or severe, or light, as the then reigning Prince or his counsel should determine. And 'tis our custom that the young and lucky Forester should wed that day with his betrothed, whose fame unblemished must send her forth, the maiden's wreath of honor on her brow: Enough of this — (to the Huntsmen who entered with him.) Now, let's on our way — but you, Max! up to the house, where some excellent sportsmen are assembled — collect thyself! for sure the Arch-

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

WEIBER. Gott sei dank! der arme Wildschütze!

MÄNNER. Brav! brav! das war ein Meister-schütz.

CAS: Oder ein Glücksfall, wenn nicht vielleicht gar —

MAX. Ich möchte der Cuno gewesen seyn! (Starrt zu Boden und versinkt in sich selbst.)

CUNO. Auch mein Urvater freute sich sehr über die Rettung des Unglücklichen und der Fürst erfülle in Allem seine Zusage.

KIL. So? also davon schreibt sich der Probeschuss her, Nachbarn und Freunde! Nun weiss man's doch auch!

CUNO. Hört noch das Ende! Es ging damals wie jetzt (mit einem Blick auf Caspar.) dass der böse Feind immer Unkraut unter den Weizen säet. Cuno's Neider wussten es an den Fürsten zu bringen, der Schütz sei mit Zauberei geschehen, Cuno habe nicht gezielt, sondern eine Freikugel geladen.

CAS: Dacht' ich's doch! — (vor sich.) (Hilf zu, Samiel!)

KIL: (zu einigen Bauern.) Eine Freikugel! — das sind Schlingen des bösen Feinds; meine Grossmutter hat mir's einmal erklärt. Sechse treffen, aber die siebente gehört dem Bösen; der kann sie hinführen wohin ihm's beliebt.

CAS: Alfanzeri! Nichts als Natur-kräfte!

CUNO. Aus diesem Grunde machte der Fürst bei der Stiftung den Zusatz, dass jeder von Cuno's Nachfolgern zuvor eine Probeschuss ablege, schwer oder leicht, wie es der regierende Fürst oder sein Abgeordneter anzubefehlen geruht. Auch will es das Herrkommen, dass der junge Förster an demselben Tage mit seine Erwählten getraut wird; die aber völlig unbescholten seyn und im jungfräulichen Ehrenkränzelein erscheinen muss. Doch genug nun! (zu den Jägern die mit ihm gekommen.) Wir wollen uns wieder auf den Weg machen! du aber, Max! magst ein-

magician Love has spun his web around thee:
meet me ere sunrise at his Highness' tent.

mal zu Hause nachsehen ob sämtliche Treibleute
angelangt sind — Nimm dich zusammen! — der Waid-
mann der dir gesetzt ist, mag die Liebe seyn. —
Noch vor Sonnenaufgang erwarte ich dich beim
Hoflager.

NO. 2.

TERZETTO
CON CORI.

MAX; CUNO;
CASPAR.
CHORUS OF
PEASANTS;
CHORUS OF
HUNSMEN.

MAX.

Allegro moderato.

O, how that morrow Dark -
O, die-se Son-ne, Furcht -

Bassi. *All. mod.* *Viol. e. Bassi.*

Max. *CUNO.*
- ly looms thro' unborn night! Joy, or worst
- bar steigt sie mir em-pör! Leid o-der

Bassi. *Viol. e. Bassi.*

CUNO.
sor-row, on thy wav'ring fate may light.
Won-ne, bei-des ruht in dein-em Rohn!

Max. *MAX.*
Ah, what fear-ful cer-ture Would my failure bring!
Ach, ich muss ver-za-gen, dass der Schuss ge-lingt!

Wind ins: tenuti.

This Terzetto con Cori is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra basso, 2 Flutes,
2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in Bb, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in C, and 2 Horns in D.

Max. Ah, what fearful cen - sure would my fail - ure bring! what
 Ach, ich muss ver - za - gen dass der Schuss ge - lüßt, ich

Cuno. Still must ye ad - ven - - - - - ture,
 Dann musst du ent - sa - - - - - gen, —

Max. fear - ful cen - sure would my fail - - - ure bring!
 muss ver - za - gen dass der Schuss ge - lüßt!

Cuno. Joy, or worst sor - row, on thy wav'ring fate may light.
 Leid o - der Wö - ne bei - des ruht in dei - nem Rohr.

Str: & Wind ins:

CASPAR.

Caspar. On - - ly try my ven - ture, For - tune, change may ring, On - ly try my
 Nur ein kec - kes Wa - gen ist's, was Glück er - ringt! nur ein kec - kes

= cello e Fag:

ven_ture, On - ly try my ven_ture, For_tune, change may ring. A - ga - the be -
 Wa - gen, nur ein kec_kes Wa - gen, ~~lets~~ was Glück er - ringt. A - ga - then ent -

MAX.

Viol.

Max. - reft me God, what then were left me! Deep,
 - sa - gen, wie kömmt ich's er - tra - gen! doch

Viol. Viol. Viol. e Bassi.

pp

Max. thick despair oer-shrouds me now. Deep,
 mich verfol - get Miss - ge - schick. doch

Soprani.

Centralti. See the cloud up-on his brow,
 Seht wie dūs - ter ist sein Blick!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Tenori. See the cloud up-on his brow,
 Seht wie dūs - ter ist sein Blick!

Bassi. See, the cloud, see the cloud up-on his brow,
 Seht wie dūs - ter wie dūs - ter ist sein Blick!

Str: & Wind ins:

Max:

thick despair over-shrouds me now.
nich ver-fol - get Miss - ge - schick!

See the cloud up - on his
Sieht wie dñs - ter ist sein

See the cloud, see the cloud up - on his
Sieht wie dñs - ter wie dñs - ter ist sein

See the cloud up - on his
Sieht wie dñs - ter ist sein

See the cloud up - on his
Sieht wie dñs - ter ist sein

Max:

A ga - the be - reft me, God, what then were left me!
A - ga - then ent - sa - gen, wie könnt ick er - tra - gen!*

brow. Bet - ter luck, such vir - tues me - - - rit,
Blick. Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch - be - - - ben,

brow. Bet - ter luck, such vir - tues me - - - rit,
Blick. Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch - be - - - ben, *pp*

brow. Bet - ter luck, such vir - tues me - - - rit, Better
Blick. Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch - be - - - ben, Ah - nung

Viol: e - celli. *pp*

Bassi.

Bet - ter luck such vir - tues me - rit.
 Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch - be - ben.

Bet - ter luck such vir - tues me - rit.
 Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch - be - ben.

Bet - ter luck such vir - tues me - rit.
 Ah - nung scheint ihn zu durch - be - ben.

luck scheint such vir - tues me - rit.
 ihn zu durch - be - ben.

Viola, cello, e Bassò.

Hope! bloom soft - ly in his spi - rit, Cheer that
 O lass Hoff - nung dich be - le - ben, und ver -

Hope! bloom soft - ly in his spi - rit, Cheer that
 O lass Hoff - nung dich be - le - ben, und ver -

Corn in C e Fagott.

CUNO.

Max:

Hope! bloom soft - ly in his
O lass Hoff - nung dich be -

Hope! bloom soft - ly in his
O lass Hoff - nung dich be -

Hope! bloom soft - ly in his
O lass Hoff - nung dich be -

soul, cheer that soul with genial glow,
trau - e ver-trau - e dem Ge - schick;

Hope! bloom soft - ly in his
O lass Hoff - nung dich be -

soul, cheer that soul with genial glow,
- trau - e, ver-trau - e dem Ge - schick;

Hope! bloom soft - ly
O lass Hoff - nung

Fl: Ob: Clar: Cor: Fag:

Cuno

spi - rit, Cheer that soul with gen - ial
- le - ben, und ver - trau - e dem Ge -

spi - rit, Cheer that soul with gen - ial
- le - ben, und ver - trau - e dem Ge -

spi - rit, Cheer that soul cheer that soul with gen - ial
- le - ben, und ver - trau - e ver-trau - e dem Ge -

spi - rit, Cheer and that soul cheer that soul with gen - ial
- le - ben, und ver - trau - e ver-trau - e dem Ge -

in his spi - rit, Cheer that soul cheer that soul with gen - ial
dich be - le - ben, und ver - trau - e ver-trau - e dem Ge -

MAX.

Max: Bliss, thy tide long hath ceas'd to flow;
 Weh - - - e mir, mich ver-liess das Glück!

Cuno: glow. schick! Cheer that soul
 O ver - trau - e

glow. schick! Cheer that soul
 O ver - trau - e

glow. schick! Cheer that soul
 O ver - trau - e

glow. schick! Cheer that soul
 O ver - trau - e

glow. schick! Cheer that soul
 O ver - trau - e

Viol: e Bassi. Wind ins:

Max: Dim and gha - st - ly fears are roll - ing Nights of shadow o'er my
 Un - sicht - ha - re Mäch - te gro - len, bun - ge Ahnung füllt die

Viol: e Bassi.

breast.
Brust!

Dim and ghast - ly fears are roll - ing
Un - sicht - ba - re Mäch - te groß - len,

that soul with genial glow.
ver - trau - e dem Ge - schick!

that soul with genial glow.
ver - trau - e dem Ge - schick!

Cheer that soul with genial glow.
O ver - trau - e dem Ge - schick!

with a genial glow.
trau - e dem Ge - schick!

Viol: e Bassi,

Wind ins:

Max:
Nights of sha - dow o'er my breast,
ban - ge Ah - nung füllt..... die Brust,

Max:
Nights of sha - dow, nights of sha - - - dow o'er my
ban - ge Ah - nung ban - ge Ah - - - nung füllt die

Max: *breast, Pressing that, too much op - prest, Pressing that, too much op -*
Brust nim - mer trüg ich den Ver - lust, nim - mer trüg ich den Ver -

Corno: *Be the knell of thy bliss toll - ing, Hea - ven al - way will - eth*
So's des Him - mels Mäch - te wol - len, denn trüg männlich den Ver -

Viol. Bassi. e Fag:

Max: *- prest. Let heav'n frown, there's still con - sol - ing,*
- lust. Mag For - tu - nas Ku - gel rol - len

CAS: *Soprani. pp*

Corno: *best. Heav'n al - -*
- lust. Nein er

Contralti. pp

Heav'n al - -
Nein er

Tenori.

pp

Heav'n al - - way will - -
Nein er trüg nicht

Str. & Wind: ins:

Fag:

Basso.

Cas: 

Higher, mightier powers rest; Put those powers to the test Higher, mightier powers rest, Put those
 wer sich höh-er Kraft be-wusst trotz dem Wechsel und Verlust, wer sich höh-er Kraft bewusst, trotz dem

- way will - eth it best.
 trüg nicht den Ver - lust.

- way will - eth it best.
 trüg nicht den Ver - lust

- eth it best.
 den Ver - lust.

MAX. 

A - gá - - - the be - reft me, what then, then, were
 A - ge - - - then ent - sa - gen, wie Könnt ich ()

Cas: 

pow - ers to the test. Let Heav'n frown there's still con - sol - ing, Higher, mightier powers
 Wech - sel und Ver lust. Mug For - tu - nas Ku - gel rol - len wer sich höh-er Macht be

Viol: *Str: & Wind ins:*
= celi e Fag: 

Max. left me O too much, too much op - prest;
tra - - - - - gen nim - mer trüg ich den Ver - lust.

Cuno.

rest. Put those powers to the test, Put those powers to the test, there's con -
-wusst, trozt dem Wechsel und Ver - lust, trozt dem Wechsel und Ver - lust, trozt dem

Hea - ven al - way, al - way will - eth best,
nein, nein; nim - mer trüg er den Ver - lust,

Hea - ven wills, al - way, al - way, will - eth best,
nim - mer trüg, nim - mer trüg er den Ver - lust,

Heaven al - way will - eth best,
nein er trüg nicht den Ver - lust,

Aye, Heaven alway will - eth best, Heaven al - way will - eth best,
nein, nein, er trüg nicht den Ver - lust, nein er trüg nicht den Ver - lust,

Str: & Wind ins: Viola.

Adagio.

Moderato quasi Recitativo.

Max. too much! (raising his hand, and speaking cheerfully to the dejected Max.)
 CUNO. al - way! My son, I tell, who trusts in Him, trusts well.
 Cast. tra - ge! Mein Sohn, nur Muth! wer Gott vertraut, baut gut!

- sol - ing!
 Weck - sel!

best
 nein

best
 nein

best
 nein

best
 nein

Adagio.

f Viol: e Bassi. *pp* Viol: e

Basso.

Cuno. Allegro. (to the Huntsmen.)

(a faint expression of hope beams on Max' countenance, Cuno turns to the Huntsmen and Foresters.)

Then scour yon upland to
 Jetzt auf! in Ber-gen und

Bassi. e Flauti.

Viol: e Bassi. 3

f

Max: Tenori. (joyously.)

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

Bassi.

The game on
Das Wild in

geth - er, And hail morrow's dawn by your cries.
Klief - ten, tobt Mor - gen der freu - di - ge Krieg.

The game on
Das Wild in

for - est and hea - ther, The fowl of bon - ny blue oe
Flu - ren und Trif - ten, der Aar in Wol - ken und Lüf -

for - est and hea - ther, The fowl of bon - ny blue oe
Flu - ren und Trif - ten, der Aar in Wol - ken und Lüf -

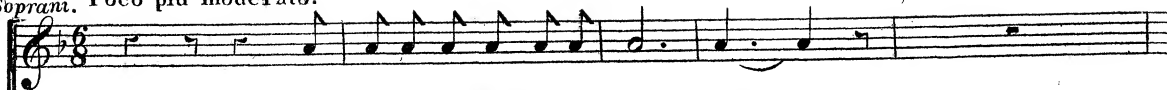
- ther, Are e - ver and e - ver our prize, Are e - ver our prize, are e - ver our
- ten! ist un - ser und un - ser der Sieg! und un - ser der Sieg! und un - ser der

- ther, Are e - ver and e - ver our prize, Are e - ver our prize, are e - ver our
- ten! ist un - ser und un - ser der Sieg! und un - ser der Sieg! und un - ser der

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEBER.

Soprani. Poco più moderato.



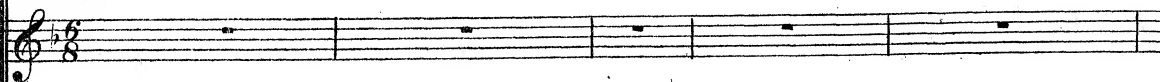
Come, lus - ty ye horns be re - sound - ing;
 Lasst lus - tig die Hörnen er - schal - len.

Contratti.

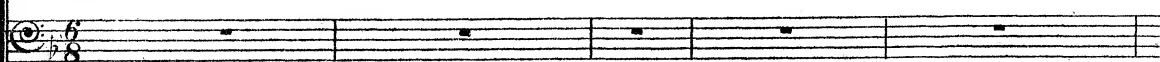


Come, lus - ty ye horns be re - sound - ing;
 Lasst lus - tig die Hörnen er - schal - len.

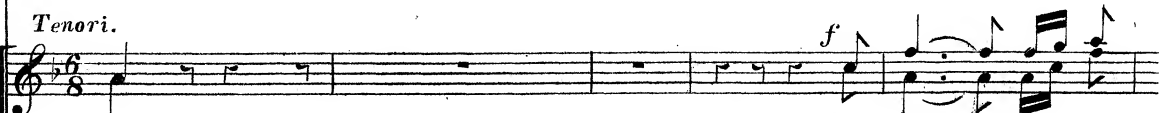
Tenori.



Bassi.



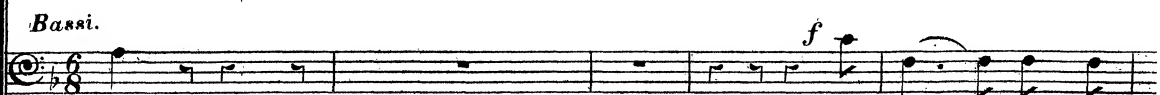
Tenori.



prize.
 Sieg.

Then, lus - ty ye
 Wir las - sen dis

Bassi.



prize.
 Sieg.

Then, lus - ty ye
 Wir las - sen dis

Poco più moderato.



Ob. & Clar.

4^f Corni.

Come, lus - ty ye
lasst lus - tig die

Come, lus - ty ye
lasst lus - tig die

Come, lus - ty ye
lasst lus - tig die

horns be resounding; Then, lus - ty ye horns be resounding; Then, lus - ty ye
Hör-ner er-schallen, wir las - sen die Hör-ner er-schallen, wir las - sen die

horns be resounding; Then, lus - ty ye horns be resounding; Then, lus - ty ye
Hör-ner er-schallen, wir las - sen die Hör-ner er-schallen, wir las - sen die

Tutti sempre.



Come, lus - ty ye horns be resounding,
lasst lus - tig die Hör-ner er-schallen,

Ere
wenn



horns be resounding, Come, lus - ty ye horns be resounding,
Hör-ner er-schallen, lasst lus - tig die Hör-ner er-schallen,

Ere
wenn



horns be resounding, Come, lus - ty ye horns be resounding,
Hör-ner er-schallen, lasst lus - tig die Hör-ner er-schallen,

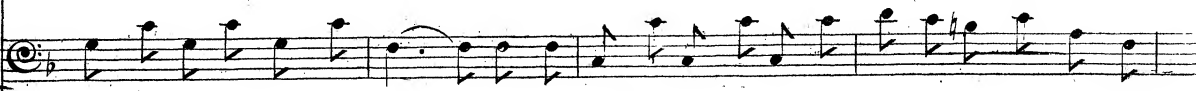
Ere
wenn



horns be resounding, Come, lus - ty ye horns be resounding, Ere eve a-gain greet the hill
Hör-ner er-schallen, lasst lus - tig die Hör-ner er-schallen, wenn wiederum A-bend er



horns be re-sounding, Come, lus - ty ye horns be resounding,
Hör-ner er-schallen, lasst lus - tig die Hör-ner er-schallen,



horns be re-sounding, Come, lus - ty ye horns be resounding, Ere eve a-gain greet the Hill
Hör-ner er-schallen, lasst lus - tig die Hör-ner er-schallen, wenn wiederum A-bend er





eve a gain greet the hill-side, ——— Old Echo shall crack with the sound ing
 wie-der-um A-bend er-graut ——— soll Echo und Fel-sen-wand hal-len:



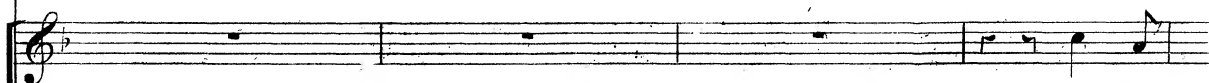
eve a gain greet the hill-side, ——— Old Echo shall crack with the sound ing
 wie-der-um A-bend er-graut ——— soll Echo und Fel-sen-wand hal-len:



eve a gain greet the hill-side, ——— Old Echo shall crack with the sound ing
 wie-der-um A-bend er-graut ——— soll Echo und Fel-sen-wand hal-len:



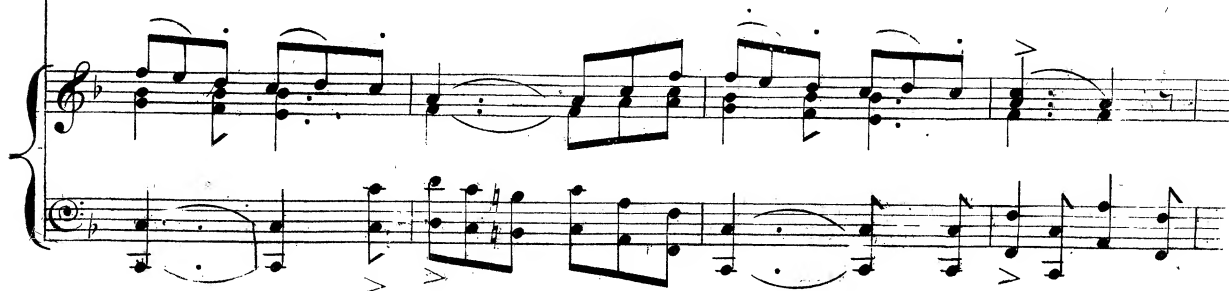
- side, Old Echo shall crack with the sound ing A poe-an, thousand
 - graut, soll Echo und Fel-sen-wand hal-len Sa! Hussa, hus-sa,



thousand
 hus-sa,



- side, Old Echo shall crack with the sound ing A poe-an, thousand
 - graut, soll Echo und Fel-sen-wand hal-len Sa! Hussa, hus-sa,





A poe - an to bride - groom and bride Ere eve a - gain
 Sa! Hus - sa dem Bräut - gam der Braut! wenn wie - der - um



A poe - an to bride - groom and bride Ere eve a - gain
 Sa! Hus - sa dem Bräut - gam der Braut! wenn wie - der - um



A poe - an to bridegroom and bride Ere eve a - gain
 Sa! Hus - sa dem Bräutigam der Braut! wenn wie - der - um



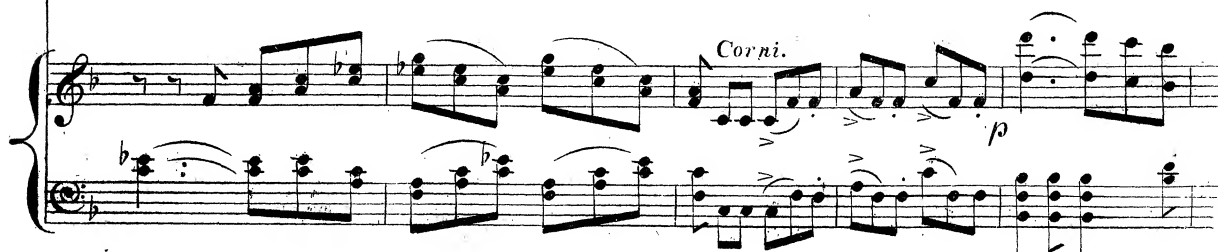
poe - - ans to bride - groom and bride Ere eve a - gain
 hus - - sa, dem Bräut - gam der Braut! wenn wie - der - um



poe - - ans to bride - groom and bride
 hus - - sa, dem Bräut - gam der Braut!



poe - - ans to bride - groom and bride Ere eve a - gain
 hus - - sa, dem Bräut - gam der Braut! wenn wie - der - um



Corni.
 Ere eve a - gain
 wenn wie - der - um

greet the hill-side, Old E - cho shall crack with the sounding "Joy!" "Welcome!"
A_bend er-graut, soll E - cho und Felsenwand hal-len, Sa! hussa!

greet the hill-side, We're sound - ing "Joy!" "Welcome!"
A - bend er-graut, soll hal - len Sa! hussa!

greet the hill-side, Our voices are sound - ing "Joy!" "Welcome!"
A - bend er-graut, soll Felsenwand hal - len Sa! hussa!

greet the hill-side, We're sound - ing "Joy!" "Welcome!"
A - bend er-graut, soll hal - len Sa! hussa!

Er'et greet the hill-side, We're sound - ing "Joy!" "Welcome!"
wenn A_bend er-graut, soll hal - len Sa! hussa!

greet the hill-side, We're sound - ing "Joy!" "Welcome!"
A - bend er-graut, soll hal - len Sa! hussa!

dolce. *ff*

to bridegroom and bride, to bridegroom and bride. Come, *p*
dem Bräutigam der Braut, dem Bräutigam der Braut. lässt

to bridegroom and bride, to bridegroom and bride. Come, *p*
dem Bräutigam der Braut, dem Bräutigam der Braut. lässt

to bridegroom and bride, to bridegroom and bride. Come, *p*
dem Bräutigam der Braut, dem Bräutigam der Braut. lässt

to bridegroom and bride, to bridegroom and bride.
dem Bräutigam der Braut, dem Bräutigam der Braut.

to bridegroom and bride, to bridegroom and bride.
dem Bräutigam der Braut, dem Bräutigam der Braut.

to bridegroom and bride, to bridegroom and bride. *ff*
dem Bräutigam der Braut, dem Bräutigam der Braut.

lus - ty ye horns be resounding; ere eve again greet the hill-side, Old
 lus - tig die Hör-ner, er-schallen, wenn wie - der-um A bend er-graut, dass

lus - - - ty ye horns be re-sound - - ing; Old
 lus - - - tig die Hör - ner, er-schal - - len, dass

lus - - - ty ye horns be re-sound - - ing; Old
 lus - - - tig die Hör - ner, er-schal - - len, dass

p

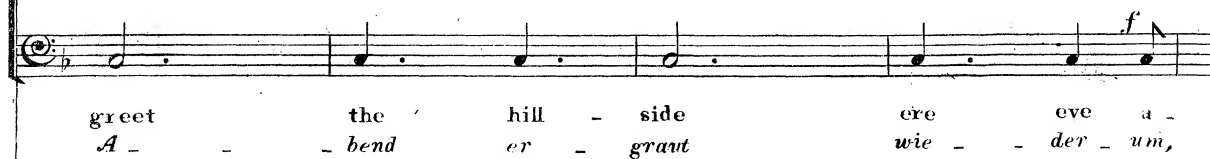
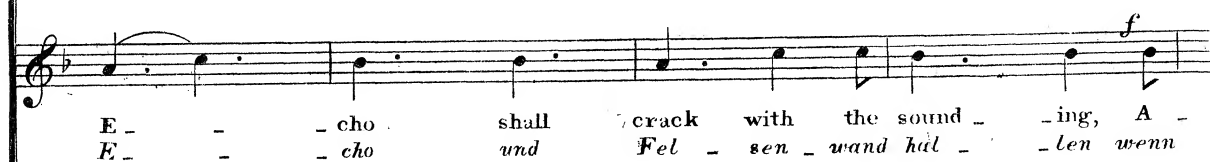
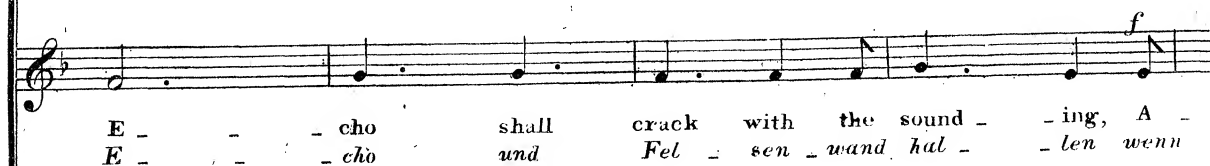
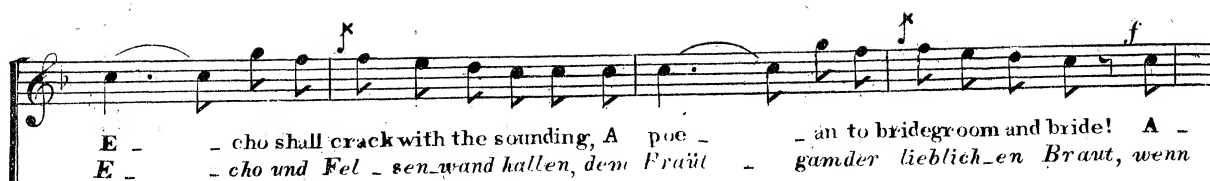
Ere eve - - - ning shall
 wenn wie - - - der - - um

ff

Then,
 Wir

ff

Then
 Wir



- gain ere eve greet yon hill - side Old E - cho shall
wie der - um A - bend er - graut soll E - cho und

- gain ere eve greet yon hill - side Old E - cho shall
wie der - um A - bend er - graut soll E - cho und

gain ere eve greet yon hill - side Old E - cho shall
wie der - um A - bend er - graut soll E - cho und

- gain ere eve greet yon hill - side Old E - cho shall
wie der - um A - bend er - graut soll E - cho und

- gain ere eve greet yon hill - side Old E - cho shall
wie der - um A - bend er - graut soll E - cho und

- gain ere eve greet yon hill - side Old E - cho shall
wie der - um A - bend er - graut soll E - cho und

f

ff

crack with the sound - ing A - poe - an, a poe - an to bride - groom and
 Fel - sen wand hal - len Sa! hus - sa, Sa! hus - sa dem Braüt - gam, der

ff

crack with the sound - ing A poe - an, a poe - an to bride - groom and
 Fel - sen wand hal - len Sa! hus - sa, Sa! hus - sa dem Braüt - gam, der

ff

crack with the sound - ing A poe - an, a poe - an to bride - groom and
 Fel - sen wand hal - len Sa! hus - sa, Sa! hus - sa dem Braüt - gam, der

ff

crack with the sound - ing A poe - an, a poe - an to bride - groom and
 Fel - sen wand hal - len Sa! hus - sa, Sa! hus - sa dem Braüt - gam, der

ff

crack with the sound - ing A poe - an, a poe - an to bride - groom and
 Fel - sen wand hal - len Sa! hus - sa, Sa! hus - sa dem Braüt - gam, der

ff

crack with the sound - ing A poe - an, a poe - an to bride - groom and
 Fel - sen wand hal - len Sa! hus - sa, Sa! hus - sa dem Braüt - gam, der

ff

bride! Aye! poe - ans to bride - groom, to bride - groom and
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, dem Braüt gam dem Braut - gam der

ff

bride! Aye! poe - ans to bride - groom, to bride - groom and
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, dem Braüt gam dem Braut - gam der

ff

bride! Aye! welcome, poe - ans, thousand poe - - ans to bride - groom and
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - - sa dem Braut - gam der

ff

bride! Aye! welcome, poe - ans, thousand poe - - ans to bride - groom and
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - - sa dem Braut - gam der

ff

bride! Aye! welcome, poe - ans, thousand poe - - ans to bride - groom and
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - - sa dem Braut - gam der

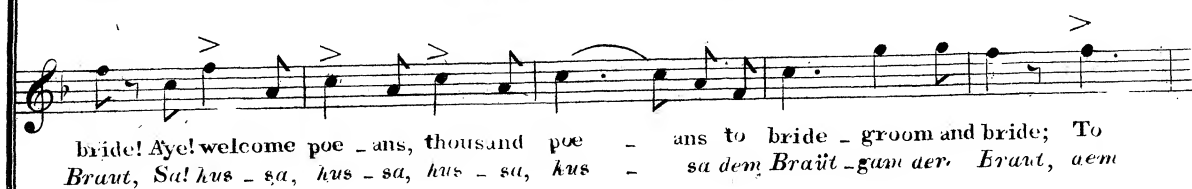
fz *fz* *fz*



bride! Aye! poe - ans to bride - groom, to bride - groom and bride; To
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa dem Bräut - gam dem Bräut - gam der Braut, dem



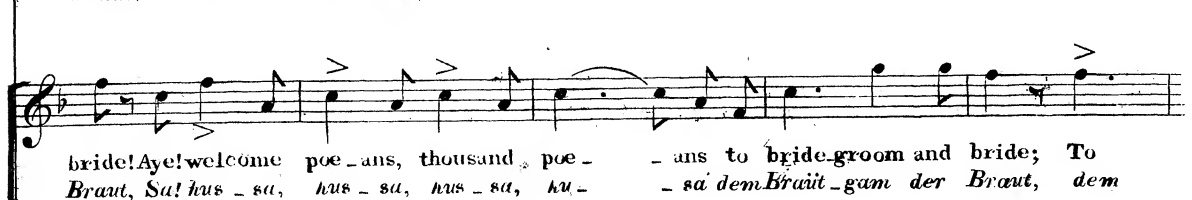
bride! Aye! poe - ans to bride - groom, to bride - groom and bride; To
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa dem Bräut - gam dem Bräut - gam der Braut, dem



bride! Aye! welcome poe - ans, thousand poe - ans to bride - groom and bride; To
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa dem Bräut - gam der Braut, dem



bride! Aye! welcome poe - ans, thousand poe - ans to bride - groom and bride; To
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa dem Bräut - gam der Braut, dem



bride! Aye! welcome poe - ans, thousand poe - ans to bride - groom and bride; To
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa dem Bräut - gam der Braut, dem



bride! Aye! welcome poe - ans, thousand poe - ans to bride - groom and bride; To
 Braut, Sa! hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa, hus - sa dem Bräut - gam der Braut, dem



bride - groom and bride! To bride - - - groom and
Braut - gam der Braut, dem Braut - - - gam der

bride - groom and bride! To bride - - - groom and
Braut - gam der Braut, dem Braut - - - gam der

bride - groom and bride! To bride - - - groom and
Braut - gam der Braut, dem Braut - - - gam der

bride - groom and bride! To bride - - - groom and
Braut - gam der Braut, dem Braut - - - gam der

bride - groom and bride! To bride - - - groom and
Braut - gam der Braut, dem Braut - - - gam der

bride - groom and bride! To bride - - - groom and
Braut - gam der Braut, dem Braut - - - gam der

bride!
Braut!

bride!
Braut!

bride!
Braut!

bride!
Braut!

bride!
Braut!

(shaking Max warmly by the hand, Cuno prepares to leave the scene; shouldering rifle on
spear and following Cuno and Caspar, the Huntsmen joyfully depart.)

bride!
Braut!

SCENE III.

MAX; KILIAN; CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

KILIAN. A fellow of some worth, this our Head-Ranger! but let us to the Inn, 'tis getting dusk and right shivery; (*to Max.*) we'll stick firm friends as ever Master Max, for my part, I hold ye earnest of my best wishes o' the morrow; come, scuttle these crotchets from your cranium, trip it to a girl, and tread a measure with's.

MAX. (*shaking his head.*) Good sooth, the fancy likes me not.

KIL. (*smiling.*) Well, as ye will!

KILIAN. Ein braver Mann, der Herr Förster! Aber nun kommt auch in den Schenkgiebel; es wird schon recht dämmrig und schaurig. (*zu Max.*) Wir wollen gute Freunde bleiben wackerer Bursch! Ich gönne Ihm morgen das beste Glück! Jetzt schlag' Er sich die Grillen aus dem Kopfe, nehm' Er ein Mädchen und tanze Er mit hinein!

MAX. Ja, es wär mir, wie tanzen!

KIL. Nun wie's beliebt!

(he selects a partner, the others follow his example, the Musicians strike up a Bohemian waltz,

No. 3.

WALZER
und ARIA.

KILIAN;
THE PEASANTS;
MAX.

and all except Max, join in the same; Max stands aside against the Inn-table, wrapt in thought.)

This movement is written for 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in B \flat , 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in D, and 2 Trumpets in D,

(some wheel waltzing off the scene, others dance into the tavern; it is now getting quite dark, the music dies

away, and Max finds himself alone.)

SCENA ED ARIA.

Allegro.

Viol: e Bassi.

Allegro. Viola: ff

RECIT: MAX. *Tempo.*

Max: Shall pangs like these be ne-ver finish'd? Some phan-tom-terror slays all Hope.
 Nein, lün-ger trag'ich nicht die Qualen, die Angst die je-de Hoffnung raubt!

Viol: e Bassi. ff

RECIT: *Tempo.*

Max: O for what fault am I thus punish'd?
 für welche Schuld muss ich be-zahlen?

Viol: e Bassi. sempre. ff

RECIT: *Tempo.*

Max: With tramp-ling woe, why forc'd to
 Was weicht dem fal-schen Glück mein

ff

This Scena ed Aria is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in B, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in C, 2 Horns in E \flat , and 1 Drum in A.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEBER.

tempo.

Max: *cope? Haupt?* *Clar: solo. a piacere.* *Corn: e Fag:*

Max: *ARIA.* *Fl: e Clar: Moderato.* *Viol: e Bassi.*

Max: *Through the woodland, through the meadow, Who, so light a heart could*
Durch die Wäl - der, durch die Au - en, zog ich leich - ten Muths da -
Viol: Imo *Viol: e Bassi.*

Max: *claim? Sport - ing in the sun, or sha - dow, Ev'ry quar - ry crown'd my*
- hin; Al - les, was ich konnt' er - schau - en, war des si - chern Rohrs Ge -

Max: *aim, Sporting in the sun or sha - dow, Ev'ry quar - ry, each quar - ry crown'd my*
- winn, al - les, was ich konnt' er - schau - en, war des si - chern, des si - chern Rohrs Ge -

Max: *aim. winn.* *Fl: e Clar:* *Ev'ning brought such blest be -*
Abends bracht'ich reiche *Viol: e Bussi.* *Viola.*

Max: *- guil - ing, 'Neath the sa - cred tranquil roof, Where Love chid the spoil - er - smil - ing*
Beu - te, and als ü - ber eig - nes Glück, dro - hend wohl dem Mor - der, freu - te *Fl: e Fag:*

Max: *In A - ga - the's soft reproof, smil - ing In A - ga - the's*
sich A - ga - thens Lie - bes - blick, freu - te sich A - ga - thens *Viol: Bussi. Corni: &c*

Max: *soft re - proof; smil - ing In A - ga - the's soft reproof,*
Lie - bes - blick, freu - te sich A - ga - thens Lie besblick, *Viol:* *Clar:*

Max: smil - ing In A - ga - the's, A - ga - the's soft re - proof. —
 freu - te sich A - ga - then's, A - ga - then's Lie - bes - blick. —

Viol: *Clar:* *Fl:* *Clar:* *Fag:*

ff Fag: *Viol: e Bassi.*

Bassi. &c *Viol: e Bassi: &c*

shade seems to cross his spirit, as he shudders and starts with some inward presentiment.)

Max:

Viola. e Clar: tenuti.

Max: RECIT:

Doth guardian Pro - vidence for -
 Hat denn der Himmel mich ver -

SCENE V.

The same; SAMIEL unseen.

(at these words, Samiel glides forwards out of the bushes a step, and stands motionless; he is of almost superhuman

Max: *Tempo.*

- sake me! Can Heaven turn its eye a - way! Shall dark mis -
 las - sen? Die Vorsicht ganz ihr Aug' ge - wandt, soll das Ver -

Viol:

Basso. (Pizz?) e Tymp: *Basso (Pizz?) e Tymp:*

stature, clothed in dark green with a mantle of fiery red, a large hat adorned with a plume overshadows his terrible countenance.)

Max: *ff* *pp* *crescendo.* *ff* *Ob: e Fag:*

fortune then overtake me, Become of worse despair the prey?
 - der ben mich ~~er~~-faß-sen, verfiel ich in das Zufalls Hand?

Bassi. Corni. &c

Viol: e Bassi.

(Samuel glides back; the clouds which have gather'd over the scene dissipate, and a rich stream of mild evening sunset glows on all things; the anguish passes from the soul of Max, as the image of his Agathe steals upon his mind.)

Max: *Andante con moto.* *2 Fl:* *dolce 2 Ob: e Clar Imo* *Viol: e celli.*

From the lattice gladly
 Jetzt ist wohl ihr Fenster

Max: *Viol: Imo*

opt - ing Now her strain - ing glances press; How her heart in truth is
 of - fen, und sie horcht auf mei-nen Schritt lässt nicht ab vom treu - en

Max: *Basso*

hop - ing; "Max brings tidings of suc-cess," Max brings tid - ings of suc -
 hof - fen; "Max bringt gu-te Zeichen mit;" Max bringt gu - te Zeichen

Max: *- cess"! mit"! Night-wind mid the leaf-let ram - bling Bids her deem me in the*
wenn sich rauschend Blätter re - gen wütht sie wohl, es sei mein

Viol: Mo

Viol: Bassi, Clar: e Cor:

Max: *grove; Woo - ing ze - phyr, blossom trem - bling, Faintly mock, faintly*
Fuss; hüft vor freuden, winkt ent - ge - gen, nur dem Laub, nur dem
ritard

Viol: e Bassi

pp

Max: *mock - her sigh of love. Woo - ing: zephyr, blossom trembling, Faint - ly*
Laub - den Lie - bes - gruss. hüft vor Freuden, winkt ent - ge - gen nur dem

Viol: Mo

Viol: Bassi, e Fag:

Max: *mock - her sigh of love. (his mind again becomes*
Laub - den Lie - bes - gruss. 2 Flauti.

Allegro con fuoco.

Viol: Clar: Fag: pp Viol: e Bassi.

clouded, the sunset fades, and the sky darkens and darkens deeper; Samiel strides forth in the background with tremendous

Max:

Dark - est des -
Doch mich um -

crescendo. *f* *p*

steps across the scene; and as Max' despair increases, he advances behind him, and with his arms stretched forth over him, seems

Max:

- pairs, thick fears sur - round me, And speechless
- gar - - nen fins - tre Mächte; mich fasst Ver -

Ob: Clar: &c

to triumph in the having Max in his power.)

Max:

horrors ice my blood; And speechless horrors,
- zweiflung, fol - tert Spott! mich fasst Ver - zweiflung,

f *Viol.* *Ob: Clar: &c* *f Viol: Russi. e Corni.*

Bassi. f &c *Bassi. &c*

Max:

hor - rors ice my blood, And speechless hor - rors ice my
fol - tert, fol - tert Spott! mich fasst Ver - zweiflung, fol - tert

Viol: e Bassi. *ff Tutti.* *Viol: Bassi. e Corni.*

Max: blood; Spott! Can no ray
O dringt kein

Viol: *Tutti.* *ff* *fp* *Viol: Bassi. e Fag:*

Max: pierce the night a - round me! Can no ray
Strahl durch die - - - se Nüch - te', o dringt kein

Viol: *celli:* *Bassi: &c*

Max: pierce the night a - round me! Doth Fate rule
Strahl durch die - se Nüch - te? herrscht blind das

Viol: e Passi.

Max: blind - ly? Doth Fate rule blind - ly?
Schik - sal? herrscht blind' das Schik - sal?

Viol: e Passi. *Tutti. ff* *fp* *ff Tutti.*

(at this word, Samuel shudders and vanishes into the earth.)

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Max: *lives no God? lives*
lebt kein Gott? lebt
Viol: e Bassi.
ff *ff* *Tutti.* *Viol: e*

Max: *no God? For speechless horrors ice my blood, For speechless*
kein Gott? mich fasst Ver zweiflung, fol tert Spott! mich fasst Ver
Bassi. *Tutti.* *Viol: e Bassi.* *Tutti.*

Max: *- horrors ice my blood, Aye, speech - less hor*
- zweiflung, fol tert Spott! mich fasst Ver zweif
> Viol: e Bassi. *> Viol: e Bassi. Corni & c. tenuti.* *cres.*

Max: *- rors ice my blood; Aye, speech - less*
- lung, fol - tert Spott! mich fasst..... Ver
ff *Viol: e Bassi. Corni. & c. tenuti.*

Max: hor - - - rors, ice - my blood; For
- zweif - - - lung, fol - tert Spott! mich

speech - less hor - - - rors ice my blood, Aye, speech -
Just Ver - zweif - - lung, fol - tert Spott mich fasst

Viol: e Bassi. *p* *f* *f* *Viol:*

Max: - less horrors ice - my blood.
Ver - zweiflung, fol - - tert Spott!

Bassi, &c. *ff* Tutti.

Max: (Max sinks on the

ground on one knee, his head bowed down between his hands, he is a prey to the deepest mental suffering; the sun has set, and the whole scene is deepening into night.)

MAX; CASPAR; SAMIEL, mostly invisible;

A SERVANT-GIRL.

CASPAR. (*enters, stealthily creeping towards Max; but assuming a more careless air when the latter perceives him.*) So, so; here still, comrade; lucky that I find ye.

MAX. How! dogging my steps again?

CAS: And that is all my thanks: o' the way hither, good service thee-ward shot across my mind; and with true-heartedness I'm here to offer't, but speed has stole my breath—(*feigning to have exhausted himself by running.*) It gives— gives me much grievance that ye have so become a dumpling-peasant's butt. Jove! how the swipes-swiggings curlpates laughed. ha, ha, ha!— but, where so great a harm? scare this out of your cerebrum, brother-heart! (*looking into a pitcher on the table.*) how? what? (*with contempt.*) beer! why that's no care-dispeller (*calling aloud into the tavern.*) wine! wine! two pass-service cups!— an it should drain me of my latest denier ye must drink with me, I cannot see a comrade so cast-down. (*to the Servant-girl, who enters from the inn, hearing a wine bottle and two tall glasses, which she places upon the table, at the same time clearing away the one or two remaining beer-mugs.*) chalk it to my score — (*the Servant re-enters the tavern.*)

MAX. (*turning away.*) Excuse me! my head is over-dull enough without. (*he sits down, and buries his face in his hands.*)

CAS: (*aside, whilst Max is in this position, dropping something quickly from a small phial into the glass intended for his comrade.*) (There, friend, we have ye safe!)(*pours wine into the glass; aside.*)(*help, Samiel!*)(*the head of Samiel appears above the bush close to which they are seated, Caspar is terrified.*) thou there? (*Samiel disappears.*)

MAX. (*looking up.*) With whom do you speak?

CAS: (*confusedly.*) I?— with no one— I said "there, friend" i' the act of filling ye a bumper.

MAX. (*refusing the wine which Caspar holds out to him.*) But I would rather not.

CASPAR. (*sobald Max ihn gewahr wird.*) Da bist du ja noch, Camerad. Gut, dass ich dich finde.

MAX. Horchst du schon wieder herum?

CAS: Ist das mein Dank? Es fiel mir unterwegs ein guter Rath für dich ein; aus treuem endem Herzen stehle ich mich fort, laufe mich fast ausser Athem!— Ich kann's — kann's nicht verschmerzen, dass du hier zum Spott der Bauern worden bist. Teufel! die mögen gelacht haben! ha ha ha! Aber, was hilft's? Schlag' dirs aus den Gedanken, Bruderherz! (*greift nach dem Krüge.*) Wie? was? Bier hast du? das taugt nicht zum Sorgenbrecher! (*in den Schenkeibel rufend.*) Wein! Wein! Zwei Passgläser!— Camerad! und kostete es mich den letzten Heller, ich kann dich nicht so traurig sehen! du musst mit mir trinken! (*Das Geforderte ist indes von einem Schenkmädchen gebracht worden.*) Lass dir ankreiden:—

MAX. Damit verschone mich! Mein Kopf ist ohnediess wüst genug. (*Legt den Kopf auf die Hände.*)

CAS: (*tropft geschwind aus einem Fläschchen etwas in das für Max bestimmte Glas. Vor sich.*)(*So Freundchen! du brauchst du wenig!*)(*giesst schnell Wein ein.*)(*Hilf, Samiel!*)(*Samiel schaut mit dem Kopfe aus dem Gebüsch an welchem sie sitzen. Caspar erschrocken.*) Du da? (*Samiel verschwindet.*)

MAX. (*auffahrend.*) Mit wem sprachst du?

CAS: Ich? mit Niemand. Ich sagte: "So, Freundchen!" weil ich dir einschenkte.

MAX. Ich mag aber nichts.

CAS: (filling his own glass.) Long life to the Head-Ranger! will ye not second me in a health to our good master?

MAX: (carelessly.) As ye list. (they drink together.)

CAS: (sitting negligently on the top runnel of his chair, his foot across the end of the table.) Now, let us sing a verse! (sings.) "When the heart of a man's oppress'd with care." (Max expresses his disapprobation) Why you like that not? well then, for another. (refilling his glass, he sings.)

CAS: Der Herr Fürster soll leben! die Gesundheit deines Lehrherrn wirst du doch mit-trinken?

MAX: So sey's. (sie stossen an und trinken)

CAS: Nun lass uns eins singen!—"Semper frohlich, nur halb selig; immerhin!" (Max bezeugt seinen Unwillen.) Das gefällt dir nicht? Nun denn, ein andres!

No. 4.

Allegro feroce, ma non troppo presto.

TRINKLIED.

CASPAR.

ff Viol: Bassi, e Fag:

CASPAR.

CAS:

In this earth-ly vale of tears All were care and pluggish fears,
Hier im ird'schen Jammer - that, Wär' doch nichts als Pluck und Qual,

p Viol: Bassi, e Fag:

Viol: e Bassi.

CAS:

But for wine's ex-ta-ties; 2 Piccoli.
Trüg der Stock nicht Trau-ben; hr

Viol: Bassi, e Fag:

This Song is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Piccoli, 2 Oboes, and 2 Bassoons.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. V. WEBER.

Cas: Therefore till my la - test breath, I, on Bacchus fix a faith Firm as
 Da - rum bi - zum letzten Hauch Setz' ich auf Gott Bacchus Bauch Mei - nen

Viol: Bassi, Ob: Fag: *Viol: Bassi.* *sf*

Cas: ma - the - ma - ties! Firm as ma - the -
 fes - ten Glau - ben! Mei - nen fes - ten

Viol: Bassi, Ob:

Cas: - ma - ties! *2 Piccoll.*
 Glau - ben! *hr* *hr* *hr*

Tutti. *Viol: Bassi, Fag:*

(drinks.) hey man! join in a chorus! (drinks again.)

MAX. (shaking his head.) Excuse me!

CAS. (refilling both glasses.) Long life to Agathe! he who toasts not his betrothed, can be no man.

MAX. Ye presume, (they drink together.)

Ei, du mußt auch mitsingen! (trinkt.)

MAX. Lass mich.

CAS: Jungfer Agathe soll leben! Wir die Gesundheit seiner Braut ausschlug' wär' doch wahrlich ein Schuft.

MAX. Du wirst unverschämt. (sie stossen an und trinken.)

Cas: One makes one, and three make three, Two joys tri - pli - cate the glee
 Eins ist Eins, und Drei sind Drei! Drum ad - dirt noch zwei - er - lei

p Viol: Bassi. Fag: Viol: e Bassi.

Cas: Pur - pling grape is giv - - ing;
 Zu dem Saft der Re - - ben; 2 Piccoli.
hr *hr*

Viol: Bassi. Fag:

Cas: Dice, flung down with lus - ty jest, And a ripe girl's rounded breast, Make life
 Kar - ten - spiel und Würfel - lust Und ein Kind mit run - der Brust Hilft zum

Viol: Bassi. Ob: Fag: Viol: e Bassi.

fp

Cas: Worth the liv - - - ing! Make life worth the
 ew' - - gen Le - - - ben! Hilft zum ew' - - gen

Viol: Bassi. Ob:

Cas: *liv - - - ing! Le - - - ben! 2 Piccoli.*

Tutti.

Viol: Bassi. Fag:

'gad will nothing stir thee up to-day? (*drinks.*)

MAX. (*reproachfully.*) How can ye expect me to voice in such a song?

CAS: (*refilling for both.*) Long live our lord the Prince! who chimes not with that, is a Judas!

MAX. Well then — but no drop more (*they drink together, Max fans himself with his hat, indicating that the heat oppresses him.*)

Mit dir ist aber auch gar nichts anzufangen! (*trinkt.*)

MAX. Wie kannst du mir zumuthen in so etwas einzustimmen?

CAS: Unser Herr Fürst soll leben! Wer nicht dabei ist, ist ein Judas!

MAX. Nun denn, aber dann auch keinen Tropfen mehr! (*Sie stossen an und trinken. Max weht sich mit dem Hute Luft zu, und giebt sonst zu erkennen, dass ihm heiss sey.*)

CASPAR.

Cas: *When these three to - ge - ther join'd That word "Pleasure" then was coin'd; Oh - ne dies Tri - fo - li - um Giebt's kein wah - res Gau - di - um*

p Viol: Bassi. e Fag: Viol: e Bassi.

Cas: *Fools deem each — a foi - - ble; Seit dem ers - ten Ue - - bel. 2 Piccoli.*

Viol: Bassi. Fag:

Cas: 

Cas: 

Cas: 

MAX. (*springing up*.) Knavel! my Agathe's right, in that she ever warns me 'gainst thee. (*he is for leaving; during the remainder of the scene, a certain vehemance is observable in his manner, but light, as if proceeding from slight intoxication.*)

CAS. (*coming forward*.) Angered so soon, brother-heart? I served my "sub"-ship 'neath Tilly, and danced with him that devil's dance at Magdeburg; your soldier-folk can teach a spicey

MAX. (*auffspringend*.) Bube! Agathe hat recht, wenn sie mich immer vor dir warnt: (*will fort. Man merkt ihm von jetzt eine gewisse Heftigkeit an, einem leichten, aber bösen Rausche gleich.*)

CAS: Wie kannst du auch gleich so in Harnisch gerathen, Bruderherz? Ich diene noch als Milchbart unter dem Altringer und Tilly, und war mit beim Magdeburger Tanze; unterm Kriegsvolke

* AGÄTHE, pronounced as in the German, AËTHË; throughout the Work.

song or two: *(the village clock strikes seven; Max is moving off.)* art for home already?

MAX. Yes, 'tis time, it then struck seven. *(the stage gets darker and darker.)*

CAS: To Agathe? *(Max assents.)* there, knew I it not:— but you may frighten her; remember, she will expect ye bring some prize as auguring well the morrow.

MAX. *(dejectedly as he stops short.)* Alas, poor girl!— myself too!— the morrow!

CAS: Then stay, and be advised: 'tis for this that I have really sought thee; there are means of help at hand!

MAX. Of help?

CAS: *(mysteriously.)* Could I give acquaintance of my friendship, 'neath so many eyes? — 'twas not for nought I dropp'd those hints an hour since — *(in a lower tone.)* there exist certain simple natural crafts, certain innocent hunter-practices — this very night, at the moon's eclipse, may great things be accomplish'd! — an old mountain-hunter once let me i' the secret. — *(during these words of Caspar's, Samiel has been observed from time to time to peer forth, unseen by both speakers.)*

MAX. Ye measure me the poison drop by drop —

CAS: How were it, Comrade, should I lend ye hand to-day to a right lucky shot; giving Agathe rest, thyself success o' the morrow!

MAX. You speak parables: can such be possible?

CAS: Courage! courage! "what the eye don't see, the heart don't grieve." now, take my gun. *(handing his rifle to Max.)*

MAX. And with it, what to do?

CAS: *(putting out his hand to motion Max.)* Patience! *(he scrutinizes the sky.)* doth nothing shew itself? *(quickly, as he gives Max the rifle.)* there! there! dost see yon eagle? *(pointing upwards.)* fire!

MAX. Art a fool, or tak'st me for one? it is quite dusk, the bird appears but a speck in the sky; cloud-high and out of shot-range!

lernt man solche Schelmliedlein. *(die Dorfuhr schlägt, Max steht auf.)* Willst du schon nach Hause?

MAX. Ja, es wird Zeit. Das schlug Sieben!

CAS: Zu Agathen? — Da weiss ich doch nicht — du könntest sie erschrecken! Weissst du nicht dass sie auf einen Gewinn als gute Vorbedeutung für morgen hofft?

MAX. Ach, die Arme! Und ich selbst! Morgen!

CAS: Bleib' noch und lass dir rathen! Deshalb hab' ich dich eigentlich aufgesucht. Dir könnte gar wohl geholfen werden!

MAX. Mir geholfen?

CAS: Um dir ganz meine Freundschaft zu beweisen, könnte ich dir unter vier Augen. — — Nicht umsonst habe ich gegen dich zuweilen ein Wort fallen lassen — — Es giebt allerdings gewisse geheime Kräfte der Natur, gewisse unschuldige Jagd-Künste — Diese Nacht, wo sich die Mondscheibe verfinstert, ist zu grossen Dingen geschickt! — Ein alter Bergjäger hat mir einmal vertraut — *(Man sieht Samiel von Zeit zu Zeit lauschen, ohne dass ihn die Sprechenden bemerken.)*

MAX. Du missest mir das Gift tropfenweiss' zu —

CAS: Wie wär's, Camerad, wenn ich dir noch heute zu einem recht glücklichen Schusse verhilfe der Agathen beruhige und zugleich Euer morgendes Glück verbürge?

MAX. Du fragst wunderbar. Ist das möglich?

CAS: Muth! Muth! "Was die Augen sehen, glaubt das Herz." Da, nimm meine Büchse!

MAX. Wass soll ich damit?

CAS: Geduld! *(er sieht nach dem Himmel.)* Zeigt sich denn nichts? *(schnell, indem er ihm das Gewehr giebt.)* Da! da! Siehst du den Stösser dort? Schiess!

MAX. Bist du ein Narr, oder glaubst du, ich bins? Es ist ganz düster, der Vogel schwebt wie ein schwarzer Punkt in der Luft, wolkenhoch über der Schussweite!

CAS: (*hastily.*) Fire, in the d — dunderhead's name! ha! ha!

MAX. (*touching the trigger with some hesitation the gun goes off: at the same moment a yell of laughter is heard, so that Max terrified, turns to Caspar.*) Why laughest thou? — the dark wings of a fiend seem circling there above — (*a large golden eagle sweeps for an instant spinning in the air, then falls dead at the feet of Max.*) what is this?

CAS: (*kneeling down and lifting up the eagle.*) A golden eagle, and of the largest; what a shot, and how marvellously hit! right under the wing, otherwise not touch'd: have him stuffed, brother, for a cabinet.

MAX. (*in bewilderment.*) But I cannot conceive — — (*examining Caspar's gun.*) that rifle is, as others are — —

CAS: Victoria! here have we your respect from the peasants, here Agáthe's joy! (*plucking out some of the largest feathers, he sticks them in Max' hat.*) there, comrade, stands your trophy!

MAX. (*shuddering.*) What do you? an icy chill hath check'd my ev'ry vein — (*vehemently.*) with what did ye load? what manner of bullet was't?

CAS: (*laughing.*) No bullet, little fool! nought but a snail-in-young, which hits alway.

MAX. O, am I drunk with dreams, or dream'd with wine? such like hath happen'd to me ne'er before! — Caspar! I pray ye, I entreat ye (*catches hold of him.*) dear Caspar! I will give thee — give — say, what ball was that?

CAS: (*struggling in his hand.*) Has Joy out-quenched the sober light of Reason? Come, I will share this with thee (*embraces Max.*) — Nothing, little friend! it was — a shot — leave me loose.

MAX. (*frees Caspar from his grasp.*) Where gottest thou those balls?

CAS: Humph; since ye come into your proper sense — now, tell me truly — thou, expertest hunter, art, or feign'st thee so untaught? do ye really know not, what a "free-bullet" means?

CAS: Schiess ins T — Schellobers Namen! ha ha!

MAX. (*berührt wie im Zweifel den Stecher; das Gewehr geht los. In demselben Augenblicke hört man ein gellendes Gelächter, so dass sich Max erschrocken nach Caspar umsieht.*) Was lachst du? — Wie Fittige der Unterwelt kreisst's dort oben — (*Ein mächtiger Steinadler schwebt einen Augenblick wirbelnd in der Luft, und stürzt dann todt zu Maxens Füssen.*) — Was ist das?

CAS: (*der ihn aufhebt.*) Der grösste Steinadler, den es giebt! Was für Fänge! Und wie herrlich getroffen! Gleich unterm Flügel, sonst nichts verletzt! Kannst ihn ausstopfen lassen, Bruder, für ein Naturalien-Kabinet!

MAX. Aber ich begreife nicht — — diese Büchse ist doch, wie jede andere — —

CAS: Victoria! das wird dich bei den Bauern in Respect setzen! das wird Agathen erfreuen! (*Raßt einige der grössten Federn aus und steckt sie auf Maxens Hut.*) So, Camerad! diess als Siegszeichen.

MAX. Was machst du? — Wird mir doch ganz schauerlich! — Was hast du geladen? Was war das für eine Kugel?

CAS: Gar keine Kugel, Närrchen! Eine träch-tige Blindschleiche! die trifft allemal.

MAX. Traum' ich denn, oder bin ich berauscht? So etwas ist mir noch nie begegnet! — Caspar! ich bitte dich, ich beschwöre dich — (*Fasst ihn.*) Caspar! ich bringe dich um — Sag' was war das für eine Kugel?

CAS: Bist du verwirrt vor Freuden? Ich theile sie mit dir? (*umarmt ihn.*) Nicht, Freundchen! das war ein Schuss? — Lass mich los!

MAX. (*lässt ihn los.*) Wo hast du die Kugel her?

CAS: Nun wenn du Vernunft annimmst — so sag' mir — du, der wackerste Jäger, bist du, oder stellst du dich nur so unerfahren? Wüsstest du wirklich nicht, was eine Freikugel sagen will?

MAX. (*turning aside.*) Ridicule and gossip!

CAS: One's school'd it better 'mongst your soldier-folk: ha, ha! how hit the sharp-shooters their mark, who strike their man 'mid volumes of thick powder-smoke? or, have ye ne'er heard tell how Sweden's king did fall at Lutzen? two silver bullets hit him — aye, aye. (*musingly.*) well knows it your philosopher who nathless dares at other arts as deep to sound, as difficult to gain.

MAX. (*stooping, and examining the eagle.*) The shot is incredible — i' the dull twilight — brought hither from the clouds. O, how can this be real?

CAS: Two things hinge thereon; to lift a weakling son of earth from deep dejection to the light of life; to win him honor — place — and most supreme affection!

MAX. (*inwardly brooding.*) Hast thou more of these balls?

CAS: That was the last — they have just served their turn. (*a pause.*)

MAX. Why suddenly so silent? — “just served their turn!” — your meaning?

CAS: (*darkly.*) Because that more may be obtain'd to-night.

MAX. This very night?

CAS: Assuredly! three days the sun stands backward of his course, and this is now the second; to-night, the moon is totally eclips'd. — Max! comrade! thy fate hangs o' the influx of propitious stars! thou mayest achieve greatness! and this day, 'right i the thick of night, win honor at the trial, secure thee place and bride, if ye dare dare an unseen power's help — for then shall Nature bow herself thy slave!

MAX. Well — if my fate willeth, procure me such a ball!

CAS: More than ye could require; but will ye take my tutorage?

MAX. How may they be obtained?

CAS: That can I teach thee — meet me at midnight in the “Wolf's-glen!”

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

MAX. Albernes Geschwätz!

CAS: Da lernt man's doch besser unter dem Kriegsvolke. Ha, ha! wie kämen die Scharfschützen zurecht, die ihren Mann aus dem dicksten Pulverdampfe herausschiessen? Oder hast du nie nachgedacht, wie der Schwedenkönig, trotz seines Gollers von Elendshaut, bei Lützen gefallen ist? Zwei silberne Kugeln hiess es. Ja, ja, der Gescheidte kennt das! Doch zu so etwas bedarfs anderer Künste, als blos zu zielen und loszudrücken.

MAX. (*den Adler betrachtend.*) Der Schuss ist unglaublich — in trüber Dämmerung — aus den Wolken herabgeholt! So wäre es doch wahr?

CAS: Zudem ist's wohl zweierlei, einem armen Erdensohne aus dem Hinterhalte das Lebenslicht ausblasen, und sich eine Erbförsterei und ein allerliebstes Mädchen erschiessen!

MAX. (*vor sich selbst brütend.*) Hast du noch mehr solche Kugeln?

CAS: Es war die letzte — sie haben gerade ausgereicht. (*Pause.*)

MAX. Bist du doch auf einmal so wortkarg! — Ausgereicht! Wie versteht du das?

CAS: Weil sie in dieser Nacht zu bekommen sind.

MAX. In dieser Nacht?

CAS: Ja doch! Drei Tage hintereinander steht jetzt die Sonne in Schützen, und heut ist der mittelste; heut, wenn sich die Tage scheiden, giebt's eine totale Mondfinsterniss — Max! Camerad! Dein Schicksal steht unter dem Einflusse günstiger Gestirne! Du bist zu hohen Dingen gersehen! Heute, gerade in der Nacht zuvor, ehe du den Probeschuss thum, Amt und Braut dir gewippen sollst, wo du der Hülffo unsichtbarer Mächte so sehr bedarfst, heut die Natur selbst sich zu deinem Dienste!

MAX. Wohl! Mein Geschick will's! — Schaff' mir so eine Kugel! —

CAS: Mehr, als du branchst! Aber bedarf der Mann eines Vormunds?

MAX. Wie erlangt man sie?

CAS: Das will ich dich lehren — Sey Punct zwölf Uhr in der “Wolfsschlucht!”

C. M. VON WEBER.

MAX. (*starting.*) At midnight — in the "Wolf's-glen!" no — the place has a bad name, — and at midnight the gates of Hell are opened.

CAS: Pah! — what fancies! — but yet cannot I leave thee to thine evil star — I stand thy friend, and will help ye to cast them.

MAX. (*shaking his head.*) Nor that either!

CAS: So; — then be the morrow's laughing-stock; lose Agathe and the forest'ry — I stand thy friend, and will cast them for ye; but ye must be at my side.

MAX. There is a smooth persuasion on thy tongue — (*meditates.*) no! on things like these no honest man must pause. (*is moving off.*)

CAS: Coward! wouldst purchase bliss, and by another's danger; think ye — thy share of the guilt (if guilt) but trifling? think ye the guilt (if guilt) already not upon ye? (*spreading out the eagle.*) think ye this eagle given thee by chance?

MAX. Horrible, if ye are right! —

CAS: Strange, how you doubt! — Ingratitude's the world's best thanks; I'll cut me off a wing, that I may suck some profit i' this matter. (*kneels, and cuts off one of the eagle's wings with his hanger.*) how droll! ye dared this shot to give Agathe rest; to gain her, fail in sequent courage! methinks 'twill sourly cheer that waxen-doll who jilted me for thee. (*aside.*) (I catch him now.)

MAX. (*bitterly.*) Wretch! I have courage —!

CAS: To the proof then! the casting of the bullets which ye need is child's play; but for this timely help, just augur from such late mischance your fate: she loves thee to distraction, would die — or perhaps, despair without thee! you, the jesting-butt of all, despair in turn — (*pressing his hand to his eyes, as if to dash away the tears.*) Shame on thee, rugged hunter, in that thou lov'st him more, than he, his weakling self! (*aside.*) (help, Samiel!)

MAX. (*who has during all the latter portion of this discourse, been much perturbed in mind.*)

MAX. Um Mitternacht — in der "Wolfsschlucht?" — Nein! die Schlucht ist verrufen, und um Mitternacht öffnen sich die Pforten der Hölle.

CAS: Pah! — Wie du denkst! — Und doch kann ich dich deinem Unstern nicht überlassen — ich bin dein Freund! ich will dir giessen helfen.

MAX. Auch das nicht!

CAS: So mach' dich morgen zum Landesgespott! Berlier' die Försterei und Agathen! — Ich bin dein Freund! ich will selbst für dich giessen; aber dabei musst du seyn!

MAX. Deine Zunge ist glatt. — Nein, an solche Dinge muss ein frommer Jäger nicht denken!

CAS: Feigling! Also nur durch fremde Gefahr, gab's anders dergleichen, möchtest du dein Glück erkaufen; Glaubst du, dann wär deise Schuld, gab' es dergleichen, laste nicht schon auf dir? (*den Adler an den Fittigen ausspreizend.*) Glaubst du, dieser Adler sey dir geschenkt?

MAX. Furchtbar, wenn du recht hättest!

CAS: Sonderbar, wie du fragst! — Doch Undank ist der Welt Lohn. Ich will mir hier einen Flederwisch abhauen, dass ich wenigstens etwas davon trage. (*haut einem Flügel ab.*) Drollig! um Agathen zu trösten, wagtest du den Schuss sie zu erwerben fehlt es dir an Herzhaftigkeit! Das würde sich das Wachspüppchen, das mich um deinetwillen verwarf, schwerlich einbilden! (*vor sich.*) (Es soll gerochen werden.)

MAX. Elender! Muth hab' ich — —

CAS: So bewähr' ihn! Brauchtest du schon eine Freikugel, so ist's ja ein Kinderspiel, welche zu giessen. Was dir bevorsteht ohne diese Hülfe, kannst du aus deinem bisherigen Fehlschüssen leicht abnehmen. Das Mädchen ist auf dich versessen, kann nicht ohne dich leben; sie wird verzweifeln! Du wirst allen Menschen ein Spott, herumerschleichen, vielleicht aus Verzweiflung — (*drückt sich die Faust in die Augen, als träte das Wasser hinein.*) Schäume dich, rauher Waidmann, dass du ihn mehr liebst, als er sich selbst! (*vor sich.*) Hilf zu, Samiel

MAX. Agathe sterben! Ich in einen Abgrund springen! Ja, das wär' das Ende! — (*giebt Caspar*

Agathe die! I — perish from despair! aye, there
lays the end — (giving Caspar his hand.) by Agathe's
life, I come!

(Samuel has glided forth at these last words, he
beckons and vanishes.)

CAS: No word to no man! 'twere danger to us
both. I wait thee! midnight! (in an impres-
sive voice.)

MAX. (shaking his hand.) Betray thee? — mid-
night! I come! (rushes off the stage.)

die Hand.) Bei Agathe's Leben! ich komme!

(Samuel, der bei den letzten Worten hervorge-
taucht hat, nickt und verschwindet.)

CAS: Schweig gegen Jedermann! Es könnte
dir und mir Gefahr bringen. Ich erwarte dich!
Glock zwölf!

MAX. Ich dich verrathen? — Glock zwölf!
Ich komme! (schnell ab.)

SCENE VII.

CASPAR solus.

♩ = 84.
Moderato.

NO 5.

ARIA.
CASPAR.

Still! Schweig, Viol: > Bassi.

f *Tymp: e Corni tenuti.*

still! Schweig, Viol: ff Bassi.

lest friendly tongue should warn. Si - lence! lest friendly tongue should
da - mit dich niemand warnt! Schwei - ge, da - mit dich nie - mand

pp *2 Fag: &c*

ff *Allegro.*

warn. Dark Hell shall mock thy fear to scorn, Dark Hell shall
warnt! der Höl - le Netz hat dich um - garnt, der Höl - le

ff *Tutti.* *Viol: e Bassi.* *ff* *Corn: e Tromboni.* *Tutti.*

This Aria is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, Piccolo, 2 Oboes,
2 Clarinets in A, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in D, 2 Horns in A, 2 Trumpets in D, 3 Trombones, and Drums
in D, A. DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. VON WEBER.

Cas: mock thy fear to scorn, Nought from the deepest fall can save ye; Nought from the
Nitz hat dich um - garnt, Nichts kann vom tie - fen Fall dich ret - ten! Nichts kann vom

Viol: e Bassi. Corni. ff Tromboni. Viol: e Bassi.

Cas: deep - est fall can save ye; nought! Nought then can save ye from
tie - fen Fall dich ret - ten! Nichts! Nichts kann dich ret - ten vom

ff Str: & Wind ins:

Cas: deep - est fall; Nought, nought from the deep - est fall can save ye; Nought then can
tie - fen Fall, Nichts, nichts kann vom tie - fen, Fall dich ret - ten, nichts kann dich

2 Viol: Bassi: Fag: &c

Cas: save ye from deepest fall! Nought! nought! from deep - est fall;
ret - ten vom tie - fen Fall! Nichts! Nichts! vom tie - fen Fall!

Fag: Viola. Viol: e Bassi. Corni. e Tromboni. Viol: Bassi. e Tromboni.

Cas: A - round him, O de - mons, your
Um - gebt ihn ihr Geis - ter, mit

Viol: Imo

pp

Viol: Bassi. e 2 Clar:

Cas: tram - mels en - twine, Yell, when his pu - ny
Dun - kel beschwingt! schön trägt er knir - schend

Viol: Bassi. 2 Fl: 2 Fag: 2 Clar:

Cas: strug - gles brave ye: A - round him, O demons, your
eu - re Ket - ten! - um - gebt ihn, ihr Geis - ter, mit

Viol: e Piccolo

Viol: Bassi. Ob: Fag: Corni. e Tromboni.

Cas: tram - mels en - twine, Yell, when his pu - ny
Dun - kel beschwingt! schön trägt er knir - schend

Viol: e Bassi.

Cas: strug - gles brave ye: Re - venge, Re - venge; Re -
eu - re Ket - ten! Tri - umph! Tri - umph! Tri -

ff Tutti.

Cas: - venge, the triumph is thine! Re - venge, the triumph is thine! the
- umph! die Rache ge - lingt! Tri - umph! die Rache ge - lingt! die

Viol. e Bassi. Tutti.

Cas: triumph, the triumph is thine! Re - venge! the triumph, the triumph is
Rache, die Rache ge - lingt! Tri - umph! die Rache, die Rache ge -

Viol. Bassi. e Corni.

Cas: thine! Revenge, the triumph is thine! the triumph, the triumph is thine! A -
- lingt! Tri - umph! die Rache ge - lingt! die Rache, die Rache ge - lingt! um -

Viol. Bassi. &c. *ff*

Cas: *- round him, O de - mons, your trammels entwine, Yell, when his pu - ny*
- gebt ihn ihr Geis - ter mit Dun - kel beschwingt, schön trägt er knir - schend

Bassi: sempre.

Cas: *strug - gles brave ye; Re - venge, the tri*
eu - re Ket ten Tri - umph! die Ra

ff Tutti. Viol: e Bassi

Cas: *umph, the triumph is*
che, die Rache ge -

Tutti.

Cas: *thine! the tri*
- lingt! die Ra

Viol: Bassi, Fl: Clar: Fag:

umph, the
che, die

Str: & Wind ins:

Cas: triumph is thine! Re - venge, Re - venge, the triumph is
 Ra - che ge - lingt! Tri - umph! Tri - umph! die Ra - che ge -

f Tutti. *Str: & Wind ins:*

Cas: thine! Re - venge, Re - venge, the tri - umph is thine! Re -
 - lingt! Tri - umph! Tri - umph! die Ra - che ge - lingt! Tri -

Tutti. *Str: & Wind ins:* *ff* Tutti.

Cas: - venge, the triumph is thine! Re - venge, the triumph is thine!
 - umph! die Ra - che ge - lingt! Tri - umph! die Ra - che ge - lingt! (rushing off on the opposite

sempre.

side, as the curtain descends.)

ff

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT THE SECOND.

The stage represents an ante-room with two lateral passages leading into the Forest-lodge; deer-horns and gloomy tapestry with hunting-spears impart an antique appearance to the apartment, and indicate that the dwelling formerly has been a princely hunting-tower. In the middle there is an opening covered with thick hangings which forms a recess for an altar; on the right-hand side stands Annchen's spinning wheel, on the other, an ancient looking table whereon a lamp is burning, and on which a white dress with a green ribband is lying.

On the rising of the curtain Annchen is discovered on a pair of steps, re-hanging the picture of Cuno's ancestor mentioned in the First Act, she is hammering the nail in securely; Agáthe in her robe-de-boudoir is seated by the table, binding a fillet round her forehead.

SCENE I.

AGÁTHE · ANNCHEN.

N. 6.
DUETTO.
AGÁTHE.
ANNCHEN.

*Allegro grazioso.
Leggeramente.*

Viol: 1^{mo} *Viol: 2^{da} Viola* *Viol: 1^{mo}*

p *= celi.* *Bass.* *Allegro grazioso.*

ANNCHEN. (to the nail, as she merrily hammers it in.)

Ann: *Rogue! Schelm!* *'twere best halt fest,*

Viol: 1^{mo} *Viol: 1^{mo}*

This Duet is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Clarinets in A, 2 Bassoons, & 2 Horns in A.

Ann: *Keep thy po - si - tion; We de - sire no ap - pa - rition In this*
ich will dich's leh - ren, Spu - ke - rein kann man ent - behren in solch

Viol: e Fl:

Viol: Bassi. e Corni.

AGATHE. (looking round.)

Ag a: *O, mock not the sire's con - di -*
Lass das Ah - nen - bild in Eh -

Ann: *an - cient ow - let - nest.*
al - tem Eu - len - nest.

Viol:

Viol: e - celi.

Ag a: *- tion.*
ren.

Ann: *From his as - pect stern Due re - spect I learn, On the*
Ei, dem al - ten Herrn zoll ich Ach - tung gern, doch dem

Clar: e Fag:

Clar: e Fag:

Agú: *Solve your Sprich, wen*

Ann: *Knight's dull brain this dress-ing Like re-spect im-pressing.
Knech-te Sit-te leh-ren kann Re-speckt nicht wehren.*

Viol: e Bassi. Fag: #.

Agú: *rid-dle; say, what "Knight?"
meinst du, welchen Knecht?*

Ann: *(laughing.)
Why, the nail here! canst not par-ry?
Nun, den Na-gel-kannst du fragen?*

Str: & Wind. ins:

Agú:

Ann: *He, his honour'd Lord should carry: Let him fall! dost think that
sollt er sei-nen Herrn.... nicht tragen? Niess ihn fall'n! war das nicht*

Viol e Bassi. Pizz & arco.

(smiling.)

Agú: Nay; in truth, that was not
ja, ge-wiss! das war nicht

Ann: right?
schlecht? Let him fall! dost think that
liess ihn fall'n? war das nicht

Tutti.

Agú: right. In truth, in truth, in truth, that was not right. In truth, in
recht. ge-wiss, ge-wiss, ge-wiss, das war nicht recht. ge-wiss, ge-

Ann: right? In truth, in truth, in truth, that was not right. In truth, in
schlecht. ge-wiss, ge-wiss, ge-wiss, das war recht schlecht ge-wiss, ge-

pp *cres*

Agú: truth, in truth, that was not right.
wiss ge-wiss das war nicht recht.

Ann: truth, in truth, that was not right.
wiss ge-wiss das war recht schlecht.

Viol: 1mo e Fl:
Viol: 2nd e Viola.
celli.
Bassi.

pp

(to Annchen who comes down, and places the steps aside.)

Agá: 

When art thou aught but joy - ful?
Al - les wird dir zum Fes - te,

Ann: 

Viol. e Fl: 

Viol: 

Agá: 

Clouds behold thy sun - smile—and part:
al - les beut dir Lü - chen und Scherz —

Ah, how
O wie

Ann: 

Viol: 

Viol. e Bassi. 

Agá: 

o - ther - wise my heart! Ah, how o - -
an - ders fühlt mein Herz!..... o wie an - -

Ann: 



Agat: *ther - wise my heart!*
ders..... fühlt mein..... Herz.....!

Ann: _____

Viol: Bassi. e Clar:

Agat: _____

Ann: _____

Tutti. crescendo. f

Agat: _____

(placing her hands affectionately in Agathe's.)

Ann: _____

Care, I e-ver deem'd a tri-fle, Laugh while the moonbeams play,
 Gril-len sind mir bö-ae Gäste; im-mer mit leich-tem Sinn
scherzando.

Viol: e Fl: *pViol: e Bassi. sempre.*

Ag. a: 

Ann: 
 Dance all the live-long day, That is your on-ly way — Ne-ver with Grief
 tan-zen durchs Le-ben hin, das nur ist Hochge-winn — Sor-gen und Gram,



Ag. a: 

Ann: 
 leave thee to lan-guish! Ne-ver with Grief leave thee to lan-guish!
 muss man ver-ja-gen! Sor-gen und Gram, muss man ver-ja-gen!



Ag. a: 

Ann: 
 Laugh while the moonbeams play, Care, I e-ver deem'd a tri-ble.
 im-mer mit leicht-em Sinn! Gril-len sind mir bö-se Gä-s-te,



Agá: 

Ann: 

Laugh while the moonbeams play, Dance all the live-long day, That is your on - ly
im - mer mit leich - tem Sinn tan - zen durchs Le - ben hin, das nur ist Hoch - ge -



Agá: 

Ann: 

way — Care, I e - ver deem'd a tri - fle, e - ver deem'd a tri - fle.
- winn — Gril - len sind mir bö - se Gäs - te, bö - se bö - se Gäs - te.



*
What
Wer

Viol: e Bassi.
Wind ins: tenui.

Agá: 

Ann: 

— can lull the bo - som's an - - - guish?
— be - zwingt des Bu - - sens Schla - - - gen?

Care, I e - ver deem'd a tri - fle;
Gril - len sind mir bö - se Gäs - te;
Viol: e Fl:



Viol: e Bassi. Wind ins: tenui.

NOTE. From this mark * to ♦ the Violoncelli play the first
Soprano part an octave lower throughout. W.S.R.

Agú: *What* still *Love's* too pleas - ing
wer *der* *Lie -* *be* *süs -* *sen*

Ann: Laugh while the moonbeams play, Dance all the live - long day, That is your on - ly
im - mer mit leich - tem Sinn tan - zen durch's Le - ben hin, das nur ist Hochge -

Fl: Viol: sempre.

Agú: *pain?* Who thro' such Grief would not
Schmerz? stets um den, Ge - lieb - *- ten*

Ann: way — Ne - ver with Grief leave thee to lan - guish, Ne - ver with Grief
- winn! Sor - gen und Gram muss man ver - ja - gen, Sor - gen und Gram

Agú: *lan -* *guish,* *For* *the Life Hope* *brings* *a*
za - *- gen* *muss* *diess ah - nungs -* *vol -* *- le*

Ann: leave thee to lan - guish, That is your on - ly way — Care, I e - ver deem'd a tri - fle,
muss man ver - ja - gen, das nur ist Hochge - winn, Gril - len sind mir bö - se Gäste,

Agá: *- gain! Herz!* For the *muss* *dieß*

Ann: Laugh while the moonbeams play, Dance all the live-long day, That is your on-ly way —
im-mer mit leichtem Sinn tanzen durch's Leben hin, das nur ist Hochge-winn!

Agá: Life Hope brings a gain! *ah nungs vol-te Herz!*

Ann: Care, I e-ver deem'd a tri-fle, e-ver deem'd a tri-fle.
Gril-len sind mir bö-se Gäs-te, bö-se bö-se Gäs-te; *Clar: e Fag:*

Viol: e Bassi.

f *p Viola.*

Agá: Who through such Grief would not languish, For the
stets um den, Ge-lieb-ten, zu-gen *muss dieß*

Ann: Laugh while the moonbeams, the moon-beams play, Dance all the live-long day,
im-mer mit leichtem, mit leichtem Sinn tanzen durch's Le-ben hin,
Viol: e Fl: *Viol: Clar: Fl: Fag:*

Agá: Life Hope brings a-gain! Who thus —
 ah — — — — nungs-vol-le Herz! um dich —

Ann: Dance all the live-long, the live-long day. Care, I have deem'd, e-ver deem'd — a
 tan-zendurch's Leben, durch's Le-ben hin, Grillen sind mir bö-se, bö- — — se

Viol: e Fl: *Viol:* *Tutti.*

= celli.

Agá: — would not lan-guish, For Hope brings Life a —
 muss es za-gen dieß ah-nungs-vol-le

Ann: tri-fle, Care, I have deem'd, e-ver deem'd — a tri-
 Gäs-te; Gril-len sind mir bö-se, bö- — — se Gäs- —

Viol: *Tutti.*

= celli.

Agá: — gain!
 Herz!

Ann: — fle.
 — te.

Viol: e Fl: *Viol: e Fl:*

sempre Tutti. *pp*

ANN: (*looking up at the picture.*) Methinks his ancient-ship will hold him fast another little century; we can look up to him in more than one sense, now. (*running towards Agathe.*) but thou hast unbound thy kerchief? hath the blood abstained to well?

AGA: Have not a care, sweet Annchen, the fright itself was worse; — where tarries Max?

ANN: He will be here anon: Cuno assured us that he soon would send him home again.

AGA: Alas, how still and lonely here! —

ANN: I cry accordance with you on that score; 'twould like me not to be shut up the nuptial-eve, forlorn and lonely in a haunted tower; especially — when such revered and lang-syne mouldered gentry (*looking at the picture.*) come "will ye, mill ye," down from off the wall: for, I prefer the living and the young! (*she sings with pretty and appropriate pantomimic motions.*)

ANN: (*besieht sich das Bild.*) So! nun wird der Altvater wohl wieder ein Jahrhundertchen festhängen. Da oben mag ich ihn recht gern leiden! (*zu Agathen gekehrt.*) Aber du hast das Tuch schon abgebunden? Das Blut ist doch völlig gestillt?

AGA: Sey ohne Sorgen, liebes Annchen! Der Schreck war das Schlimmste! — Wo nur Max bleibt?

ANN: Nun kommt er gewiss bald. Herr Cuno sagte ja bestimmt, dass er ihn noch einmal heimsenden werde.

AGA: Es ist recht still und einsam hier —

ANN: Unangenehm ist's freilich, in einem solchen verwünschten Schlosse am Polterabende fast mutterseelen allein zu seyn, zumal — wenn sich so ehrwürdige längst vermoderte Herrschaften, mir nichts, dir nichts, von den Wänden herabbemühen. Da lob' ich mir die lebendigen und jungen! (*singt mit lebhafter Pantomime.*)

Allegretto.

Nº 7.

ARIETTA.

ANNCHEN.

Oboe solo.

Allegretto.

p

Viol. Bassi &c.

f

This Arietta is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 1 Oboe, 2 Bassoons, & 2 Horns in C.

Ann: Were a slen-der youth be-fore one Fair, with locks of ches-nut -
 Kommt ein schlanker Burach ge-gan-gen, blond von Lock-en o-der

Viol: e Bassi. *ten:*

Ann: brown; Con-sci-ous of him blush-ing, o'er one,
 braun; hell von Aug' und roth von Wan-gen,

Ann: Eye will peep with glance cast-down,
 ei, nach dem kann man wohl schaun,

celli. e Fag:

Ann: -down, peep with glance cast-down, with glance cast-down,
 schaun, ei, nach dem, nach dem kann man wohl schaun.

Viol: e Bassi. *Oboe solo.*

Viol: e Bassi. &c

Ann:  Toward his brow that em - blems
Zwar schlägt man das Aug' auf's

Viol: e Bassi.

Ann:  hea - ven, Coy in shame in maid - en - art Pure, tho'
Mie - der, tief ver - schümt naht Mäd - chen Art; Doch ver -

Ann:  sto - len looks are giv - en: Still un - touch'd, he bears his heart, Pure, tho'
- stoh - len hebt man's wie - der, wenn's das Bür - schen nicht ge - wahrt, Doch ver -

Viol: P^{mo} b. *Ob: e Fl.*

Viol: Bassi. 2 Fag: tenuti.

Ann:  sto - len looks are giv - en: Still un - touch'd, he bears his heart, he bears his
- stoh - len hebt man's wie - der, wenn's das Bür - schen nicht ge - wahrt, es nicht ge -

Viol: e Fag:

Ann: heart, he hears his heart. Should their glances meet, thus
 - wahr, es nicht ge-wahrt, Soll - ten ja sich Blicke
Ob: e Viol: &c Viol: imp

Viol: e - celli:

Ann: rambling, Soft—why blooms that mantling flush? Doth the rose not turn her
 fin - den, nun, was hat das auch für Noth? man wird drum nicht gleich er -

Ann: tremb - ling To the god-like sun—and blush? turn to the god - like sun—and
 - blin - den, wird man auch ein we-nig roth, ein we - nig roth, ein we - nig

Bassi.

Ann: blush? Eyes grow near, a-non are near - est,
 roth. Blickchen hin und Blick her-ü - ber,
Oboe solo. *Corni e Fagotti.*

Tutti. *Viol: Bassi. &c*

Ann: Lips their mu-tual glow con-fide; He sighs
bis der Mund sich auch was traut! Er seufzt,

= celli.

Viol: e Bussi.

Ann: "loveliest!" she smiles "dearest!" Gentle bridegroom, gentler bride!
"Schönste!" Sie spricht, "Lieber!" bald heisst Bräuti-gam und Braut.

Oboe.

Viol: e Bussi.

Viol: e Bussi. Pizz?

Ann: Gentle bridegroom, gen-ler bride! gen-ler gen-ler bride!
bald heisst Bräuti-gam und Braut, Bräuti-gam und Braut.

ff Viol: e Bussi. ff arco ff Tutti.

Ann: Sing them bless-ing! ca-rol
Im-mer nä-her, lie-be

Tutti.

Viol: Imo ed Ob: 2do.

p Viol: Bussi. Ob: Fag:

Ann: du - ty! Who wears not a white wreath now, Hon - or -
Leut - chen, wollt ihr mich im Kran-ze sehn? nicht, das

Viol. Bassi. e Corni.

Ann: - ing her an - gel - beauty, His serene and man - ly brow?
ist ein net - tes Bräutchen, und der Bursch nicht minder schön?

= celli e Fag.

Ann: His serene and ma - ly brow, his serene, serene and man - ly brow? Sing them
und der Bursch nicht minder schön, und der Bursch, der Bursch nicht min - der schön? im - mer

Viol. e Bassi.

Ann: bless - ing! ca - rol du - ty! who wears not a white wreath now, Hon - or -
nä - her, lie - be Leutchen! wollt ihr mich im Kran-ze sehn, nicht, das

*Wind ins:
Fag.
2 Viol. e 2 Ob.
Viol. e Bassi.*

Ann: 
 - ing her an-gel beauty, His serene, se - rene and man - ly
 ist ein net-tes Bräutchen, und der Bursch, der Bursch nicht min - der

Ann: 
 brow, _____ and man - ly brow? Sing them bless - ing! carol
 schön? nicht min - der schön? *Ol. or solo.* im - mer nü - her; lie - be

Ann: 
 du - ty! Who wears not a white wreath now? a white _____ wreath now?
 Leutchen! wollt ihr mich im Kran-ze sehn im Kran-ze sehn?

Ann: 

AGA: (*who during the song has been engaged in binding the green ribbon, upon the dress, now joins in.*) "His serene and manly brow."

ANN: Right; ye please me now, Agathe; thou art as I shall be (*with naive importance.*) when I become a bride.

AGA: Who knows? yet, do I wish thee such from all my heart; although the bridal-state not clear of care: since from the hermit I this morn returned, a heavy stone has laid upon my heart; though somewhat lighter it now bears itself.

ANN: How so? narrate me! the product of your visit I ignore, save that the pious man presented thee these consecrated roses. (*pointing to a jar containing roses, which stands upon the table.*)

AGA: He warned me of some unknown mighty danger a vision had revealed him; his warning was but now clear high fulfillment, yon picture might have slain me by the fall.

ANN: Well riddled! there lies the way to catch your evil omen. My father he was once a valiant blade, yet of sore discontent, a somewhat puzzle to his loving child: he held it of his doctrine, that though we must so utterly despise Dan Fear, as bid him fly; still truth hangs i' the adage "the best part of valor is discretion."

AGA: The roses now become more doubly dear, and I will tend them faithfully.

ANN: Suppose I set them in the fresh of night, before our window? 'tis time we 'gan undress.

AGA: (*unheeding this last remark.*) So do, my little Annchen!

ANN: And then, the both of us to bed.

AGA: Before Max come?

AGA: (*die während des Liedchens angefangen hat, das Kleid mit Bande zu besetzen, fällt mit ein.*) "Und der Bursch nicht minder schön!"—

ANN: So recht! so gefällst du mir, Agathe! So bist du doch, wie ich seyn werde, — (*wichtig.*) wenn ich einmal Braut bin.

AGA: Wer weiss! Doch ich gönne dir's von Herzen, ist auch mein Brautstand nicht ganz kummerlos. Besonders seit ich heute von dem Eremiten zurückkam, hat mir's wie ein Stein auf dem Herzen gelegen. Jetzt fühle ich mich um vieles leichter.

ANN: Wie so? Erzähle doch! Noch weiss ich gar nicht, wie dein Besuch abgelaufen ist, ausser dass dir der fromme Greis geweihte Rosen geschenkt hat?

AGA: Er warnte mich vor einer unbekannten, grossen Gefahr, welche ihm ein Gesicht offenbart habe. Nun ist seine Warnung ja in Erfüllung gegangen. Das herabstürzende Bild konnte mich tödten!

ANN: Gut erklärt! So muss man böse Vorbedeutungen nehmen! Mein Vater war einst ein tapferer Degen und sehr unzufrieden, dass ichs nicht auch werden konnte. Er meinte, man müsse die Furcht nur verspotten, dann fliehe sie, und das wahre Sprüchlein, sich fest zu machen, bestehe in den Worten "Holunke, wehre dich!"

AGA: Die Rosen sind mir nun doppelt theuer, und ich will ihrer auf das treueste pflegen.

ANN: Wie war's, wenn ich sie in die Nachtfrische vor's Fenster setzte? Es wird ohnediess Zeit, mich auszukleiden.

AGA: Thue das, liebes Annchen!

ANN: Aber, dann lass uns auch zu Bette gehn!

AGA: Nicht eher, bis Max da ist!

ANN: (smiling.) Enough of trouble with your lover-folk! (taking the jar of roses in her hand, she merrily trips by the lateral passage into the forest-lodge.)

ANN: Hat man nicht seine Noth mit Euch Liebesleutchen! (ab.)

SCENE II.

AGATHE, sola.

No 8. Andante AGATHE.

SCENA
ED
ARIA.

AGATHE.

Calm sin-ber brought each morrow before I
Wie nah-te mir der Schlummer, be-vor ich

2 Clar:
p 2 Fag:
Andante

Viol: e Bassi.

Agat:
knew his love; True Passion link'd with Sorrow E'er hand in hand will
ihn ge-sehn? ja, Lie-be pflegt mit Kummer stets Hand in Hand zu

2 Clar:
2 Fag:

Viol: e Bassi.

Agat:
rove. Fair moon, dost on his path smile
gehn! ob Mond' auf sei-nem Pfad wohl

Viol: e Bassi.

= cello e. Bassi.
dolce:

This Scene is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in A, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in C, and 2 Horns in E.

(she draws aside the curtains from the centre recess, an altar is perceived, and above it a large traceried opening through which the distant country is seen, lighted by the full moon.)

(she enters the recess, and kneeling
at the altar, raises her hands to Heaven.)

bright?
 lucht! *Viol: Bassi. e 2 Clar:*
 O love - ly night!
 welch schö - ne Nacht!
Clar. Fag. e Fl:
2 Fl:
Tutti. colla parte.
Clar:

Adagio.

Ag. at.

Gen - tle mea sure Hymn'd with plea - sure, Float to
Lei - se, lei - se, from - me Wei - se! schwing' dich

4 Violins. (con Sordini) e Viola.

pp

Adagio.

Ag.:



yon der star-ry a-zure! Song, with-in yon Heavns do-min-ion,
auf zum Sternen-krei-se. Lied, er-schal-le! fei-ernd wal-le

=celli.

Agú: *(she rises, and looks out into the night.)*

Waft my pray'r on seraph - pin - - - ion! —
mein Ge - bet zur Him - mels - hal - - - le!

= celi. Viola.

Agú: 

Lo; each orb's re - ful - gent fountain Pours of light a liv - ing flood Yet,
 O wie hell die goldnen Ster - ne, mit wie rei - nem Glanz sie glüh'n! nur

2 Viola. = celli. e Basso.

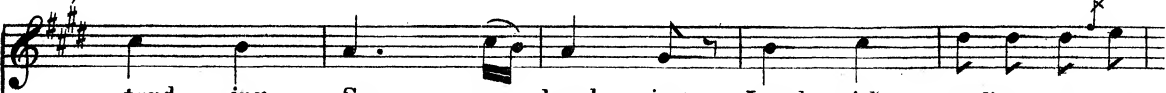
Agú: 

far o'er the distant mountain Dark a tem - pest seems to brood; Steep'd in
 dort in der Ber - ge Fer - ne; scheint ein Wet - ter auf - zu - zieh'n. dort am

Agú: 

clouds the wood is lost 'Neath their solemn sul - len host. — Thee - ward
 Wuld' auch schwebt ein Heer, düst - rer Wöl - ken dampf und schwer. — Zu dir

Adagio. (kneeling again; with pious fervour.)
2 Fl. 4 Violini. (con Sordini)
2 Viola.
= celli. Basso.
Adagio.

Agú: 

tend - ing See me bend - ing, Lord with - out first cause or
 wen - de ich die Hün - de, Herr ohn' Anfang und ohn'

Viola.

Agú: end - ing! So that Dan - ger Be a stran - ger
En - de! Vor Ge - fah - ren uns zu wah - ren,

= cello.

Agú: Send thine an - gel - guards, A - ven - - ger! —
sen - de dei - ne En - gel - Schaa - - ren!

(she now rises, and again anxiously looks forth.)

= cello. Viola.

Andante.

Agú: Sleep subdues the earth in rest;
Al - les pflegt schon längst der Ruh;

Andante. Viola.

Bassi. 2 Fag. tenuti.

Agú: Why de - lay, my bo - som's guest? Though all
trau - ter Freund! was wei - lest du? ob mein

2 Viol.

Viola.

pp = cello. Bassi. e Corni.

Agú: sense is strain'd for sound, On - ly
 Ohr auch ängst - - - lich läuscht nur der
 Viol: *fmo*

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (Agú:) is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a minor key, indicated by one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'fmo' (for more motion). The lyrics are in English and German.

Agú: fir - - trees mur - - - mur 'round; On - ly
 Tan - - - nen Wip - - - fel rauscht, nur das

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line (Agú:) continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are in English and German.

Agú: bir - - - chens i' the grove Whis - per
 Bir - - - ken - laub im Hain flüs - tert

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line (Agú:) continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are in English and German.

Agú: through the si - - - lent thick - et; On - ly
 durch die ban - - - ge Stil - le; nur die

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line (Agú:) continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are in English and German.

RECIT:

Agú: (she pauses)

night - in - gale and crick - et Tune their va - rious note of love. —
 Nach - ti - gall und Gril - le, scheint der Nacht - luft sich zu freu'n. —

Viol: e Bassi

and listens more attentively.)

RECIT:

Agú:

But what? — play not false, mine ear!
 Doch wie? täuscht mich nicht mein Ohr?

Tempo. *Viol: e Bassi.*

Corni. *Corni.*

Agú:

A step ad - vances — There, where the pine - leaf dances Doth something
 Dont klingts wie Schritte — dort aus der Tan - nen Mit - te kömmt was her -

Viol: e Bassi.

Viol: e Bassi.

Agú: (she stretches forth to see.) *f*

near! 'Tis he! 'tis he! Pure flag of Af - fec - tion, stream
 - vor — Er ist! er ist! die Flag - ge der Lie - be mag

Agitato.

f *rinf:* *f*

(she takes the handkerchief from the table, and waves it aloft as a signal.)

(calling.)

Agú: high! Thy mai - - - den's sight Keeps watch through
wehn! Dein Mäd - - - chen wacht noch in der

p Viol: Bassi. Clar: Fag:

(dejectedly.)

Agú: night — Cres e stringendo. This fails to have met his eye!
Nacht — Er scheint mich noch nicht zu sehn —

Viol: e celli. *p* Viol: e Bassi.

(starting.)

Agú: God! but it seems 'Spite moon's pale beams That wel-come flow'rs adorn 'his
Gott! täuscht das Licht des Mond' es nicht, so schmückt ein Blu-menstrauß den

ff

(throwing up both arms.)

Agú: brow. Suc - cess! the prize in tri - umph he has borne For - tell - ing
Hut. — ge - wiss er hat den bes - ten Schutz ge - than! das kün - del

accelerando.
Viol: e Bassi.

Aga: bliss shall crown the morn. New Hope sa -
 Glück für mor - gen an! o sils - se

Tutti. f

Aga: *ff* - lutes me! Joy is with me now! —
 Hoffnung! neu be - leb - ter Muth!

f Viol. e Bassi. p Tutti. crescendo.

Vivace con fuoco.

Aga: (in an extacy of delight she comes forward, her countenance beaming with cheerfulness and hope.)

assai. f ff

Aga: *f* O, how my pulse is beat - ing, Heart would burst its bonds in strife
 All' meine Pul - se schla - gen, und das Herz waltt un - ge - stüm,


Viol. Bassi. Fag. e Corni.

Agú: 


Yearn - ing toward my more than life!
 süß ent - - zückt ent - ge - - gen ihm!

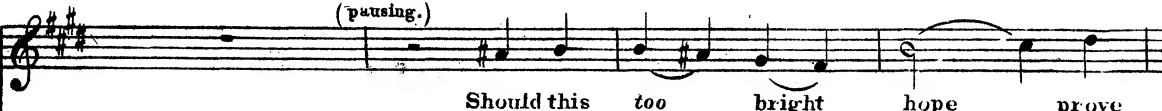
p Viol. Bassi e Corni.



Agú: 


Yearn - ing toward my more than life!
 süß ent - - zückt ent - ge - - gen ihm!



Agú: 

(pausing.)

Should this too bright hope prove
 Konnt' ich das zu hof - fen



Agú: 

flee - ing?
 wa - - gen

Should this too bright hope prove
 Konnt' ich das zu hof - fen

Fl. Clar. Fag.

Viol. e Bassi.



(resuming her cheerful air.)

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Agú: fleet-ing? Should this too bright hope prove fleet-ing? For - - - tune
wa - gen, konnt' ich das zu hof - fen wu - gen? Ja, - - - es

cres: f p Str. & Wind ins:

Agú: at the goal doth wait To smile glo - ry on his fate, On the
wand - te sich das Glück zu dem theu - ren Freund zu - rück: will sich

Viola Bassi.

Agú: hap - py, hap - py mor - row, On the hap - py, hap - - - py
mor - gen treu be - wü - ren! will sich mor - gen treu be -

Wind ins: tenuto.

Agú: mor - row.
- wü - ren! 'Tis no dreaming!
ist's nicht Täuschung!

Viola & cello. p

Basso.

Agú: no void blank!
ist's nicht Wahn?

2 Clar: e 2 Fag:

Agú: Hea - ven, thou hast stay'd my sor - row, Take the all my soul can
Him - mel, nimm des Dan - kes Züh - ren! für diess Pfand der Hoffnung

ff Tutti. *p Viol: e Bassi.* *f Tutti.*

Agú: thank! Hea - ven, thou hast stay'd my sor - row,
an! Him - mel, nimm des Dan - kes Züh - ren,

Viol: Bassi. pp
Cor: e Fag:

Agú: Take the all my soul can thank!
für diess Pfand der Hoff - nung an! 2 Viol: e 2 Fl:

Agá: *O, how my pulse is beat.ing, Heart would burst its bonds in strife,*
All' meine Pul - se schlagen, und das Herz wallt un - ge - stum,

p *Viol: Bassi. Clar: e Fag: ff Viol: e 2 Fl: p Viol: Bassi. Clar: e Fag: Tutti.* *f Cor: Ob: Clar: Fag:*

Agá: *O how my pulse is beat.ing. Heart would burst its bonds in strife, Yearn -*
all' meine Pul - se schlagen, und das Herz wallt un - ge - stum, süß

Viol: pmo
Viol: Bassi. e Fag: Tutti

a piacere ma con tutta la Forza.

a tempo.

Agá: *- - - ing toward my more than life!*
ent - zückt ent - ge - gen ihm! *my more than*
ent - ge - gen

colla parte. *p Viol: e Bassi.*

Agá: *life! Yearn - - ing toward - - - my more than*
ihm! süß ent - zückt - - - ent - ge - gen

2 Fag: tenuti. poco a poco crea

Agú: *life! ihm! Yearn süß - ing toward ent - zückt my more than ent - ge - gen*

mf

Agú: *life! ihm! to ward my more than ent - zückt ent - ge - gen*

f Tutti.

Agú: *life! ihm!*

(she rushes to meet Max, who enters by the other passage; he looks

ff sempre Tutti.

Agú: *pale; they affectionately embrace.)*

4 Corni.

Tutti.

AGATHE; MAX; afterwards ANNCHEN in a night-robe.

AGATHE. Here at last, beloved Max?

MAX. (*affectionately.*) My Agathe! (*as she withdraws from his embrace, she perceives the plume of dark feathers in his hat, in lieu of the expected flowers.*) O that thou shouldst have kept thee waking on my account; alas! I come but for a few moments —

AGA: Ye will surely not forth again? a storm approaches.

MAX. I must! (*flings his hat down upon the table, so that the plume of feathers extinguishes the lamp; the prospect seen beyond the altar, begins to grow dark and clouded.*)

ANNCHEN. (*who had just entered.*) 'Tis well that the moon shines, or all would be in darkness; (*she strikes a flame, and re-lights the lamp; to Max, ironically.*) good sooth, we are right lively — we perhaps have danced?

MAX. Yes, yes — perhaps —

AGA: (*timidly, shewing signs of deluded hope.*) A shade seems on thy brow: again hast been unlucky?

MAX. No! no! to the contrary!

AGA: (*more enquiringly, regarding his troubled mien.*) No? of a surety, no?

ANN: (*to Max.*) What have ye won? a ribbon? if so, pray give it me. (*laughingly.*) largess! largess! Agathe has a warehouse-load already.

AGA: (*anxiously.*) But what have ye hit, dear Max? it were of consequence to me this day.

MAX. (*with painful embarrassment.*) I was — was not successful at the target shooting!

AGA: And yet thou say'st, thou hast had, fortune?

MAX. (*warmly.*) E'en so, a wondrous incredible fortune: see! (*he shews her with such earnestness the plume of feathers in his hat, that he strikes her with it in the face.*) I brought our largest bird of prey from farthest cloud!

AGA: (*putting her hand to her eye.*) Be not so hasty, nor go thus near to blind me —

AGATHE. Bist du endlich da, lieber Max!

MAX. Meine Agathe! (*Sie umarmen sich. Agathe tritt still zurück, als sie statt des gehofften Strausses den Federbusch erblickt.*) Verzeiht, wenn Ihr meinetwegen aufgeblichen seyd! Leider komm' ich nur auf wenig Augenblicke —

AGA: Du willst doch nicht wieder fort? Es sind Gewitter im Anzuge.

MAX. Ich muss! — (*wirft den Hut auf den Tisch, dass das Lämpchen von dem Federbusche ausgelöscht wird. Die Gegend, in die man aus dem Altan hinaussieht, zeigt sich schon in dunkler Beleuchtung.*)

ANNCHEN. Gut dass der Mond scheint; sonst füs- sen wir im Finstern. (*Schlägt Feuer und brennt das Lämpchen wieder an. Zu Max.*) Wir sind ja recht lebhaft! Vermuthlich getanzt?

MAX. Ja! ja! Vermuthlich!

AGA: (*furchtsam, mit allen Zeichen getäuschter Hoffnung.*) Du scheintt übel gelaunt. Wie- der unglücklich gewesen?

MAX. Nein! nein! Im Gegentheil!

AGA: Nicht? gewiss nicht?

ANN: (*zu Max.*) Was hast du gewonnen? Wenn's ein Band ist, Vetter! musst du mir's schenken. Bitte, bitte! Agathe hat schon Bänderkram genug von dir!

AGA: Was hast du getroffen, Max? Heute ist mir's von Wichtigkeit.

MAX. (*mit ängstlicher Verlegenheit.*) Ich habe — ich war gar nicht beim Sternschiessen!

AGA: Und sagst doch, du seyst glücklich gewesen?

MAX. Ja doch! wunderbar, unglaublich glücklich. Sieh! (*zeigt ihr mit solcher Heftigkeit den Federbusch auf dem Hute, dass sie zurückfährt.*) Den grössten Raubvogel hab' ich aus den Wolken geholt!

AGA: Sey doch nicht so hastig! du fährst mir in die Augen —

MAX. Forgiveness! ten thousand times, forgiveness! *(he remarks the blood on her forehead.)* but, what is this? thou art wounded! thy tresses stained with blood! — by all the saints, but what has happened?

AGA: Nothing; or that which is more than nothing; 'twill heal before our bridal-convoy starts; *(leaning on him caressingly.)* thou wilt not surely be sham'd of thy young bride?

MAX. But tell me more —

ANN: *(reluctantly.)* Yon portraiture fell down —

MAX. *(starting.)* Yon? the ancestral Cuno?

AGA: Why not? we have none other picture here:

MAX. *(in terror.)* The noble, brave, and God-revering Cuno?

ANN: The fault was half and half Agathe's; who bade her linger since seven o' clock at yonder window! there has she hung awaiting ye, 'till ye came home.

MAX. *(more in amazement.)* Since seven o' clock?

ANN: Exactly; the Village tow'r that moment chimed.

MAX. Strange; *(aside.)* *(for at that hour I shot the eagle.)*

AGA: *(approaching him timidly.)* You converse with yourself, and for what reason?

MAX. *(perplexed.)* None! none i' the world!

AGA: *(affectionately and sorrowfully.)* Art thou displeased with me?

MAX. *(with considerably increasing embarrassment.)* Nay! how could I be? — *(he pauses.)* but yes! I bring thee token of returning chance — it cost me much, and thou — canst cheer me little thereupon: is this then — love?

AGA: Be not unkind, Max! I know not how — a bird of prey so large as this must be, inspires me terror.

ANN: We differ then! to me it seems right stately. *(Max seems absorbed in thought.)*

AGA: *(to him.)* Be not thus lost in thought, I love thee so, so dearly; shouldst fail upon the morrow, wert thou from me, or I from thee severed, the tomb were all then left!

MAX. Vergieb! *(bermerkt Blut an ihrer Stirn.)* Aber was ist das? du bist verwundet, deine Locken sind blutig — Um aller Heiligen willen, was ist dir begegnet?

AGA: Nichts! so viel als nichts! Es heilt noch vorm Brautgang. *(sich sanft an ihn schmiegend.)* Du sollst dich drum deines Bräutchens nicht schämen!

MAX. Aber so sagt doch nur —

ANN: Das Bild dort fiel herunter —

MAX. Dort, der Urvater Cuno?

AGA: Wie bist du? Es ist sonst kind Bild hier.

MAX. Der wackere, gottesfürchtige Cuno?

ANN: Halb und halb war Agathe selbst Schuld. Wer hiess ihr auch, schon nach sieben Uhr immer aus Fenster zu laufen! Da liess sich doch kaum erwarten, dass du schon heim kämst.

MAX. Um sieben Uhr.

ANN: Du horst's ja! die Thurmuh'r drüben im Dorfe hatte kaum ausgeschlagen.

MAX. Seltsam! *(vor sich.)* Um diese Zeit schoss ich den Bergadler.

AGA: Du sprichst mit dir selbst. Was hast du?

MAX. Nichts! nichts auf der Welt!

AGA: Bist du unzufrieden mit mir?

MAX. *(mit steigender Verlegenheit.)* Nein! wie könnt ich? — Ja denn! ich bringe dir eine Bürgschaft meines wiederkehrenden Glücks — sie hat mich viel gekostet, und du — du freust dich nicht einmal darüber. Ist das auch Liebe?

AGA: Sey nicht ungerecht, Max! Noch weiss ich ja nicht — so grosse Raubvögel, wie ich diesen mir denken muss, haben immer was Furchtbares.

ANN: Das dünkt' ich nicht! Mir seh'n sie recht statthch aus.

AGA: *(zu Max.)* O steh' nicht so in dich gekehrt! Ich liebe dich ja so innig. Solltest du morgen nicht glücklich seyn, würdest du mir, ich dir entrisen, o gewiss, der Gram tödtete mich!

MAX. For that cause — aye, that very cause — must I forth once more.

AGA: But what impells thee?

MAX. (*reluctantly.*) I have — had good luck yet once again —

AGA: Yet once again?

MAX. E'en so! yes! (*without being able to look at Agáthe.*) I shot a stag of sixteen antlers i' the twilight! and must bring him home, lest that the Peasants steal.

AGA: Where doth he lie?

MAX. (*making an effort.*) At some far distance — deep in the wood — near the "Wolf's Glen!"

MAX. Drum — eben darum — muss ich wieder fort!

AGA: Aber was treibt dich?

MAX. Ich habe — ich bin noch ein Mal glücklich gewesen —

AGA: Noch ein Mal?

MAX. Ja doch! ja! (*ohne Agathen ansehen zu können.*) Ich hab' in der Dammung einen Sechszehndner geschossen! der muss noch herein-geschafft werden, sonst stehlen ihn des Nachts die Bauern.

AGA: Wo liegt der Hirsch?

MAX. Ziemlich weit — im tiefen Walde — bei der "Wolfs-schlucht!"

Nº 9.
TERZETTO.

**AGÁTHE;
ANNCHEN;
MAX.**

Allegro.

AGÁTHE, (*starts from his side in the utmost alarm.*)

Where? what? O terror!
Wie? Was? Ent - setzen!

*ff Viol: e Bassi. sempre.
Allegro.*

p There, in that fear-ful glen? There, in that fear-ful glen?
dort in der Schreckens-schlucht? dort in der Schreckens-schlucht?

pp *ff* *ff* *p* *Scherzando.*

Viol: e

This Terzetto is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Clarinets in B, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in E♭,

ANNCHEN.

Ann: *Clar:*

The demon -
Der wilde
Viol:

Viol: e Bassi.

Ann: (warningly.)

- hunt there whirls in er - ror, Who hears it once, hears not a -
Jü - ger soll dort het - zen, und wer ihm hört, er - greift die

Ann: MAX. (with an incredulous, but forced air.)

- gain. Should pal - - try fears swerve
Flucht. Darf Furcht in Hirn des
Viol: Clar: e Corni.

p cello.

Basso.

Max: AGA: (raising her hand.)

my de - ci - sion? Tempt not thy God, that
Waid - - manns har - sen? Doch sün - digt der, wer

Viol: fmo

dolce

Str: & Wind ins.

MAX.

Agú: *boast were vain! I know too*
Gott ver- - sucht! Ich bin ver-

Viol: e Clar:

= cello.

Basso.

MAX.

well each ap - - pa - ri tion Dark mid - - night
- traut mit je - - - nem Grau - sen, das Mit - - - ter -

MAX.

con - - jures i' the wood; The
- nacht im Wal - - - de weht, wenn

MAX.

rust - - - ling oak - - boughs breed süs - pte - ion, The
sturm - - - be - wegt die Ei - - - chen sau - ren, der

f

Max. *scream - - - ing night - - - bird chills the*
Hüh - - - er krüchzt, die Eu - - - le

(he takes up his hat, hunting-bag and gun.)

Max. *blood*
schwebt

crescendo.
Viol: = celli. e Fag:

AGÁ:

Agá: *Grief is my guest, O tar-ry, Nor haste a - way so soon. Grief is my guest, O*
Mir ist so bang! o blei-be! o ei-le. nicht so schnell. mir ist so bang! o

fp Tutti. *p Viol: Bassi, e Clar:* *Viol: e Bassi.*

Agá: *tar-ry, Nor haste a-way so soon, Nor haste a-way, nor haste a-way, nor*
blei-be, o ei-le nicht so schnell, o ei-le, ei-le, ei-le

Viol: Bassi. Clar: Fag: e Corni.

Agá: haste a-way so soon,
nicht, mir ist so bang!

Ann: Grief is her guest, O tar-ry, Nor haste a -
Ihr ist so bang! o blei-be! o ei-le

Max:

Viol. 2nd

Viol. e Bassi.

f *p*

Agá: Grief is my guest, O tar-ry, Nor haste a-way so soon.
mir ist so bang! o blei-be! o ei-le nicht so schnell.

Ann: - way so soon, Nor haste a-way, a-way so soon. Nor haste a -
nicht so schnell, o ei-le, ei-le nicht so schnell, o ei-le

Max: Should pal - try fears swerve my de - ci -
Daz Furcht im Hirn des Waidmanns hau -

2 Viol. e 2 Clar.

Viola, Bassi, e Cór.

Agú: *Grief is my guest, O tar - ry, Nor haste a - way so soon, Nor haste a -*
mir ist so bang! o blei - be! o ei - le nicht so schnell, o ei - le,

Ann: *- way, Nor haste a - way so soon, Nor haste a -*
nicht o ei - le nicht so schnell, o ei - le,

Max: *- sion? I know too well each ap - pa -*
- sen? ich bin ver - - traut mit je - nem

Viol. Imo

Tutti.

Agú: *- way, a - way so soon Grief is my guest,*
ei - le, ei - le nicht, mir ist so bang!

Ann: *- way a - way so soon, Nor haste a - way so soon.*
ei - le nicht so schnell, o ei - le ei - le nicht.

Max: *- ri - tion Dark mid - night con - jures i' the wood.*
Grau - sen das Mit - ter - nacht im Wäl - - de webt.

Corno.

Viol. e Clar.

crescendo.

f

p

Viol.

cello.

Basso.

Basso.

(looking out over the altar; aside gloomily.)

Max.

No shade as yet, yon disk doth
 Noch birgt sich nich die Mon - - den

Max.

car - ry, Sub - lime ef - ful - - gence bathes the
 schei - be, noch strahlt ihr Schim - mer däm - mer -

Max.

moon, A - non such light will thence be
 hell, doch bald wird sie den Schein ver -

ANN: (watching him.)

Max.

dri - - ven,
 lie - - ren -

cres. f *dim* *p*

'Twould poze, to
 Willst du den

Ann: so ob - serve the Hea - ven My small un - phi - lo - so - phic
 Him - mel ob - ser - vi - ren? das wär' nun mei - ne Sa - che
Viol: e Fl: sempre
leggiermente
Viol: e Bussi.

Ann: sense, My small un - phi - losophic sense, My small un - phi - losophic sense, 'Twould poze to observe the
 nicht! das wär' nun mei - ne Sache nicht! das wär' nun meine Sa - che nicht! den Him - mel ob - ser
 Max: Soon, aye, soon such light will thence be
 Bald, ja bald. wird sie den Schein ver

Ann: Hea - ven My small un - phi - lo - so - phic sense, poze my lit - tle
 - vi - ren, das wär' nun mei - ne Sa - che nicht! mei - ne Sa - che
 Max: dri - ven, A - non such light will thence be dri -
 - lie - ren, ja hald wird sie den Schein ver - lie -
fp >

Ag. *O soothe a heart by sorrow ri - ven.
O kann dich mei - ne Angst nicht rüh - ren!*

Ann. *sense.
nicht!*

Mrs. *ven.
ren.*

*Both toil and Honor
Mich ruft von hinnen*

Corni. f Viol: Bassi. e Fag: ff Viol: Bassi. e Cor: p Viol: e Bassi.

Max. *bid me hence!
Wort und Pflicht!*

*Both Toil and Ho - nor
mich ruft von hin - nen*

Viol: f ff

Bassi. e Fag:

Max. *bid me hence! Both bid me hence, both hence!
Wort und Pflicht! mich ru - fen Wort und Pflicht!*

Viol: Imo ff Tutti. p

Agú: *p*

Fare - - - well! Fare - - - well! Fare - -
 Leb' - - - wohl! leb' - - - wohl! leb'

Ann: *p*

Fare - - - well! Fare - - - well! Fare - -
 Leb' - - - wohl! leb' - - - wohl! leb'

Max: *p*

Fare - - - well! Fare - - - well! Fare - -
 Leb' - - - wohl! leb' - - - wohl! leb'

Fl:

pp

Viol: e Bassi. *= cello.*

Agú:

- well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare - well! Fare -
 wohl! le - be wohl! le - be wohl! leb' wohl! leb'

Ann:

- well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare - well! Fare -
 wohl! le - be wohl! le - le wohl! leb' wohl! leb'

Max:

- well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare - well! Fare -
 wohl! le - be wohl! le - be wohl! leb' wohl! leb'

Tutti. *Viol:*

Vivace con Fuoco.

Ag.:

- well! Fare thee well!
wohl! le - - be wohl!

Ann:

- well! Fare thee well!
wohl! le - be wohl!

Max:

- well! Fare thee well! fare - - well!
wohl! le - be wohl! leb' wohl!

Clar:

p

Corni. e Fag: Corni. e Fag: *S*

ff Viol. e Bassi.

Ag.:

ff

Fare - well! Fare - - well!
leb' wohl! leb' wohl!

Ann:

ff

Fare - well! Fare - - well! (he goes out hastily into the passage, but
leb' wohl! leb' wohl! suddenly stops short and turns.)

Max:

ff

Fare - well! Fare - - well!
leb' wohl! leb' wohl!

ff Tutti.

Andante.

Ag. a: 

Ann: 

Max: 

And has thy heart for - giv - en This lit - tle transient
Doch hast du auch ver - ge - ben, den Vorwurf, den Ver

Andante.
pp Viol: e Bassi. 

(placing her hands in his.)

Ag. a: 

The pain was but Af - fec - tion; Yet O, its warn - ing take!
Nichts fühlt mein Herz, als Be - bent nimm meiner War - nung Acht!

Ann: 

Max: 

ache? has thy heart for - giv - en This lit - tle tran - sient ache? And
dacht? hast du auch ver - ge - ben, den Vor - wurf, den Ver - dacht? doch



Agat. The pain was but Af - fec - - - tion; Yet
 nichts fühlt mein Herz, als Be - - - ben! nimme

Ann: The hun - ter, day or e - ven, Should ne'er his toil, for - sake, Should ne'er his
 So ist das Jä - ger - le - ben! nicht Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruh' bei

Max. has thy heart for - - - giv - - - en This
 hast du auch ver - - - ge - - - ben, den

Viol: 1^{mo}
Viol: 2^{da}
Fag:
Basso.

Agat. O, its warn - ing take! The pain was but Af -
 mei - - ner War - nung Acht! nichts fühlt mein Herz, als

Ann: toil forsake, Should ne'er his toil for - sake, Should ne'er his toil for - sake, The hunter, day or
 Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht! so ist das Jä - ger -

Max. lit - tle tran - sient ache? Has thy heart for -
 Vor - wurf? den Ver - dacht? hast du auch ver -

Tutti.

Ag. *u.* 
 - fec - tion; Yet O, its warn - ing take!
 Be - ben! nimm mei - ner Wür - nung Acht!

Ann. 
 even, Should ne'er his toil forsake, Should ne'er his toil for sake, Should ne'er his toil forsake, Should
 - lebe(n) nicht Ruh bei Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruh bei Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruh bei Tag und Nacht! nicht

Max. 
 - giv - en This lit - tle tran - sient ache?
 - ge - ben, den Vor - wurf? den Ver - dacht?



Ag. *f* 
 Yet, O, its warn - ing
 nimm mei - ner Wür - nung

Ann. *f* 
 ne - ver, Should ne'er his toil for -
 Ruh - he, nicht Ruh' bei Tag und

Max. *f* 
 Hast thou for - giv -
 hast du ver - ge -

Ft. Clar. Fag. Viol.
fp 
Bassi. e Viola.

Agá: *take! Yet, O, its*
Acht! nimm mei - - - ner

Ann: *- sake, The hun - ter, day or e - ven, Should ne'er his toil for - sake, Should ne'er his*
Nacht! so ist das Jü - ger - le - ben! nicht Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruh' bei

Max: *- en This lit - - - tle?*
- ben, den Vor - - - - - wurf?

Viol: *hr* *hr* *3* *Tutti.*

Agú: warn - ing take! Yet, O, its warn - ing
 War - nung Acht! nimm mei - ner War - nung

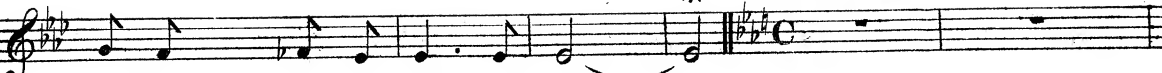
Ann: toil for sake, Should ne'er his toil for sake, The hun - ter, day or
 Tag und Nacht! nicht Ruß bei Tag und Nacht! so ist das Jü - ger -

Max: tran - sient ache? And has thy
 den Ver - dacht? doch hast du

2 Clar:

Fag:

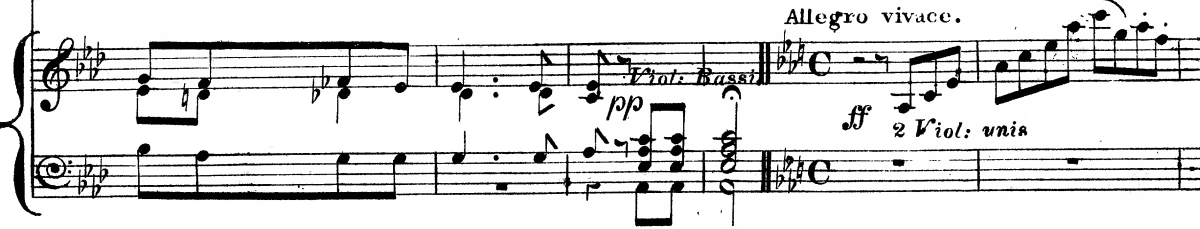
Allegro vivace.

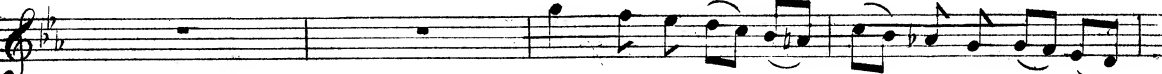
Agá:  take! Yet, O, its warn - ing! take ———!
 Acht! nimem mei - ner War - nung Acht ———!

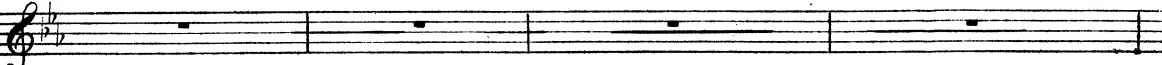
Ann:  e - ven, Should neer his toil for sake ———!
 - le - ben! nicht Ruh bei Tag und Nacht ———!

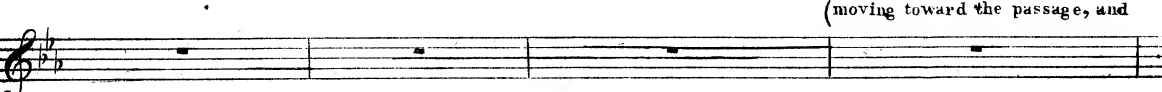
Max:  heart for - giv - en Tran - sient ache ———?
 auch ver - ge - ben den Ver - dacht ———?

Allegro vivace.

 *pp* *Viol. Bass* *ff* *2 Viol. unis*

Agá:  If ye a - las! must leave us, if ye must
 Weh' mir! ich muss dich las - sen! ich muss dich

Ann: 

Max:  (moving toward the passage, and

 *Viol. Impo* *fp* *Tutti.* *Str: ins:*

Agá: leave us, if ye must leave us, Think on A -
 las - sen! ich muss dich las - sen! denk' an A -
 (to Agáthe.)

Ann: pressing his hat firmly over his brow
 Cheer thee, since he must
 Such', Bes - te, dich zu

Max: What - e - ver net Fate weave us, She calls - and must be heard! She
 Bald wird der Mond er - blas - sen! mein Schick - sal reisst mich fort! mein

Str. ins.
Tutti.
= cello e Fag.

Agá: - gá - the's word! Think on A - gá - the's word! Think on A - gá - the's
 - ga - the's Wört! denk' an A - ga - the's Wört! denk' an A - ga - the's.

Ann: leave us, must leave us, Think on A - gá - the's word! Think on A - gá - the's
 fas - sen, zu fas - sen! denk' an A - ga - the's Wört! denk' an A - ga - the's

Max: calls - and must be heard! She calls - and must be heard! She calls - and must be
 Schick - sal reisst mich fort! mein Schick - sal reisst mich fort! mein Schicksal reisst mich

Viol. e Bassi.

Agú: word! Think on A - - - gá - the's word!
 Wort! denk' an A - - - ga - the's Wort!

Ann: word! Think on A - - - gá - the's word!
 Wort! denk' an A - - - ga - the's Wort!

Max: heard! She calls— and must be heard!
 fort! mein Schick - sal reisst mich fort!

Tutti.
ff *ff Viol. e Bassi.*

Agú: *f* Think on A - gá - the's! word! *ff* Think on A -
 denk' an A - ga - the's Wort! denk' an A -

Ann: *f* Think on A - gá - the's! word! *ff* Think on A -
 denk' an A - ga - the's Wort! denk' an A -

Max: *f* She calls— and must be heard! *ff* She calls— and
 mein Schick - sal reisst mich fort! mein Schick - sal

Wind ins: *Str. ins:* *Wind ins:*
ff

Agá: *gá - the's word! Think on A - gá - the's*
ga - the's Wort! denk' an A - ga - the's

Ann: *gá - the's word! Think on A - gá - the's*
ga - the's Wort! denk' an A - ga - the's.

Max: *must be heard! She calls— and must be*
reißt mich fort! mein Schick - sal reißt mich

ff Tutti. *Tutti.*

Agá: *word _____!*
Wort _____!

Ann: *word _____!*
Wort _____! (he departs: Agáthe, her hand in that of Annchen, sorrowfully quits the scene by the opposite side.)

Max: *heard _____!*
fort _____!

ff

The scene changes.

The stage represents a dark, dismal, and fearful glen, surrounded for the most part with dwarfed, stunted, and blasted trees which stretch forth their gaunt and naked branches, and have round their trunks the few vestiges of a withered rank vegetation; the glen is closed in on all sides by gloomy and precipitous rocks, down one of which a rushing waterfall descends; this waterfall is crossed at a considerable height by a dilapidated and dangerous timber bridge of very rude construction; beyond which the stream that supplies the waterfall is seen to descend; the upper background presents a dismal view of mountains covered by dark pine-forests, and the full moon sheds a melancholy light on all, making the desolation of the place still more desolate — the foreground is broken on either side by huge riven masses of rock, and the damp on all sides trickling down the precipitous slopes reflects in a spectral manner the few moonbeams which pierce its lowest depths; the whole scene presents an awful stillness: two thunder-storms in opposition each to the other appear looming at a considerable distance in the sky, and during the progress of the action approach closer, darkening the heavens.

In the near foreground and on the right hand side the gnarled and knotted trunk of a withered oak whitened by age, lifts one or two gaunt boughs, and forms a conspicuous object by reflecting the moon-beams; it has been cleft in two by lightning: on the other side a large owl with fiery eyes is seated on the leafless and twisted branch of another tree; this owl from time to time closes and re-opens his glaring eyes; half concealed among the crevices of the rocks, ravens and night-birds of all descriptions may be perceived. Caspar is in the central foreground without his hat and coat, yet with his hunting-bag and hanger; surrounded by black stones of which he forms a circle, in the midst of these a scull is lying; close beside the scull is placed a wing of the eagle which he cut off in the First Act; a ladle for melting lead, and a bullet mould.

SCENE IV.

CASPAR; CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

1 = 72
No. 10.
FINALE.
CHORUS OF
INVISIBLE SPIRITS;
CASPAR; SAMUEL;
MAX; SPIRITS AND
APPARITIONS.

Viol. Sostenuito.

Tromboni, Corni, e Clari tenui.

pp

Sostenuito.

Bassi.

The Instruments used in the Finale are 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, Piccolo, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in A, 2 Bassoons, 4 Horns (in various keys) 2 Trumpets, 3 Trombones, & 2 Drums.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.
 (from various sides of the glen, in gloomy and portentous tones.)

Soprani e Contralti.
Tenori.
Bassi.

Moon's milk fell up -
 Milch des Mon - des

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. von WEBER.

(at this; the owl in the foreground
opens and closes its eyes.)

(answering with
the cry of owls.)

f *>*

U - hú - i! U - hú - i! U -
U - hu - i! U - hu - i! U -

f *>*

U - hú - i! U - hú - i! U -
U - hu - i! U - hu - i! U -

- on the weed —
fiel auf's Kraut.

Now the spider's web doth bleed, —
Spinnweb' ist mit Blut bethaut!

Wind ins:

Viol:

Wind

ff *pp* *ff*

(the owl, as before.)

> (the owl, as before) *>*

- hú - i! U - hú - i! U - hú - i! U - hú - i!
- hu - i! U - hu - i! U - hu - i! U - hu - i!

- hú - i! U - hú - i! U - hú - i! U - hú - i!
- hu - i! U - hu - i! U - hu - i! U - hu - i!

Ere an - o - ther eve succeed —
eh noch wie - der A - bend graut —

ins:

Viol:

Wind ins:

pp *ff* *>* *>*

(the owl, as before.)

U - hú - i! U -
U - hu - i! U -

U - hú - i! U -
U - hu - i! U -

Dies the bride, a strick - en reed —
ist sie todt, die zur - te Braut!

Wind ins:

Viol:

fp *Tromboni.*

- hú - i!
- hu - i!

- hú - i!
- hu - i!

Then the welcom'd sink'ing night Brings the sa - cri - fice to
eh' noch wie - der sinkt die Nacht, ist das Op - fer dar - ge -

Viol:

p

(during this, Caspar has been completing the circle of stones, it is now quite finished.)

(the owl as before.)

U - hú - i! U - hú - i! U - hú - i!
U - ku - i! U - ku - i! U - ku - i!

sight.
bracht.

Winds ins.

ff

(the Village-clock strikes the hour of twelve dully in the far distance; at the twelfth stroke, Caspar

Caspar.

Tromboni.

pp

Viol: e Bassi.

ten.

ff

SCENE V.
CASPAR; SAMIEL.

drives his hanger into the scull.) CASPAR. (raising the hanger with the scull on its point, and calling aloud in a measured voice.)

Caspar.

Samiel! Samiel! appear!
Samiel! Samiel! erschein!

Caspar

By the wizard's scull, draw near! Samiel! Samiel! appear!
 bei des Zaub'ers Hirn - ge - bein! Samiel! Samiel! erschein!

Viol: Ob: e Clar: Viol: Ob: e Clar: Viol:

pp

Basso. (Pizz^o) e Timp. Basso. (Pizz^o) e Timp. Basso. Fag: &c

(the scull and hanger fall with a crash into the middle of the circle:
 subterranean thunder is heard, and a rock splits asunder with a loud
 explosion, Samiel appears in the rock, Caspar bows down before him.)

Caspar

SAMIEL.

Sam:

Why callst thou me?
 Was rufst du mich.

ff *Tutti.* *Agitato.* *Viol: e Corni.*

Caspar

Sam:

Viol: *fmo*

Viol: 2^{ndo} Basso. &c

Caspar. *Thou knowst, my term of years*
Du weisst, dass mei - ne Frist

Sami:

Caspar. *Its ex - pi-ra - tion nears —* *Ex -*
schier ab - ge-lau - fen ist, Ver -

Sami:

To-morrow.
Morgen!
Wind ins:

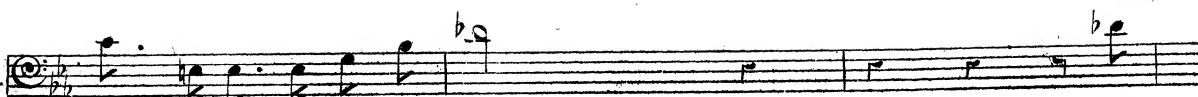
pp
Tymp. &c

Caspar. *- tend it yet again to me —* *I*
- län - gre sie noch ein - mal mir — ich

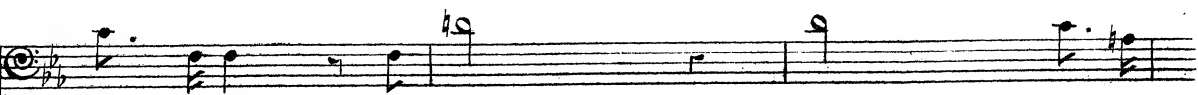
Sami:

No.
Nein!
Wind ins:

Basso.
pp

Caspar.  bring new of - fer - ing to thee, — My
brin - ge neu - e Op - fer dir — mein

Samt: 
 *pp* *Basso.*

Caspar.  com - rade Max is snar'd, He, one who
Jagd - gesell, er naht, — Er, der noch

Samt: 


Caspar.  ne'er thy gloo - my realm hath dar'd.
nie dein dunk - les Reich be - trat!

Samt: 
 *pp*

What, his will?
Was sein Begeh'r?
Wind ins:

Caspar: Charm'd magic balls, on which he hath relied —
Frei - - ku geln sind's auf die er Hoff - nung baut. —

Sam:

Caspar: Then be that seventh thine! From
Die sie - ben - te sei dein! aus

Sam: Sixth achieveth, Sev'nth deceiveth.
Sechse treffen, Sie - ben üf - fen.

Viol: Ob: e Clar:

pp

Basso. (Pizz) e Timp

Caspar: out his gun turn it to slay his bride!
sei - nem Rohr, lenk' sie nach sei - ner Braut;

Sam:

p

Basso. Pizz^o arco Pizz^o arco

Caspar: Thus will to worst despair consign Him — and the fath — er —
 diess wird ihr der Verzweiflung weihn, ihn und den Va — ter —

Sam:

Pizz *arco* *f* *Pizz* *arco*

Caspar:

Sam:

O'er her, as yet I hold no power.
 Noch hab ich keinen Theil an ihr. *Viol: Imp*

pp *Viola.* *Violu 2nd Basso. &c*
Basso. e Timp.

Caspar:

Will he suffice, in fine?
 genügt er dir al — lein?

Wilt grant re —
 Doch schenkt du

Sam:

It may be so.
 Das findet sich!

Basso.

Caspar: *- prieve, yet three years come this day, If*
Frist? und wie - der auf drei Jahr, bring'

Sam:

Caspar: *I can bring thee him thy prey*
ich ihn dir zur Beu - te dar

Sam:

crescendo *ff* *Viol: &c* *Viola.*

Caspar: *So be it! by the gates of Hell, To-morrow, he or thou!*
Es sey Bei den Pforten der Hölle! morgen Er oder Du

Sam:

Coro. *p*

(Dull thunder which is re-echoed; the scull and hanger have also disappeared, and in their stead a small hearth

Caspar.

Allegro.

ff Tutti.

p Viol: e Bassi.

Wind ins.

Allegro.

with live coals upon it rises out of the earth, and beside it, a bundle of twigs.)

Caspar.

p Viol: e Bassi.

Wind ins.

Viol:

SCENE VI.

CASPAR; then MAX; various PHANTOMS
and APPARITIONS; CHORUS of SPIRITS; finally,
SAMIEL.

CASPAR. (rising and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.)

(as he perceives the coals.)

Caspar.

Bassi. e Corni.

crescendo.

f

ff Tutti.

Excellently served!
Trefflich bedient!

(he draws a hunting flask
from his pouch.)

(he drinks.)

Caspar.

blesséd be Samiel!
Gesegn' es Samiell

Stringendo.

Viol: e Fl:

Viol: e Bassi.

Bassi. &c

Caspar.

he hath made me warm — but wherefore tarries Max? — or, should he break his word —
Er hat mir warm gemacht! Aber wo bleibt den Max? sollte er wortbrüchig werden?

Viol: e Bassi.

(he moves about, not without uneasiness hither and thither in the circle which he has formed: the coals

Caspar.

Samiel, help!
Samiel, hilf!

2 Fl: e 2 Clar:

p Viol: e Bassi.

Viol: e Bassi.

have nearly expired, he kneels down, lays twigs upon them, and blows them with his mouth; the owl and other birds thereupon flap their wings, as if to fan it also.) (the fire crackles and flickers.)

Caspar.

2 Fl: 2 Clar: e 2 Fag:

f Corno in E♭.

Viol: e Bassi.

Viol: e Bassi.

Caspar.

Crescendo poco a poco.

Max.

4 Corni.

f Viol: e Bassi.

MAX. (appearing on the broken bridge, and looking with terror down into the abyss beneath him.)

Max.

f

Ha! ————— wide - ly gapes The yawn - ing
 Ha! ————— Furcht - bar gähnt Der düst - re

p Viol: e Bassi.

Max.

darkness — fearful sight! My vision shapes a very hell in yon black
 Abgrund, welches Graßn das Au - ge wähnt in ei - nen Höl - lenpfuhl zu

Andante.

Max.

night, Those preg - nant clouds now teem with thun - der, The
 schau'n! Wie dort sich Wöl - ter - wol - ken bal - len! Der

Andante. pp Viol: e Bassi.

Max. fright - ed moon with-draws her beam, Dim spect - ral-wav - ing phantoms
 Mond verliert von sei - nem Schein! Ge - spenst' i'm ge - he - li - chen

Viol: 1mo
Viol: 2nd & Fl: unis.

Max. wau - der, A - live the rocks do seem; — And
 wal - len! be - lebt ist das Ge - stein, und

Fag:
Basso.

Max. here — hush! hush! The birds of night fly from the
 hier — husch! husch! fliegt Nacht ge - vö - gel auf im

Viol: e Bassi.

Max. bush! Red grey and gnarled boughs are bend - ing Toward me their giant
 Busch! Roth - gra - ue narb' - ge Zwei - ge strecken nach mir die Riesen -

Viol: e Bassi.
pp *f* *ff*

Max. claws . Nay— though my heart would pause,
 - faust! Nein, ob das Herz auch graust

Viol:
p *ff*
Fag: e Viola. *Viol: e Bassi.*

RECIT:

Max. I must! all fear at once commanding!
 ich muss! ich trot - ze al - len Schrecken!

(he climbs a few steps down the rock.)

Max. *Vivace.*
ff Tutti.
Vivace.

CASPAR. (who has been attending to the
 aside.)

Max. (Thanks, Samiel!
 (Dank Samiel!

p *Viol:*
Basso.

fire, raises himself and perceives him.)

(to Max.)

(pointing to the fire which he has fanned

Cuspar.

th' extended time is won!) So! come at last my comrade? think you it right to leave me thus
 die Frist ist gewonnen.) Kommst du endlich, Kammerad? ist das auch recht, mich so allein

with the eagle's wing, and holding the latter up to Max.)

MAX. (starting at the sight of the eagle's wing, and striking

Cuspar.

alone? seest thou not how sore it has gone with me. That ea - gle in yon - der
 zu lassen? siehst du nicht, wie mir's sauer wird! Ich schoss den Ad - ler, aus

Moderato.

p Viol. e Bassi.

his forehead with his hand.)

RECIT.

Max.

sky was kill'd; Re - treat were vain now be Fate ful -
 ho - her Luft; ich kann nicht rück-wärts, mein Schicksal

(he is about descending, when he stands fast, and looks terrified at the rock opposite to him.)

Max.

- fill'd
 ruft!

Vivace.

ff

Vivace.

Viol. Bassi. e 2 Corni.

RECIT.

Max. *Woes me!*
Weh mir!

Fl: Ob: Clar: Fag:

ff

Max. *To fear I am slave —*
Ich kann nicht hin — ab! —

(loudly.) (angrily.)

Caspar. *Come down! time hastens on —*
So komm doch die Zeit eilt!

Hare-hearted! thou that couldst outclimb the chamois!
Haasenherz! kimmst ja sonst wie eine Gemse!

(he points to the rock on which the moon shines full, a white veiled spirit is perceived thereupon)

Max. *See yonder! see!*
Sieh dort-hin sieh!

a tempo poco ritenuto.

To there up
Was dort sich

ff Viol: e Bassi.

waving its hands to him in a warning manner.)

Max. *— braid, Doth rise my mother's shade,*
weinst, ist meiner Mutter Geist!

So. wrapt in her shroud;
So lag sie im Sarg,

ritard.

ritard.

pp Viol: e Bassi.

Basso e Fag:

Max. *so, laid in her grave! —*
so ruht sie im Grab! —

Vivace.
ff Viol: e Bassi.

Max. *Her glance doth warn me de_ ceit, She bids me re - treat.*
Sie flect mit uar - nen - dem Blick, sie winkt mir zu - rück.

RECIT. *Viol: e Bassi.* *Viol: e Bassi.*

Max. *CASPAR. (aside.) (aloud.)*

Caspar. *(Help, Samiel!) Childish trumpery! ho, ha - ho!*
(Hilf, Samiel!) alberne Fratzen, ho! ha ho!

Viol: e Bassi.

Caspar. *(the veiled spirit has vanished; an*
look once again, with less of coward folly in thy gaze.
sieh noch einmal hin, damit du die Folgen deiner feigen Thorheit erkennest!

Agitato assai.
Viol: mo e Fl:
pp Agitato assai.
Viol: e Bassi.

apparition of Agathe is perceived, with dishevelled locks, and clothed with leaves and straw in an unaccountable manner; she

Max.

f *pp* *cres* *f*

2 Fag tenuti

resembles a lunatic, and appears about to spring into the waterfall beneath.)

Max.

pp *A*

(with dismay.)

Max.

- gā - the th' example hath shewn! I must, I
 - gu - the Sie springtinden Fluss hin - ab, hin -

Max.

must then down! A gā - the!
 - ab ich muss! A - gu - the!

ff *f* Str: & Wind ins:

Max. *th' example hath shewn! A - gá - the!*
Siespringt in den Fluss, A - ga - the!

Max. *I must, then down! I must then down! I must then*
kin - ab - ich muss! hin - ab - ich muss! hin - ab - ich

Max. *(the phantom vanishes; Max climbs quite down into the glen; the moon now commences its eclipse &c.)*
down!
muss!

ff Tutti.

CASPAR. *(aside, and sneeringly.)* MAX. *(vehemently to Caspar.)*

Max. *(I hold to your opinion! Here I am; what more remains to do?*
(Ich denke wohl auch!) Hier bin ich! was hab ich zu thun?

p

DER FRESCHÜTZ.

C. M. VON WEBER.

CASPAR. (*holding out the hunting flask to him which Max refuses.*) First drink! the night-air falls cool and fresh — wilt cast thyself?

MAX. 'Tis not of our agreement.

CAS: Take courage then! step i' this circle, it is a barrier 'twixt us and spirits or from above, or from below — whate'er ye may see and hear, rest quiet. (*with an ill concealed terror.*) Should a stranger come to help us; a night-black rider on a phantom steed, what care to thee? should others come, what harm? so that we see no separater here.

MAX. (*stepping in to the circle pulled by Caspar.*) How will this end?

CAS: Death is in vain! but not without resistance give the dead their secrets up to life; yet, shouldst see me tremble, come to the help; and call, as I should call, or we indeed are lost. (*Max would seem to object.*) be still, moments grow precious! (*the moon is by this time nearly eclipsed. Caspar takes up the ladle and places it on the fire.*) now mark, that ye learn the art. (*he takes the various ingredients from his hunting pouch, and throws them one by one into the ladle.*)

CASPAR. (*wirst ihm die Jagdfflasche zu, die Max weglegt.*) Zuerst trink! die Nachtluft ist kühl und feucht. — Willst du selbst giessen?

MAX. Nein! das ist wider die Abrede.

CAS: Fasse Muth! Tritt in den Kreis! Er ist eine ehérne Mauer gegen Geistergewalt vom Firmamente bis zum untersten Abgrund. — Was du auch horen und sehen magst, verhalte dich ruhig. (*Mit eigenem heimlichen Grauen.*) Käm' vielleicht ein Unbekannter, uns zu helfen, wär'es auch ein schwarzer Reuter auf schwarzem funkensprühenden Ross, was kummert's dich? Kömmt Andres, was thut's! So etwas sieht ein Gescheidter gar nicht!

MAX. O! wie wird das enden!

CAS: Umsonst ist der Tod! Nicht ohne Widerstand schenken verborgene Naturen den Sterblichen ihre Schätze. Nur wann du mich selbst zittern siehst, dann komm mir zu Hülfe und rufe, was ich rufen werde. Sonst sind wir verloren. (*Max macht eine Bewegung des Einwurfs.*) Still! Die Augenblicke sind kostbar! — (*Der Mond ist bis auf einen schmalen Strich verfinstert, Caspar nimmt die Gießkelle.*) Merk' auf, damit du die Kunst lernst. (*Er nimmt die Ingredienzen aus der Jagdtasche und wirft sie nach und nach hinein.*)

Cas: here is the lead — then, some pounded glass from a broken church-window; easy to gain. —
Zuerst das Blei — Etwas gestossenes Glas von zerbrochenen Kirchfenstern; das findet sich! —

Cas: then, some quicksilver! — three bullets that have already hit their mark! — the right eye of a
Etwas Quecksilber! — Drei Kugeln, die schon einmal getroffen! — Das rechte Auge

Cas: Lipwing! the left of a lynx! *Probatum est!* — and now, the blessing of the balls.
eines Wiedehopfs! Das linke eines Luchses! — *Probatum est!* — Und nun den Kugelsegen.

(during these pauses, he bows his head thrice to the earth.)

Cas: Thou, the "Mighty Hunter" hight, Samiel!
Schütze, der im Dunkeln wacht! Samiel,

Andante.
Viol. e Viola.
pp
= cello e Basso.

Cas: aid me with thy might! Stand by me this fearful night, 'Till the charm be weaved
Samiel! hab' Acht! steh' mir bei in diener Nücht, bis der Zauber ist voll-

Cas: quite! Bid the lead with Fate agree, Blest be seven, nine, and three, Pow'rful
bracht, salbe mir so Kraut als Blei, segn' es sieben, neun und drei, dass die

Cas: that each bullet be! Samiel! ständ this night by me!
Kugel tüchtig sey! Samiel! Samiel! her - bei!

Viol. e Clar.
Basso. e Timp.

♩ = 120 (the mass in the melting-ladle begins to seethe and hiss, giving forth a pale greenish glow; a cloud passes across the face of the

Cas:

Allegro.
Viol: e Viola.

pp

cello

Allegro.

moon; so that the only visible objects are the fire, the mass in the ladle, the eyes of the owl, and the phosphorescent branches of

Cas:

Viol: fmo

(as he casts, and lets the bullet
fall from the mould.)

the blasted oak.)

CASPAR.

An ECHO. (repeating.)

Cas:

2 Fl:

One! One! One!
Eins! Eins! Eins!

Viol: e Viola.

cello

(night birds come forth, fly round the circle, scream and flutter their wings.)

Cas:

CASPAR. (casting as before.)

Cast:

Fl: Ob: e Clar:

3 3 3 3

Viol: e Bassi.

Cast:

3 3 3 3

An ECHO.

Cast:

Two! Two! Two! Two!

Zwey! Zwey! Zwey! Zwey!

Viol: e Clar:

ff

Viol: 2nd Viola.

Bassi. Fag: &c

(a black boar rushes through the bushes, and courses wildly by.)

Cast:

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEBER.

Cas:

ff

Cas:

Cas:

CASPAR. (startled, and casting as before.)

Cas:

ff

Cass:

An ECHO.

Cass:

Three! Drey! Three! Three! Drey! Drey!

Viol: 2nd & Viola.

(a storm arises, breaking off branches, and driving sparks forth from the fire.)

p Viol: e Bassi. unis Wind ins:

crescendo.

ff Str: & Wind ins:

CASPAR. (still more terrified, casting as before.)

An ECHO.

Cas: Four! Vier! Four! Vier! Vier!

Viol: e Bassi. *fp* *Viol. 2^{do} e Viola.*

(a rattling is heard, the cracking of whips and the trampling of horses; four fiery wheels roll across the stage, so quickly,

f Str: & Wind ins:

that the phantoms of the horses which drag them, and of the chariot which they bear, are scarcely perceived.)

Viol: e Fl: *Viol: e Fl:*

Viol. e Fl.

CASPAR. (more and more alarmed, casting.)

Cas:

2 Viol. e Viola.

An ECHO.

(barking of dogs, and neighing in the air; a cloudy apparition of hunters

Cas:

Five! Five!
Fünf! Fünf! Fünf!

Sempre Fortissimo.

ff *Viol. 2nd e Viola.*

ff *2 Corni. in E*

Tutti.

on horse and a-foot, of stags and dogs, crosses in the sky.)

Cas:

4 Corni, 3 Tromboni. e 2 Fag.

Cas:

Tenori. (with wild and fearful voices.) *ff*

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Thro' hill and dale, thro'
Durch Berg und Thal, durch

Bassi. *ff*

Thro' hill and dale, thro'
Durch Berg und Thal, durch

Corni, Tromboni, Fag: e Bassi.

Cas:

gulf and height, Thro' dew, thro' va-por, storm and night! Thro' dew, thro' vapor,
Schlund und Schacht, durch Tau und Wol-ken, Sturm und Nacht! durch Tau und Wolken,

gulf and height, Thro' dew, thro' va-por, storm and night! Thro' dew, thro' vapor,
Schlund und Schacht, durch Tau und Wol-ken, Sturm und Nacht! durch Tau und Wolken,

Cas: 

storm and night
Sturm und Nacht

ff Tutti.

Cas: 

Thro' ca - vern, marsh, thro' brake and
Durch Höh - le, Sumpf und Er - den

Corn, Tromboni, Fag: e Bassi.

Cast:

brier, Thro' air, thro' earth, thro' sea, thro' fire! Jo - ho! wow! wow! Jo -
 - kluft.....! durch Fe - uer Er - de, See und Luft! jo - ho! wau! wau! jo -

brier, Thro' air, thro' earth, thro' sea, thro' fire! Jo - ho! wow! wow! Jo -
 - kluft.....! durch Fe - uer Er - de, See und Luft! jo - ho! wau! wau! jo -

Cast:

ho! wow! wow! Jo - ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
 - ho! wau! wau! jo - ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ho! wow! wow! Jo - ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
 - ho! wau! wau! jo - ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Cas:

Woe! the wild chase! Six! woe! Six! woe! Six! woe!
 Wehe! Das wilde Herr! Sechs! Wehe! Sechs! Wehe! Sechs! Wehe!

ho!
 ho!

ho!
 ho!

f Tutti.

Presto.

ff > *Tutti, sempre.*

Presto.

(the whole heaven becomes thick with night, two storms seem to battle thereon, and combat with terrific thunders and light -

nings; crashing rain falls.)

(blue flames spring from the earth.)

(Ignis-fatui play on the hills;

the water—fall foams and heaves; large masses of rock fall into it; from all sides a commotion of the elements is heard;



the earth seems to quake.)



CASPAR. (almost exhausted, and shrieking.)

(Caspar falls to the ground.)

Cas: Samiel! Samiel! help!

Samiel! Samiel! hül!

Wind ins: Wind ins: Wind ins:

Viol: e Bassi. Strins: Strins: Strins: Strins: Strins:

MAX. (driven about hither and thither by the storm, springs out of the circle, and catches hold of a bough of the oak, calling.)

(at this moment the storm ceases, in the place of the withered tree, stands the Wild Huntsman, who seizes Max' hand.)

SAMIEL. (in a voice of thunder.)

Cas: Seven! Samiel! Here am I!

Sieben! Samiel! Hier bin ich!

ff Tutti

(Max signs the cross, and suks to the earth.)

(there is an awful stillness.)

(It strikes One.)

ff
Basso. e Tymp.

(Samiel has vanished; Caspar still lays with his face to the

ff

earth; Max raises himself up convulsively, as the curtain falls.)

ff Tutti.

pp Viol: Basso. e Tymp.

Nº II.
ENTR' ACTE.

Molto Vivace.
ff Viol: e Bassi.
p Ob: e Fl:
Molto Vivace.
ff Viol: e Bassi.
p Fl: Ob: Clar: Fag:
ff Str: ins:
Wind ins:
Str: ins:
Wind ins:
Str: ins:
4 Corni. Fag: e Trombone. Basso.
f > p
Ob: Clar: Fag: Corni Tromboni. &c
ff

The Entr' acte is written for 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in A, 2 Bassoons, 3 Horns in D, 1 Horn in A, 2 Trumpets in D, 1 Bass Trombone, & Drums in D A.

ff Str: ins:

Wind ins: *p* ff Str: ins:

Wind ins: *p* ff Str: ins:

Scherzando. *p* 4 Corni. e Fag:

Corni. Fag: e Trombone.

ff Tutti.

hr

Viol: e Bassi. Tutti.

Oboe. Viol: e Bassi. Tutti.

*The stage represents a romantic and thickly-wooded portion of the forest.
Hunter music is heard from time to time behind the curtain ere it rises.*

SCENE I.

Two of the Prince's HUNTERS.

First HUNTER. *(entering with his comrade.)*
Here's wondrous weather for the chase!

Second HUNTER. Ne'er more had I expected
such; the storm was fearful up to day-break.

First HUNT: And i' the "Wolf's Glen" play'd its
choicest pranks; Beelzebub there made a night
on't.

Second HUNT: Aye, like his grandmother before
him.

First HUNT: What wind beside! the thickest
trunks are split as though a straw; prone shews
the giant-pine a mighty bulk, and strains its un-
availing root toward heav'n.

Second HUNT: Of course; we know what hap-
pen'd there anon —

First HUNT: Pish, for such gossip! up and
on! *(they are moving off, when Max enters from
the opposite side, somewhat angry in manner,
and followed by Caspar.)*

Erster JÄGER. Herrliches Jagdwetter!

Zweiter JÄGER. Nimmermehr hätt' ich das ge-
glaubt; bis gegen Morgen war ein Mordlärm!

Erster JÄG: Besonders in der Waldschlucht soll
ganz und gar der böse Feind gehaust haben.

Zweiter JÄG: Das ist ein für allemal seiner
Grossmutter Lustgarten.

Erster JÄG: Dort giebt's Windbrüche! Manns-
dicke Stämme sind zersplittert, wie Rohrstäbe,
Riesentannen schrecken die Wurzeln gen Him-
mel.

Zweiter JÄG: Ja, ja, man weiss schon, wer
dort sein Wesen treibt.

Erster JÄG: Mit deinen Fratzen! lass uns ge-
hen! *(Max, etwas erhitzt, kommt mit Caspar.)*

SCENE II.

The same; MAX; CASPAR.

First HUNT: *(to Max, from the back.)* Good-
day! —

Second HUNT: *(lifting his hat to Max.)* And
luck, mine Heir-Presumptive!

MAX. To both, still better sport!

Second HUNT: *(pulling back his comrade, and
pointing to Max.)* Hist, be polite: this is a rare
fellow, Sir: he has made three shots the like to
which, our sight, much less our guns, could touch:
his Highness too seems bent on him, 'gad Fortune
is a parlous fickle jade; if she maintain her
present tack, he'll soon become Chief Forester.

First HUNT: Perchance; — but on! *(they de-
part.)*

Ersten JÄG: *(zu ihnen im Vorübergehn.)* Gu-
ten Tag!

Zweiter JÄG: *(zieht vor Max den Hut.)* Glück
zu, Herr Expectant!

MAX. Gute Jagd!

Zweiter JÄG: *(den ersten noch zurückhaltend
und auf Maxen deutend.)* Hör' sey höflich gegen
den! Das ist ein Mordkerl! Er hat drei Schüsse
gethan — unser einer kann nicht so weit sehen,
geschweige denn treffen! Die Durchlaucht ist
ganz versessen auf ihn. Das Glücksrädchen
dreht sich wunderlich. Läuft's so fort, kann er
noch Landjägermeister werden.

Erster JÄG: Meinethalben! Komm! *(Sie gehen.)*

SCENE III.

MAX; CASPAR.

MAX. *(to Caspar.)* Thank heav'n, we are alone! —
hast more of these same magic-balls? then give!

CASPAR. How likely! excuse me, but three for
me, and four for thee, has help'd you to the lion's
share!

MAX. *(zu Caspar.)* Gut, dass wir allein sind! —
Hast du noch von den Glücks-Kugeln? Gieb!

CASPAR. Das wär' mir! Bedenk! Drei nahm ich
vier für dich! Kann ein Bruder redlicher thei-
len?

MAX. Alas, and I have left, but one! the Prince has set his eye on me, with three brave shots have I astounded him: (*imploringly.*) what hast thou done then with those other balls?

CAS: (*taking two magpies from his hunting-pouch, and throwing them behind a bush.*) See, kill'd yonder trash with two.

MAX. Art 'mad?

CAS: (*carelessly.*) 'Twas good to bring such gallows-birds to ground! and, what the devil is all your Prince's sport to me?

MAX. (*anxiously.*) But ye have still one left; O give it me!

CAS: Am I a fool! I have one — you one! then let it serve ye at the trial.

MAX. Give me thy third!

CAS: I may not — —

MAX. Caspar!

MAX. Aber ich habe nur noch eine! Der Fürst hatte mich ins Auge gefasst. Drei Schüsse hab' ich gethan zum Erstaunen. Was hast du denn mit den Kugeln angefangen?

CAS: (*nimmt zwei Elstern aus der Jagdtasche und wirft sie hinter einen Busch.*) Da sieh, nach den Elstern hab' ich Zweie verschossen.

MAX. Bist du toll?

CAS: Es macht mir Spass, so einen Galgenvogel herunterzulangen! Was kümmert mich die ganze fürstliche Jagd?

MAX. So hast du noch Eine; gieb mir sie!

CAS: Dass ich kein Narr wär'! Ich noch eine — du noch eine! Die heb' dir fein auf zu dem Proleschusse.

MAX. Gieb mir deine Dritte!

CAS: Ich mag nicht — —

MAX. Caspar!

SCENE IV.

The same; A Third HUNTER.

Third HUNTER. (*entering; to Max.*) The Prince awaits you, and at the instant: they wager on how far your barrel carries. (*he departs, making a reverence.*)

Dritter JAGER (*tritt ein; zu Max.*) Der Fürst verlangt Euch, aber augenblicklich! Es ist ein Streit entstanden, wie weit Euer Gewehr trifft. (*ab.*)

SCENE V.

MAX; CASPAR.

MAX. So! (*to Caspar hurriedly, and catching him by the coat:*) Give me that third!

CAS: (*savagely.*) No; were ye falling at my feet for't —!

MAX. (*as he rushes off, with a look of execration at Caspar.*) Beast!

MAX. Sogleich! (*zu Caspar, dringend.*) Gieb mir die dritte!

CAS: Nein, und wenn du mir zu Fusse fielst —!

MAX. Schuft! (*ab.*)

SCENE VI.

CASPAR, solus.

CASPAR. Well and good! — now, to dispose of the sixth; (*he loads his gun.*) the seventh, the devil's bullet, serves him at the trial; ha, ha, ha! a choice example, and a pretty present for the pretty bride! — there runs a fox; his maw shall bolt the sixth. (*he runs off, pointing his gun; and a shot is heard immediately afterwards.*)

CASPAR. Immerhin! — Jetzt geschwind die sechste Kugel verbraucht. (*er lüdt.*) Die siebente, die Teufelskugel, hebt er mir schon zum Probeschusse auf! Hahaha! Das Exempel ist richtig. Wohl bekomm's der schönen Braut! — dort läuft ein Füchslin; dem die sechste in den Pelz! (*legt im Abgehen an; man hört als bald ausserhalb den Schuss fallen.*)

The scene changes.

The stage represents Agathe's chamber, a room antiquesly, yet neatly ornamented. On one side stand a small house-altar upon which is placed a vase containing a nosegay of white roses.

Agathe is discovered in a white bridal-dress trimmed with green, she kneels at the altar; then rises and lifts her hands and eyes toward Heaven with pious devotion.

f = 60

SCENE VII

AGÄTHE, sola.

Nº 12.
CAVATINA.
AGÄTHE.

Adagio.

p Corni. e Fagotti. = cello.

Adagio.

AGÄTHE.

Agä: For though a cloud sometimes conceal-eth, Yon
Und ob die Wol - ke sie ver - hül - le, die

Corn. e Fag.

Agä: Sun's still un - dim-in-ish'd glance, Su-preme, One Ho - ly Will pre-vaileth Nor yields an
Son - ne - bleib't am Himmels - zelt! es wal-tet dort ein heil'-ger Wil-le; nicht blinden

This Cavatina is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Clarinets in B^b, 2 Bassoons, and 2 Horns in E^b.

Agü: er - - - ring world to chance; Whose watchful
Zu - - - fall dient die Welt. Das Au - ge,

Cornet & Flug.

cello.

Agü: care pours from a - bove On all a stream of endless love! Whose watchful
rein und e - wig klar, nimmt al - ler We - sen lie - bend wahr! Das Au - ge,

cello.

Agü: care pours from a - bove On all a stream of endless love!
rein und e - wig klar, nimmt al - - - - - ler We - sen lie - bend wahr!

Wind ins: Viola, & Bassi.

Agü: Whose watchful care pours from a - bove, On all a stream of love!
das Au - ge rein und e - wig klar, nimmt Al - ler lie - bend wahr!

cello.

Agü: *To Him, its*
Für mich auch

Clar:

Str: ins:

Corni.

Agü: weak - ling woe and sor - row My child - like heart hath dar'd con - fide; Should
wird der Höchste sor - gen, dem kind - lich Herz und Sinn ver - traut! und

Agü: I be - hold no more a mor - row, His Fa - ther -
wür' diess auch mein letz - - ter Mor - gen, rief mich sein

mf

Agü: - word would call me "bride," Whose watch - ful care pours from a -
Va - terwort als Braut; Sein Au - ge, e - wig rein und

mf

cello.

Str: and Wind ins:

Ag. a:

- bove On all a stream of end-less love! Whose watch-ful
klar, nimmt al-ler sein-er Kin-der wahr! Sein Au-ge,

Ag. a:

care pours from a - bove On all - - - - a
rein und e - wig klar, nimmt al- - - - - ler

f *Sempre Tutti.* *pp*

Ag. a:

stream of end-less love! Whose watchful care pours from a - bove On
sein-er Kin-der wahr! Sein Au-ge, rein und e - wig klar, nimmt

Ag. a:

all a stream of love!
sein-er Kin-der wahr!

SCENE VIII.

The same; ANNCHEN.

ANNCHEN. (*entering gaily attired for the bridal, but still without flowers or leaves of any kind on her person.*) Ah, we are true to our time! — but why thus melancholy; I know ye have been weeping? bridal-tears and summer-rain (so hath the adage) are not of long account. Heav'n knows though there was rain enough last even; oft thought I, that the storm would whisk this ancient hunting-box about our ears.

AGÄTHE. (*sorrowfully.*) And dear Max in the forest-dell all night! — myself too, troubled with such fearful dreams.

ANN: Dreams? I have always heard that we should note right well the what we dream before our wedding-day; such visions prophecy one's after lot: what then was thine?

AGÄ: One wondrous strange. I thought me to a white dove changed, and flying from bough to bough; Max aimed at me, I fell; the white dove now had vanished, again was I Agäthe; beside me weltered in its blood a huge black bird of prey.

ANN: (*clapping her hands.*) Charming! charming!

AGÄ: (*astonished at her careless demeanour.*) How can ye treat it as a jest?

ANN: O your "huge black bird of prey" just well unlocks the riddle: ye wrought right late at this same bridal-robe, and thought whilst dazing off, on this day's toilet; there have we your "white dove"! then frightened at the eagle-plume upon Max' hat, ye conjured thence your "huge black bird of prey" O am I not a sapient expounder, coz', of dreams?

AGÄ: Nay; but thy love toward me would make thee one, thou darling, joyous child! (*faltering.*) notwithstanding — have ye ne'er heard that dreams sometimes fall true?

ANN: (*aside.*) (Can nothing cross my sprit to divert her?) (*aloud with a seeming earnestness and fear.*) in verity, we cannot cast them all aside! for I myself do know one terrible example.

ANNCHEN. (*geschmückt, doch nicht mit Blumen oder Zweigen.*) Ei, du hast dich dazu gehalten! — Aber du bist ja so wehmüthig; ich glaube gar, du hast geweint? Brautthränen und Frühregen, sagt das Sprüchwort, währen nicht lange. Nun, das weiss der Himmel, Regen genug hat's gegeben! Oft dacht' ich, der Sturm würde das alte Jagdschlösschen ganz über den Haufen blasen.

AGÄTHE. Und Max war in deisem schrecklichen Wetter im Walde! — Zudem habe ich so quälende Träume gehabt.

ANN: Träume? Ich habe immer gehört, was einen vor dem Hochzeitstage träumt, muss man sich merken. Solche Träume sollen, wie Laubfrösche, das ganze liebe Ehestandswetter verkündigen. Was träumtest du denn?

AGÄ: Es klingt wunderbar. Mir träumte, ich sey in eine weisse Taube verwandelt und fliege von Ast zu Aste. Max zielte nach mir, ich stürzte; aber nun war die weisse Taube verschwunden, ich war wieder Agäthe, und ein grosser schwarzer Raubvogel wälzte sich im Blute.

ANN: (*klatscht in die Hände.*) Allerliebste! allerliebste!

AGÄ: Wie kannst du dich nur über so etwas freuen?

ANN: Nun, der schwarze Raubvogel — da hast du ja die ganze Bescheerung! du arbeitetest noch spät an dem weissen Brautkleide und dachtest gewiss vor dem Einschlafen an deinen heutigen Staat; da hast du wie weisse Taube! du erschreckst vor den Adlerfedern auf Maxens Hute, es schauert dir überhaupt vor Raubvögeln; da hast du den schwarzen Vogel! Bin ich nicht eine geschickte Traumdeuterin?

AGÄ: Deine Liebe zu mir macht dich dazu, liebes, fröhliches Kind! Gleichwohl — hast du nie gehört, dass Träume in Erfüllung gingen?

ANN: (*vor sich.*) (Fällt mir denn nichts ein, sie zu zerstreuen? (*laut, mit scheinbarer Ernsthaftigkeit und Furcht.*) Freilich, Alles kann man nicht verwerfen! Ich selbst weiss da ein Grausen erregendes Beispiel.

(Agathe seats herself near the altar; Annchen brings forward a large stool to her feet, sits upon it, and places her hands in those of Agathe, looking the while naïvely into her countenance.)

Nº 13.

ROMANZA
ED ARIA.

ANNCHEN.

Andante, tremolo.
pp Str: ins.
Andante.
Viola sola.

Ann:

ANNCHEN.

Str: ins:

My dear de - part - ed aunt once
Einst traum - te mei - ner sel' - gen

Ann:

dream - - - ing Be - held her room door o - pen
Bua - - - se die Kam - mer - thür' er - öff - net

This Romanza ed Aria is accompanied by a Viola Obligata, in addition to 2 Violins, Viola, Violon - cello, Contrabasso, 2 Flutes, 2 Clarinets in B \flat , 2 Bassoons, and 2 Horns in E \flat .

Ann: wide, Whilst white as chalk her nose then
sich, und krei - de - weiss ward ih - re

Ann: seem - ing She saw that with one fear - ful
Na - se; denn nü - her, furcht - bar nü - her

fp

Ann: stride A mons - ter came in. His
achlich ein Un - ge - heu - er, mit

Ann: eye - balls all flam - ing, With chain that did
Au - gen wie Feu - er, mit klir - ren - der

tremolando

fp

Basso.

Ann: rat - tle He drew near the
Ket - te, er nah - - - te dem

Ann: set - tle On which she did sleep, (I mean my poor
Bet - te, in wel - chem sie schlief, (ich mei - ne die

fp

Ann: am - ty With courage so scan - ty,) And
Baa - se mit krei - di - ger Nu - se, -) und

(representing the movements of the supposed spectre.)

Ann: moan'd an "ah"! so low, And
stöhn - te, "ach"! so hohl! und

fp *Fl:*

Ann: groand an "ah!" so deep; She
 ächz - - - te "ach!" so tief! sie

Fl: *f*.

Ann: pray'd, she did weep, And shriek'd as though her lungs would
 kreuz - te sich, rief, nach man - chem Angst und Stoss - ge -

Ann: break "Sus - an - - na! Mar - garet! Sus - an - na! quick a -
 - bet "Su - san - - ne! Mar - gareth! Su - san - ne! Mar - ga -

fp *fp* *fp* *fp*

Ann: - wake! - - - And they came with a
 - reth! - - - und sie ka - men mit

f

Ann: light, — And — on — ly think, —
Licht — und — den — ke nur? —

pp Str: & Wind ins:

Ann: and — (Drop not with af - fright)
und — er — schrich mit nur nicht! —

crescendo.

Ann: *stringendo.* (mysteriously.) This and — ghost in - cog'
und — graust mir doch! —

stringendo.

Ann: Was — this ghost was — Ne — ro, the
und — der Ghist war — No — ro, der

(jumping up from her seat.)

f *f* *ff*

(Agathe rises as if her feelings were hurt;
Aunchen throws her arms tenderly toward her.)

Aunt: Mastiff-dog!
Ket-ten-hund!

Art cross with me?
du zür-nest mir?

Andante

f Str: ins: *Viola sola.* *Andante* *dotce assai.* *Viola sola.* *piacere* *piacere*

Aunt: My tale's not idle; For though I feel with thee,
doch kannst du wähen, ich füh-le nicht mit dir?—

Viola sola.

(kissing her.)

Aunt: Yet tears become a bride so lit-tle!
nur ziemen ei-ner Braut nicht Thrä-nen!


Allegro. *Viola sola.* *Str: ins.* *Allegro.*

Aunt: O, is weep-ing, Dear, in keep-ing With a
Trü-be Au-gen, Liebchen, tau-gen ei-nem

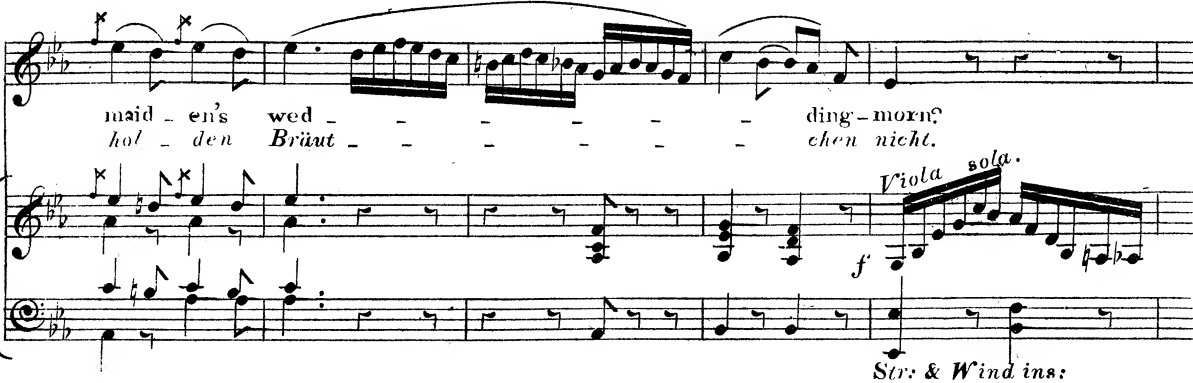
Str: ins.

Ann:  *Viol: Imo*

maiden's wedding-morn? O, is weeping Dear, in keep - ing,
 hol - den Bräutchen nicht. trü - be Au-gen, Lieb - chen, tau - gen

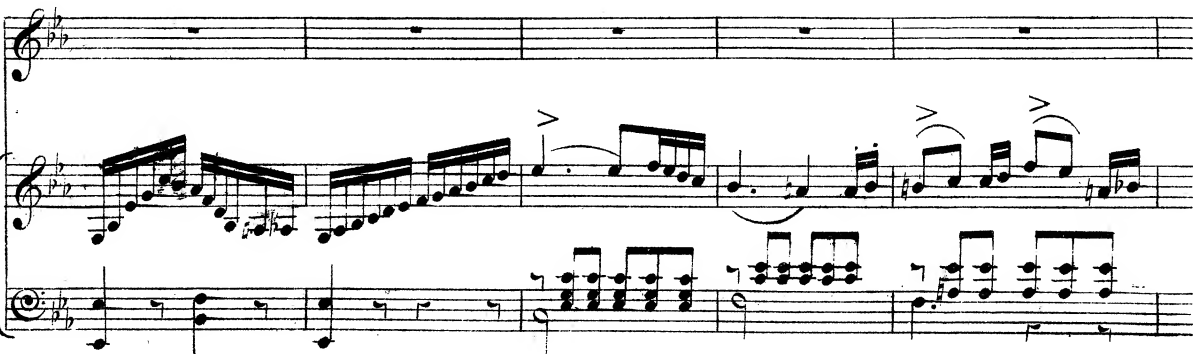
Ann: 

then O is weep - ing, Dear, in keep - ing With a
 nicht, trü - be Au - gen, Lieb - chen, tau - gen ei - nem

Ann:  *Viola sola.*
f

maid - en's wed - ding-morn?
 hol - den Bräut - chen nicht.

Str: & Wind ins:

Ann: 

Ann: *Coy* ad - van - ces Pret - ty glan - ces
 das durch Blic - ke sie be - stric - ke,

Ann: Where Hope dances, And with fancies Longing panting Love en - trances,
 und be - glücke, und er - quic - ke al - les um sich her ent - zücke,

f *fp Tutti.* *Viola sola.*

Ann: Should a - lone her brow, her brow a - dorn. Should a -
 das ist ih - re schöns - te, schönste Pflicht. das ist

Str: ins: *f*

Ann: - lone her brow, her brow a -
 ih - re schöns - te schöns - te

Clar: e Fag: soli. *Clar: e Fag:*

Ann: *- dorn. Pflicht. —*

Viola sola:

Str: & Wind ins:

Ann: *Let the cell and clois-ter*
Lass in ü-den Mauern

Viola sola.

Str: ins:

Ann: *Their re - clus - es fos - ter, Thy path glows with*
Büs - se - rin - nen trau - ern, Dir winkt ros' - ger

Str: ins:

Str: & Wind ins:

Ann: *ro - sy light; Tapers glis - ten on the al - tar Of a faith too pure to*
Hoff - nung Licht! schon ent - zün - det sind die Ker - zen zum Ver - ein ge - treu - er

Fl: solo

p

Str: & Wind ins:

Ann: *fal - ter, Ta - pers glisten on the al - - tar,*
Her - zen — schon ent - zün - det sind die Ker - - zen,

Fl: e Clar: *Viol:*

Ann: *Thy path glows with ro - sy light; Hov' - - ring an -*
dir winkt ros' - ger Hoff - nung Licht. hol - - - de Freun -

Str: ins: *f Tutti.* *fp Str: ins:*

Ann: *- gels bless the rite! Hov' - ring an - gels,*
- din, za - - ge nicht! hol - de Freun - din,

Viola sola. *fp* *pp Str: ins:*

Ann: *an - gels bless the rite! Hov' - ring an - gels*
hol - de za - ge nicht! hol - de Freun - din,

Ann: bless the rite! Hov' - ring an - gels,
 za - - ge nicht! hol - de Freun - din,

Ann: an - gels bless the rite! Hov' - ring
 hol - de za - ge nicht! hol - de

Ann: an - gels, hov' - ring an - gels bless
 Freun - din, hol - de Freun - din, za -

Ann: the rite! Hov' - ring an - gels bless the rite! Hov' - ring an - gels bless the
 - - ge nicht! hol - de Freundin za - ge nicht! hol - de Freundin za - ge

p Str ins: *crescendo.*

Ann: *rite! Hov' - ring an - gels bless the rite! bless the
nicht! hol - de Freun - din za - ge nicht! za - ge*
Viola sola.

Tutti f

Ann: *rite! bless the rite!
nicht! za - ge nicht!*

ff Tutti.

But I must fetch betimes thy bridal-wreath: old Elspeth brought it up from town, and I (forgetful thing) leave it below: hark, here are the bridesmaids come already! (*moving out.*)

Num muss ich aber auch geschwind den Kranz holen. Die alte Elsbeth hat ihn eben aus der Stadt mitgebracht und ich, vergessliches Ding, liess ihn unten. Horch, da kommen die Brautjungfern schon!

SCENE IX.

The same: A BRIDESMAID;

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

ANNCHEN. (*to the Bridesmaids who enter attired for the wedding, with the exception of the wreaths and flowers; and as she goes out.*) Fair morning, dear girls! sing bravely to the bride, 'till I return anon. (*she runs out.*)

ANNCHEN. (*im Abgehen.*) Guten Tag, liebe Mädchen! Da, singt immer die Braut an. Ich komme gleich wieder. (*ab.*)

AGÄTHE; A BRIDESMAID;
CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Nº 14.
VOLKSLIED.
A BRIDESMAID;
CHORUS of BRIDESMAIDS

Andante e quasi Allegretto. 2 Ob:
Str: ins: pizzicato 2 Corni.
Andante e quasi Allegretto. 2 Fl: e 2 Ob:
2 Cor: e 2 Fag:

A BRIDESMAID. (*advancing to Agäthe.*)

A Brid: *Str: ins: arco.*

For thee we weave the maid-en-wreath With silk of pur-est a-zure; We
Wir win-den dir den Jung-fern-kranz mit veil-chen-blau-er Sei-de wir

A Brid: lead thee forth with tune-ful breath To Love's ce-les-tial
füh-ren dich zu Spiel und Tanz, zu Glück und Lie-bes-

The Volkslied is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes,
2 Bassoons, and 2 Horns in C.

(as they form a circle, and dance round Agathe.)

Bridg

plea - sure. **CHORUS OF BRIDES.** *Bon - ny, bloom - ing; bonny blooming maid - en - wreath*
freu - de! Schö - ner, gru - ner; schöner grüner Jung - fern - kranz!

Bon - ny, bloom - ing; bonny blooming maid - en - wreath
Schö - ner, gru - ner; schöner, grüner Jung - fern - kranz!

Tutti.

Wove with silk - en a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure!
veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de! veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

Wove with silk - en a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure! *Viol:*
veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de! veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

2 Fl: e 2 Ob:

The BRIDESMAID.

A Bridg

The myr - tle, rose, and frag - rant thyme Grow
La - ven - del, Myrth, und Thy - mi - an Das

Str: ins: arco.

p

A Bridg

tempting - ly to - ge - ther; No sui - tor plies his hon - ied rhyme To
wachst in mei - nem Gar - ten; Wie lang bleibt doch der Frei - ers - mann? Ich

(as before.)

Abridg

bid me stoop and ga - ther.
kann es kaum er - war - ten.

CHORUS OF
BRIDES.

Bon - ny, bloom - ing,
Schö - ner, grü - ner,

Bon - ny, bloom - ing,
Schö - ner, grü - ner,

Tutti.

bon - ny blooming maid - en wreath
schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz!

Wove with silk - en a - zure!
veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

bon - ny blooming maid - en wreath
schö - ner, grü - ner Jung - fern - kranz!

Wove with silk - en a - zure!
veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

The BRIDESMAID.

Wove with silk - en a - zure!
veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

And
Sie

Wove with silk en a - zure!
veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

Viol:

2 Fl: e 2 Ob:

Tutti.

A Bride

she has spun come se - ven years, Sev'n year the flax she dress - es; Her
 hat gesponnen sieb - en Jahr, Den goldnen Flachs am Roc - ken, Die

p Str.: ina:

A Bride

cheek its vir - gin pure - ness wears Her brow its un - crown'd tress - es.
 Schleier sind wie Spinn - web' klar, Und grün der Kranz der Loc - ken.

CHORUS of BRIDESMAIDS. (as before.)

Bon - ny, blooming, bon - ny blooming maiden - wreath Wove with silk - en
 Schö - ner, grü - ner, schöner, grüner Jung - fern - kranz! veil - chen - blau - e

Bon - ny, blooming, bon - ny blooming maiden - wreath Wove with silk - en
 Schö - ner, grü - ner, schöner, grüner Jung - fern - kranz! veil - chen - blau - e

Tutti

The BRIDESMAID.

a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure! Eft -
 Sei - de! veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de! Und

a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure! *Viol:*
 Sei - de! veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de! *2 Fl: e 2 Ob:*

Tutti.

ABRID.
 - soon's to woo, the sui - tor came, When sev'n long years were end - ed; 'Neath
 als der schmucke Frei - er kam, Wär'n sie - ben Jahr ver - ron - nen; Und

p Str: *ins.*

flow' - ry emblem of her fame She, toward the al - tar bend - ed.
 weil sie der Herz - lieb - ste nahm, Hat sie den Kranz ge - won - nen.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. (as before.)

Bon - ny, bloom - ing, bon - ny bloom - ing maid - en wreath Wove with silk - en
 Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jungfern - kranz! veil - chen - blau - e

Bon - ny, bloom - ing, bon - ny bloom - ing maid - en wreath Wove with silk - en
 Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jungfern - kranz! veil - chen - blau - e

Tutti.

a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure!
 Sei - de! veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de! (they all draw back.)

a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure! *Viol:*
 Sei - de! veil - chen blau - e Sei - de! *2 Fl: e 2 Ob:*

Tutti.

The same; **ANNCHEN** entering with a round hand-box tied up, and joining in with the Chorus, whilst she raises the box triumphantly above her head.

ANNCHEN. Behold me now again returned; but almost with a broken nose; any ye could credit it, Agäthe, Sir Cuno hath been at his tricks a - gain.

AGÄTHE. (*anxiously.*) How say you?

ANNCHEN. That I across the picture, just did well-nigh twist my neck: a second time this night he's come to ground, and with him now has brought a goodly piece of wall: the frame is wholly smashed.

AGÄ: Fear checks mine ev'ry vein: for he was our great ancestor.

ANN: One whisper makes thee tremble, gentle love! on such a night when oak-trees split in twain, may aught be wondered at? I had beside, a little weakling hammer, and the old nail was rusted out: now girls! (*to the bridesmaids.*) the burden of your song yet once again. (*she cuts the ribbon round the box, and kneeling down sportively before Agäthe, presents it to her.*)

ANNCHEN. Nun, da bin ich wieder! Aber fast war' ich auf die Nase gefallen. Kannst du dir's denken, Agäthe? der alte Herr Cuno hat schon wieder ges - pukt.

AGÄTHE. (*bekommen.*) Was sagst du?

ANNCHEN. Dass ich über das alte Bild fast die Beine gebrochen hätte. Es ist diese Nacht zum zweitenmale von der Wand gefallen und hat ein tüchtiges stück Kalk mit herunter gebracht. Der ganze Rahmen ist zertrümmert.

AGÄ: Fast könnt' es mich ängsten! Er war der Urvater unsers Stammes —

ANN: Du zitterst auch vor eine Spinne! In einer so tollen Nacht, wo allen Pfosten krachen, ist's da zu verwundern? Auch führ' ich wohl keinen sonderlichen Hammer, und der alte Nagel war ganz verrostet. Nun frisch! Noch einmal das Ende des Liedchens! (*sie schneidet den Bindfaden entzwei, knieet tündelnd vor Agäthen nieder und überreicht ihr die Schachtel.*)

CHORUS of BRIDESMAIDS; ANNCHEN *coi Soprani.*

Bon - ny, blooming, bon - ny blooming maiden - wreath Wove with silken a - zure!
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schöner, grü - ner Jungfern - kranz veilchenblau - e Sei - de!

Bon - ny, blooming, bon - ny blooming maiden - wreath Wove with silken a - zure!
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schöner, grü - ner Jungfern - kranz veilchenblau - e Sei - de!

Tutti

AGÄ: (*during this refrain, has opened the box; she starts back horrified.*) Ah! (*all except Annchen, who still kneels, fall back simultaneously.*)

ANN: What have we now? (*Agäthe lifts the wreath out of the box, it is a silver funeral*

AGA: (*offnet und führt zurück.*) Ach! (*alle, ausser Annchen, die doch knieet, fahrgleich - falls erblassend zurück.*)

ANN: Nun, was ist denn? (*Agäthe nimmt den Kranz heraus; es ist ein silberner Tottenkranz.*

crown;) a funeral-wreath! — Heav'n's! that is — (*springing up, and concealing her embarrassment.*) O this is past all bearing — the purblind dame or else the shop-girl hath for surety changed the box. (*the Bridesmaids look one at the other with anxiety on their countenances, Agäthe tranquilly gazes on vacantly, and clasps her hands.*) What course to now pursue? (*she closes the box and quickly hides it.*) tho' off with this, a wreath must still be had.

AGÄ: Perchance this may be warning from above, the pious hermit gave me yon white roses (*pointing to those in the jar on the altar*) significantly saying "weave them for thy bridal crown — at the altar, or on her bier well may a maiden bear the spotless rose?"

ANN: (*as she quickly takes the roses out of the flower jar, and shaking off the water, weaves them into a wreath, and places the same on Agäthe's head.*) An opportune idea, they twine as if of their own pure accord, and suit thee charmingly; away now, for our comrades surely wait — (*to the Bridesmaids*) sing! sing!

sehr erschrocken.) Eine Todtenkrone! — Himmel! das ist — (*aufspringend und ihre Verlegenheit verbergend.*) Nein, das ist nicht zum Aushalten! da hat die alte halbblinde Frau, oder die Verkäuferin, gewiss die Schachteln vertauscht! (*die Brautjungfern sehen einander bedenklich an. Agathe blickt still vor sich nieder und faltet die Hände.*) Aber was fangen wir nun an? (*sie macht die Schachtel zu, und verbirgt sie schnell.*) Weg damit! Einen Kranz müssen wir haben!

AGA: Vielleicht ist diess ein Wink von oben. Der fromme Eremit gab mir die weissen Rosen so ernst und bedeutend; "windet daraus die Brautkrone! Vor dem Altar und im Sarge mag die Jungfrau weisse Rosen tragen?"

ANN: (*nimmt die Rosen schnell aus dem Blumentopfe schüttelt das Wasser ab, verschlingt sie zu einem Kranze und setzt ihn Agäthen auf.*) Ein herrlicher Einfall! Sie verschlingen sich von selbst und stehen dir allerliebste! doch nun lasst auch gehen. Unsere Begleiter werden sonst ungeduldig singt! singt!

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

ANNCHEN. *coi Soprani.*

(Singing with a subdued voice, as they lead Agäthe out.)

pp

Bon - ny, bloom - ing, bon - ny blooming maiden - wreath! Wove with silken
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jungfern - kranz! veil - chenblaue

pp

Bon - ny, bloom - ing, bon - ny blooming maiden - wreath! Wove with silken
Schö - ner, grü - ner, schö - ner, grü - ner Jungfern - kranz! veil - chenblaue

pp Tutti.

a - zure! Wove with silk - en a - zure!
 Sei - de! veil - chen - blau - e Sei - de!

Viol:
Viol: e Fag:
Str: ins:
Fl: e Viol: Imo
Viol: Imo
Str: ins:
pp
Basso.
Pizz?
 (they all depart.)

The scene changes.

The stage represents a romantic and beautiful landscape; a picturesque plateau of land divided by a deep and woody dell from the opposite heights, beyond which is seen a broad expanse of the loveliest country of Bohemia: on one side, and in the middle distance stands the tent of Ottokar the Prince; a banquet table is spread beneath it at which Guests and Nobles are discovered feasting. A table is spread down the opposite side at which Hunters and Sportsmen are enjoying themselves, behind this, scattered in rude profusion lie a quantity of deer, wild boars, and and other trophies of the chase: rather to the back stands a huge oak whose shady boughs stretch out over the table.

Ottokar is discovered seated on a throne at the dais under the tent; at the end of the table opposite to him Cuno is placed; Max stands near to Cuno, yet, without the tent; and leans upon his rifle: on the other side, Caspar is seen lurking behind a tree.

SCENE XII.

MAX; OTTOKAR; CUNO; CASPAR.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

Nº 15.

Molto vivace.

CHORUS.

CHORUS OF
HUNTSMEN.

f Corni. e Tromboni.

Molto vivace.

(accompanying their song with appropriate gestures and carousing.)

Tenori f

CHORUS OF What bliss can ap - proach this grand joy of the hun - ter? His
HUNTSMEN. Was gleicht wohl auf Er - den dem Jä - ger-ver - gnu - gen? wem

Bassi f

What bliss can ap - proach this grand joy of the hun - ter? His
Was gleicht wohl auf Er - den dem Jä - ger-ver - gnu - gen? wem

f Corni. Fag. e Tromboni. *sempre.*

This Chorus is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncell, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in B \flat , 2 Bassoons, 3 Horns in D, 1 Horn in A, 2 Trumpets in D, 1 Bass Trombone, and 2 Drums in D A. DER FREISCHÜTZ.

beak - er of life with true nec - tar is full? When tear - ing with
 spru - delt der Bec - her des Le - bens so reich? beim Klan - ge der

beak - er of life with true nec - tar is full? When tear - ing with
 spru - delt der Bec - her des Le - bens so reich? beim Klan - ge der

cla - rion Old Ec - ho a - sun - der He out - strips the stag in his
 Hör - ner im Grü - nen zu lie - gen, den Hirsch zu ver - fol - gen durch

cla - rion Old Ec - ho a - sun - der He out - strips the stag in his
 Hör - ner im Grü - nen zu lie - gen, den Hirsch zu ver - fol - gen durch

wild pride of soul: A plea - sure worth Godhead is e - ver be - fore us That -
 Die - kicht und Teich, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ - lich Ver - lan - gen, er -

wild pride of soul: A plea - sure worth Godhead is e - ver be - fore us That
 Die - kicht und Teich, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ - lich Ver - lan - gen, er -

strengthens our man - hood, that 'no - bles our race; Let wood - land and
- star - ket die Glie - der und wir - zet das Mahl; Wenn Wäl - der und

strengthens our man - hood, that 'no - bles our race; Let wood - land and
- star - ket die Glie - der und wir - zet das Mahl; Wenn Wäl - der und

crag ring a - live with our cho - rus! Let gob - let on gob - let be
Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tönt frei - er und freud' - ger der

crag ring a - live with our cho - rus! Let gob - let on gob - let be
Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tönt frei - er und freud' - ger der

pledg'd to the chase! Jo - ho! tra! la - la! la la la, la la la, la la
vo - le Po - kal! Jo - ho! tra! la - la! la la la, la la la, la la

pledg'd to the chase! Jo - ho! tra! la - la! la la la, la la la, la la
vo - le Po - kal! Jo - ho! tra! la - la! la la la, la la la, la la

CHORUS.

[illegible]



f

Di - a - na be - stows sweetest sil - ve - ry glan - ces When
 Di - a - na ist kun - dig, die Nacht zu er - hel - len, wie

f

Di - a - na be - stows sweetest sil - ve - ry glan - ces When
 Di - a - na ist kun - dig, die Nacht zu er - hel - len, wie

f

4 Corni. Fag. e Trombone. sempre.

e - ven draws down her cool shade o'er the day, Re - veal - ing the
 ta - bend am Ta - ge ihr Dun - kel uns kühlt; den blu - ti - gen

p

e - ven draws down her cool shade o'er the day, Re - veal - ing the
 ta - bend am Ta - ge ihr Dun - kel uns kühlt; den blu - ti - gen

pp

blood - thirsty wolf to our lan - ces, The boar vain - ly gnash - ing his
 Wolf und den E - ber zu fül - len, der gie - rig die grü - nen - den

blood - thirsty wolf to our lan - ces, The boar vain - ly gnash - ing his
 Wolf und den E - ber zu fül - len, der gie - rig die grü - nen - den

teeth at the bay: A plea - sure worth Godhead is e - ver be - fore us That
 Saa - ten durchwühlt, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ - lich Ver - lan - gen, er -

teeth at the bay: A plea - sure worth Godhead is e - ver be - fore us That
 Saa - ten durchwühlt, ist fürst - li - che Freu - de, ist männ - lich Ver - lan - gen, er -

strengthens our man - hood, that 'no - bles our race; Let wood - land and
 - star - ket die Gie - der und wür - zet das Mahl; Wenn Wäl - der und

-strengthens our man hood, that 'no - bles our race; Let wood - land and
 - star - ket die Gie - der und wüir - zet das Mahl; Wenn Wäl - der und

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crag ring a - live with our chor - us! Let gob - let on gob - let be
Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tont frei - er und freud'ger der

crag ring a - live with our chor - us! Let gob - let on gob - let be
Fel - sen uns hal - lend um - fan - gen, tont frei - er und freud'ger der

pledg'd to the chase! *f* Jo - ho! tra-la-la! la la la, la la la, la la
vol - le Po - kal! Jo - ho! tra-la-la! la lu ta, la la la, la lu

pledg'd to the chase! *f* Jo - ho! tra-la-la! la la la, la la la, la la
vol - le Po - kal! Jo - ho! tra-la-la! la la ta, la la la, la lu

4 or 8 Solo voices.
p 2 Tenori. la, la la la, la la la la la la, la la la la, la la la la, la la la la, la la
lu, la la ta, la la la la, la la, lu la, la la, la, la la ta, lu lu

p 2 Bassi. la, la la la, la la la la la la, la la la la, la la la la, la la la la, la la
la, la la ta, lu la la la, la la, lu la, la la, la, la lu la, la la

CHORUS.

la, la la la, la la la, la la la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
ta, la lu la, lu la la, la la la la ta, la la la, la la la, la la la, lu lu lu, la la ta, la la lu, lu la

la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la
ta, la lu la, lu la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la lu lu, la la ta, la la lu, ta la

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEBER

[illegible]

(having filled their glasses and drinking-horns, they clink them together with loud acclamations.)

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand, with chords in the right hand. The piece ends with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

OTTOKAR. *(to them all.)* Enough of feasting and its co-content, my worthy friends, my worthy brother-hunters! to something now more serious: we well approve your choice *(pointing to Max.)* my worthy Cuno; your son-in-law hath pleased me.

CUNO. Though graced with best of testimonials; yet is he truly zealous to prove himself right worthy your great kindness.

OTTO: We hope so! advise him, that he do prepare himself. *(Cuno comes from the tent, speaks with Max, and leads him to the background.)*

CASPAR. *(aside.)* *(Where doth that puppet tarry?—help, Samiel!)* *(he climbs up the tree, and seats himself amongst its branches.)*

OTTO: Where is the bride? so much in her true praise have we been told, that expectation stands on tiptoe for acquaintance of her.

CUNO. *(making a reverence to the Prince.)* O Sire! ye do observe ancestral wont in such too gracious kindness toward myself and my poor house.

MAX. *(holding the last bullet in the hollow of his hand, and gazing wildly upon it.)* For this have I preserved thee, unfailing magic-ball! how heavy dost thou seem in this cold hand!

CUNO. *(to Ottokar.)* My daughter will be here anon; yet my Lord Prince, may I proffer one request; 'tis that the Trial-shot take place ere she arrive; my own dear boy since that his promised bliss has near'd, hath seem'd possessed of some ill-chance; I fear the presence of the bride might peril his precision.

OTTO: *(laughing.)* As yet, for a true hunter he seems scarce cool enough, whiles we observed him from afar, he gave three master-shots — but since I called him to me, so hath he nought but failed.

CUNO. It may not be denied — yet was he early and continually of our most dextrous —

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

OTTOKAR. Genug der Freuden de Mahls, werthe Freunde und Jagdgenossen! und nun noch zu etwas Ernstem! Ich genehmige sehr gern die Wahl, welche Ihr, mein alter wackerer Cuno! getroffen habt. Der von Euch erwählte Eidam gefällt mir.

CUNO. Ich kann ihm in Allem das beste Zeugniß geben, gewiss wird er sich stets beeifern, Eurer Gnade würdig zu seyn.

OTTO: Das hoff' ich. Sagt ihm, dass er sich bereit halte! Cuno geht aus dem Zelte, spricht mit Max und geht dann wieder hinein.)

CASPAR. *(vor sich.)* *(Wo bleibt nun das Dückchen?— hilf Samiel!)* *(klettert auf den Baum und sieht sich um.)*

OTTO: Wo is die Braut? Ich habe soviel zu ihrem Lobe gehört, dass ich auf ihre Bekanntschaft recht neugierig bin.

CUNO. Nach dem Beispiel Eurer erlauchten Ahnen wart Ihr immer sehr huldreich gegen mich und mein Haus.

MAX. *(hält die Kugel in der hohlen Hand, und blickt starr auf sie hin.)* Dich sparte ich auf — Unfehlbare! Glückskugel! Aber du lastest jetzt centnerschwer in meiner Hand.

CUNO. Der Zeit nach muss meine Tochter bald hier seyn. Doch wollt Ihr mir gnädig Gehör schenken, Herr Fürst! so lasst den Probeschuss vor ihrer Ankunft ablegen. Der gute Pursch hat seiner einiger Zeit, wo freilich die Entscheidung seines Glücks immer mehr herannahete, ganz besondern Unstern gehabt. Ich fürchte, die Gegenwart der Braut könne ihn in Verwirrung setzen.

OTTO: *(lachelnd.)* Er scheint allerdings für einen Waidmann noch nicht kaltes Blut genug zu besitzen. So lang' ich ihn nur aus der Ferne beobachtete, that er drei Meisterschüsse. Aber seit dem Augenblicke, da ich ihn rufen liess, hat er stets gefehlt.

CUNO. Das steht nich zu läugnen, und doch war er früher stets der Geschickteste —

C. M. Von WEBER.

OTTO. Who knows old man! if you or I had come off better on our wedding-day?—ne'erless, we must preserve old customs—yet (*laughing and aloud, so that Max should note him.*) have you no other hunter, Cuno, to whom the preference at least in point of years should still be given?

CUNO. (*pointing out Max.*) This—O gracious Sire!—is allow'd me—

MAX. (*aside*) Caspar may still have kept his last free-ball:—he might have given it—(*loading his rifle hastily, and ramming down his last bullet.*) yet once! this once!—and never more!

OTTO. Now; to fulfill our custom and our duty! (*he advances from the tent, the rest follow him; all rise, servants and attendants clear the scene of impediments.*) well, young huntsman! another shot like thy three first, and thou art safe: (*looking round him and pointing.*) seest that white dove on yonder bough? the task is easy; fire! (*a dove is observed fluttering on a tree; Max aims at it.*)

OTTO. Wer weiss, Alter! obs uns Beiden am Hochzeitstage besser gegangen wäre!—Indess, alte Gebräuche muss man ehren! Zudem — (*lächelnd und laut, dass es Max vernehmen soll.*) habt Ihr ja noch einen ältern Jägerpurschen, Cuno! dem, wenigstens den Jahren nach, der Vorzug gebührte.

CUNO. Dieser — gnädigster Herr! — erlaubt mir —

MAX. (*vor sich.*) Caspar hat vielleicht noch seine letzte Freikugel. Er könnte wohl gar — (*lädt hastig und stößt die Kugel in den Lauf.*) Noch einmal und nimmer wieder!

OTTO. Nun, es ist blos, um das Herkommen zu beobachten, und meine Gunst zu rechtfertigen. (*tritt aus dem Gezelt. Gäste und Hofleute folgen. Die Jäger erheben sich treten auf die andere Seite u. f. w.*) Wohlauf, junger Schütz! einen Schuss! wie heut' früh deine drei ersten, und die bist geborgen! (*nachdem er sich umgeschaut.*) Siehst du dort auf dem Zweige die weisse Taube? Die Aufgabe ist leicht Schiess! (*Max legt an.*)

SCENE XIII.

The same; AGÁTHE; ANNCHEN; The HERMIT visible for a moment;

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS &c.

AGÁTHE. (*at the moment Max is about to fire, appearing with her comrades behind the very tree on which the white dove is seated, cries out in alarm.*) Fire not! I am the dove! (*the dove flies off and lights on the tree in which Caspar is hidden; Max follows with his rifle, he fires; the dove escapes; Agáthe screams and sinks forward on the ground: Caspar with a loud shriek falls from the tree: behind all, steps forward the Hermit, lifts up Agáthe into the arms of her comrades, and disappears in the crowd: all this is the work of an instant.*)

AGATHE. (*In dem Augenblicke, da er losdrücken will, tritt mit den Uebrigen zwischen den Bäumen heraus, wo die weisse Taube sitzt, und schreit.*) Schiess nicht! Ich bin die Taube! (*die Taube flattert auf und nach dem Baume, von welchem Caspar eilig herabklettert. Max folgt mit dem Gewehr. Der Schuss fällt; die Taube fliegt fort. Sowohl Agathe als Caspar schreien und sinken. Hinter der ersten tritt der Eremit hervor, fasst sie auf und verliert sich dann wieder unter dem Volke. Diess alles ist das Werk eines Augenblicks.*)

(at the moment that Max has fired.)

*Allegro.**ff* Soprani.Look! be - hold!
Schauf! o - schauf!*ff* Contralti.Look! be - hold!
Schauf! o - schauf!*ff* Tenori.Look! be - hold!
Schauf! o - schauf!*ff* Bassi.Look! be - hold!
Schauf! o - schauf!CHORUS OF
HUNTERS,

PEASANTS.

BRIDESMAIDS &c

Nº 16.

FINALE.

AGATHE; ANNCHEN;
MAX; OTTOKAR; CUNO;
CASPAR; The HERMIT;
CHORUS.*Allegro.**ff* Tutti.

Viol: e Clar:

*Allegro.*A-gá - the's hours are told —
er traf die eig' - ne Braut!A-gá - the's hours are told —
er traf die eig' - ne Braut!A-gá - the's hours are told —
er traf die eig' - ne Braut!The wolf fell struck from his
der Jü - ger stürz - te vom

Basso, e Fag:

The Finale is accompanied by 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contra-basso, 2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets in Bb, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns in C, 2 Horns in Eb, 2 Trumpets in C, 3 Trombones, and 2 Drums.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEBER.

C. M. Von WEBER.

fail - ing, Lest some ter - ror shock the eyes;
 za - gen! wür' die Schreckens - that ge - scheh'n?

fail - ing, Lest some ter - ror shock the eyes;
 za - gen! wür' die Schreckens - that ge - scheh'n?

fail - ing, Lest some ter - ror shock the eyes;
 za - gen! wür' die Schreckens - that ge - scheh'n?

fail - ing, Lest some ter - ror shock the eyes;
 za - gen! wür' die Schreckens - tha ge - scheh'n?

Cor: tenui.

pp
 Eyes that dread to glance, re - veal - ing
 kaum will es das Au - ge wa - gen,

pp
 Eyes that dread to glance, re - veal - ing
 kaum will es das Au - ge wa - gen,

pp
 Eyes that dread to glance, re - veal - ing
 kaum will es das Au - ge wa - gen,

pp
 Eyes that dread to glance, re - veal - ing
 kaum will es das Au - ge wa - gen,

Viol:

Cor:

Str: ins:

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice,
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice,
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice,
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice,
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

Who hath been the
wer das Op - fer

Who hath been the
wer das Op - fer

Who hath been the
wer das Op - fer

Who hath been the
wer das Op - fer

Viol: 3 3 3 3

Cor: Str: ins: Bass: Str: ins:

sa - cri - fice.
sei, zu seh'n.

sa - cri - fice.
sei, zu seh'n.

sa - cri - fice. Eyes that dread to glance, re - veal - ing Who hath
sei, zu seh'n. kaum will es das Au - ge wa - gen, wer das

sa - cri - fice.
sei, zu seh'n.

Viol: e Flage:

fp

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice.
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

fp

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice.
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

fp

been, who hath been the sa - cri - fice.
Op - fer, das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

fp

Who hath been the sa - cri - fice.
wer das Op - fer sei, zu seh'n.

fp Tutti

Viol:

Fl:

= cello.

3

= cello

3

RECIT:
Adagio. AGATHE. (recovering from her faint.)

Ag: Where am I? And wast a dream I sank?
Wo bin ich? war's Traum nur, dass ich sank? ANNCHEN.

Ann:

RECIT:
Adagio.

a piacere

p Str: ins:

Adagio.

True friends are
O fas - se

(caressing her.)

Ann:

by.
dich!

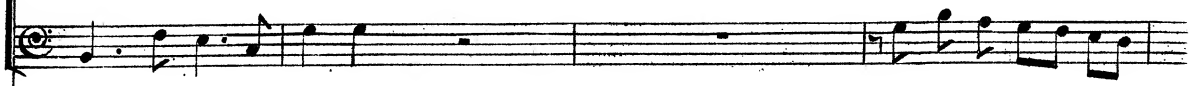
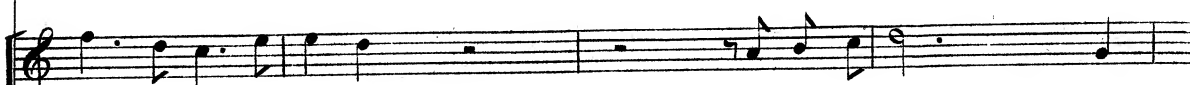
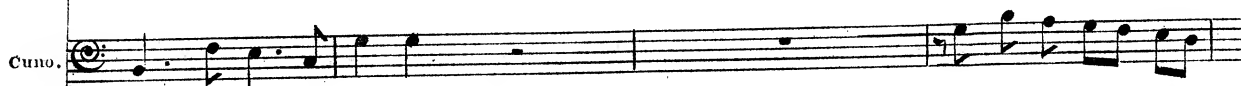
Max.

She lives _____!
sie lebt _____!Just Heav'n! we praise and thank With
den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! - sie

Cuno.

She lives _____!
sie lebt _____!Just Heav'n! we praise and thank With
den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! - siePraise and thank Just Heav'n! we praise and thank With
Preis und Dank! den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! - siePraise and thank Just Heav'n! we praise and thank With
Preis und Dank! den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! - siePraise and thank Just Heav'n! we praise and thank With
Preis und Dank! den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! - sieJust Heav'n! we praise and thank —
den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! —Just Heav'n! we praise and thank With
den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! - sie*un poco piu maestoso.**ff* 2 Corni.*Wind ins: ff Tutti.*

Basso.



Viol: 2 Viol: I

Viol: e Fag:

BASSO.

Max. Heav'n! we praise and thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—
Heil'—gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

Cuno. thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

Heav'n! we praise and thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—
Heil'—gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

Heav'n! we praise and thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—
Heil'—gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

(some)
thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—praise and thank—From
Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank! hier,

ff Tutti. *Wind ins:* *Str. ins:*

standing around Caspar.)

CASPAR. (writhing in agony on the ground.) 227

one here wounded, floweth The crimson tide of life.
die-ser ist ge-trof-fen, der roth vom Blu-te liegt —

I saw the
Ich sah den

Basso.

Viol:

fp

Basso.

Cas:

Hermit neer her stand; Heav'n wins the strife!
Klausner bei ihr steh'n; der Him-mel siegt!

f Str: ins:

ff

RECIT:

Cas:

Out runs my last last sand!
es ist um mich ge-schehn!

Ob: solo.

fp Str: & Wind ins:

AGÄTHE. (recovering herself more and more.)
moderato.

f = 1/6

I live again; fright struck me too com-plete-ly: To
Ich le-be noch, der Shreck nur warf mich nie-der, ich

moderato.

Str: ins:

Agä: breathe pure air a - gain I rejoice — To breathe pure air a -
 ath - me noch die lieb - liche Luft — ich ath - me noch die

Agä: - gain I rejoice — I live a - gain!
 lieb - liche Luft — ich ath - me noch! MAX. (with rapture.)
 ritard

Max: Again smiles
 sie lü - chelt

Cuno: CUNO. (with exultation.)
 She breathes more free!
 sie ath - met frei!

Colla parte.
Str: ins: sempre.

Agä: (recognising him.)
 My Max!
 mein Max!

Max: my Max,
 o Max, I
 ich

sweetly!
 wieder!

The music of that voice! A - gä - the, thou
 die sü - ße Stim - me ruft! A - ga - the, du

Ob: *fp*

Fag:

Ag.:

live a - gain _____ !
le - be noch _____ !

Max:

liv'st a - gain _____ !
le - best noch _____ !

ff

Praise and thank! Just Heav'n! we praise and
Preis und Dank! den Heil' - gen Preis und

ff

Praise and thank! Just Heav'n! we praise and
Preis und Dank! den Heil' - gen Preis und

ff

Praise and thank! Just Heav'n! we praise and
Preis und Dank! den Heil' - gen Preis und

f *ff*

Just Heav'n! we praise and thank —
Den Heil' - gen Preis und Dank!

Just Heav'n! we praise and
de Heil' - gen Preis und

f *ff* Tutti.

f *ff* Tutti.

Ag. a: *Praise and thank! Preis und Dank! Praise and thank! Preis und Dank!*

Ann: *Praise and thank! Preis und Dank! Praise and thank! Preis und Dank!*

Max: *Praise and thank! Preis und Dank! Praise and thank! Preis und Dank!*

Otto: *Praise and thank! Preis und Dank! Praise and thank! Preis und Dank!*

Cuno: *Praise and thank! Preis und Dank! Praise and thank! Preis und Dank!*

thank praise and thank — Dank! Preis und Dank! Just Heav'n! we praise and thank — praise and thank — den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

thank praise and thank — Dank! Preis und Dank! Just Heav'n! we praise and thank — praise and thank — den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

thank praise and thank — Dank! Preis und Dank! Just Heav'n! we praise and thank — praise and thank — den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

thank praise and thank — Dank! Preis und Dank! Just Heav'n! we praise and thank — praise and thank — den Heil'-gen Preis und Dank! Preis und Dank!

Wind ins: Tutti. ff pp

The same; SAMIEL, invisible to all except Caspar.

CASPAR. (beholding Samiel rise up behind him out of the earth, his eyes glaring and the death-rattle

Cas: 

Ist · Sami-el! I see? So; thus thou hold'st thy word with me?
Du, Sami-el! schon hier? so hieltst du dein Versprechen mir?




Basso (Pizz^o) e Tymp:

in his throat.)

(springing frantically up and stretching his clenched fist toward the skies.)

Cas: 

Take thy rich prey! I, ere I breath re_linquish Curse Heav'n! curse
nimm dei - nen Raub! ich trot - ze dem Ver - derben! dem Him - mel



(springs into the air, and falls dead on the earth in convulsive agonies. Samiel vanishes.)

Cas: 

God! curse thee!
Fluch! — — Fluch dir!



ff Tutti.

Cuno. 

CHORUS. (falling back with horror at these words.) Deprav'd in mind, far worse in
er war von je ein Bö-se


Ha! that his pray'r in death's last anguish?
Ha! Das war sein Ge-bet im Sterben?


Ha! that his pray'r in death's last anguish?
Ha! Das war sein Ge-bet im Sterben?


Ha! that his pray'r in death's last anguish?
Ha! Das war sein Ge-bet im Sterben?


Ha! that his pray'r in death's last anguish?
Ha! Das war sein Ge-bet im Sterben?

 *Basso.*

Cuno. 

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed. E-vil in mind, in
-wicht! ihn traf des Him-mels Straf-ge-richt! er war ein Bö-se





Deprav'd in mind, far worse in
er war von je ein Bö-se

 *Viola, e Fag:*





deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed. E - vil in mind, in
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt! er war ein Bo - se -

De - prav'd in mind, far worse in
 er war von je ein Bo - se -

De - prav'd in mind, far worse in
 er war von je ein Bo - se -

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed. De - prav'd in mind, in
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt! er war ein Bo - se -

E - vil in mind, in
 er war ein Bo - se -

Viol:

Str: & Wind ins:

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed.
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt!

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed. He curs'd his Lord Cre - a - tor
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt! er hat den Him - mel selbst ge -

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed. He curs'd his Lord Cre - a - tor
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt! er hat den Him - mel selbst ge -

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed.
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt!

deed, As he hath sown, he reaps his seed.
 - wickt! ihn traf des Him - mels Straf - ge - richt!

Canto.

Hush! name it not, he call'd the Devil!
ver - nahmt Ihr's nicht, er rief den Bösen—

then! Hush! name it not, he call'd the Devil!
- flucht! ver - nahmt Ihr's nicht, er rief den Bösen—

then! Hush! name it not, he call'd the Devil!
- flucht! ver - nahmt Ihr's nicht, er rief den Bösen—

Hush! name it not, he call'd the Devil!
ver - nahmt Ihr's nicht, er rief den Bösen—

Hush! name it not, he call'd the Devil!
ver - nahmt Ihr's nicht, er rief den Bösen—

ff Str: ins:

OTTOXAR. (to them.) (some of the Huntsmen bear off the body of Caspar.)

Otto: Up; throw his carcase in the "Wolf's - glen."
Fort! stürzt das Scheusal in die Wolfschlucht!

Str: & Wind ins:

The same; without CASPAR.

Otto: *(turning)*
'Tis
nur

Viol: Imp

to Max who has just risen from Agathe's feet.)

Otto:
thine, this myst'ry to un-ra-vel, Some ill hath been achiev'd and plann'd;
du kannst die-ses Räth-sel lö-sen, wohl schwe-re Un-that ist ge-scheh'n!

più maestoso.

Str: ins:

Otto: *MAX.*
Woe's thee, if in it thou hast borne a hand. *Prince;*
Weh' dir, wirst du nicht al-les treu ge-steh'n. *Herr!*

Fag: solo.

Str: ins:

(bowing before Ottokar.)

Max:
dare I dream to find thee gracious? By terrors worse than death un-
un-werth bin ich Eu-rer Gnade; des Todten Trug ver-lock-te

Str: ins:

Str: ins:

Max. *- nerv'd, Too soon the dupe of lies fal - la - cious, From Pu - ri -*
nüch, dass voll Verzweif - lung, ich vom Pfa - de der Frömmig -

Max. *- ty and Truth I swerv'd: Four bul - lets,*
- keit und Tu - gend wick; vier Kug - eln

Fag:

Max. *thro' this gun just pass'd Blest by the fiend!*
die ich heut' verschoss — Frei - ku - geln sind,

ff Str: ins:

Max. *with Caspar they were cast.*
die ich mit Je - nem goss.

Con fuoco.
ff Str: & Wind ins:
arco.

OTTOKAR. (with dignity and just indignation.)

Otto:

A-way from thought, from sight, for e-ver, A wretched
So ei-le, mein Ge-biet zu mei-den! und keh-re

Str: ins:

Otto:

out-cast from our land! From things of Hell must Hea-ven se-ver!
nim-mer in dies Land! vom Him-mel muss die Höl-le scheiden-

Otto:

Nay, nay; ne'er thine this ho-ly vir-gin hand.
nie! nie! empfängst du die-se rei-ne Hand!

f

ff Str: & Wind ins:

MAX. (with contrition.)

Max.

Too just, thy sentence Ex-cludes re-
Ich darf nicht wa-gen mich zu be-

Fag: solo.

Str: ins: sempre

a piacere. *a tempo.*

Max. - pentance; Tho' weak in deed, I was not bad at heart, Weak in
- kla-gen; denn schwach war ich, ob-wohl kein Bö-se-wicht, schwach war

colla parte

ad lib:

Max. deed, weak in deed, I was not bad at heart,
ich, schwach war ich, ob-wohl kein Bö-se-wicht.

ritard. Viol: &c colla parte. poco piu moto.

Fag. solo. *Str: & Wind ins:*

CUNO. (bowing himself before Ottokar.)

In Virtue
Er war sonst

AGÄTHE. (throwing her arms round Max.)

Agä. O, tear him not from these em-
o reißt ihn nicht aus mei-nen

Cuno. lay his chief-est part.
stets ge-treu der Pflicht—

Ag. *- brac - es!*
Ar - men!

Cuno.

CHORUS.

So faithful hon - est, kind and
o! er war im - mer treu und

So faithful hon - est, kind and
o! er war im - mer treu und

So faithful hon - est, kind and
o! er war im - mer treu und

He is a lad of brave bright blood —
er ist so brav, voll Kraft und Muth.

ANNCHEN. (kneeling to Ottokar.)

Ann:

Mercy most true justice graces,
 Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Er - barmen!

true just-ice grac - es.
 o habt Er - bar - men!

Cupo:

Mercy most true justice grac - es.
 Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Er - bar - men!

good —
 gut!

Mercy most true justice grac - es.
 Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Er - bar - men!

good —
 gut!

Mercy most true justice grac - es.
 Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Er - bar - men!

good —
 gut!

Mercy most true justice grac - es.
 Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Er - bar - men!

Mercy most true justice grac - es.
 Gnäd'ger Herr! o habt Er - bar - men!

Str: ins:

Wind ins:

OTTO KAR. (unmoved.)

Otto: *Nay! nay! nay!*
nein! nein! nein! —

A-gā-the
A-ga-the

ff Str: ins: sempre.

Otto: *is too pure, I say.*
ist so fromm, so rein —

(to Max.)
Away, a way from out my sight!
hinweg hinweg aus meinem Blick!

Otto: *To thee the dun-geon*
dein har't der Ker-ker,

opes its ray- - - less
kehrst du je - - - zu -

(Max bows low; when, at these last words, the Hermit steps forward majestically from the back; all uncover and bend before the holy man, who advances into the midst; the Prince himself removes his hat.)

Otto: *night!*
— rück.

ff

ritard

The HERMIT.

Her: *Adagio maestoso.* Who lays on aught so strong a ban? One false step, should such
 Wer legt auf ihn so strengen Bann? ein Fehltritt, ist er

ff Corni e Tromboni, Tutti. *mf* *p*

Har: rig - or be its meed? *Andante con moto.* Art
 sol - cher Büs - sung werth? 2 Clar: *p* Ob: *p* Fag: *p*

Andante con moto.

Otto. Hermit.) thou that ho - ly man Whom far and near all hold their creed? We bid thee
 du es, heil' - ger Mann! den weit und breit die Ge - gend ehrt? sei mir ge -

2 Ob: *p* Clar: *p* Viol: *p*

Clar: *p* Fag: *p*

Otto: hail, blest servant of the Lord, Obedience waits to hear thy word;
 - grüsst, Ge - seg - ne - ter des Herrn! dir bin auch ich ge - hor - sam gern;

Str. & Wind ins: *p*

Otto:

Speak thou His judgements: His pure will - ing Shall meet our full ful -
 Sprich du sein Ur - theil, dei - nen Will - en will freu - dig ich er -

Str: ins: Fl: e Clar:

Str: ins: & 2 Hg:

The PERM. II. Adagio.

Otto:

- fill - ing.
 - ful - len.

Heartstrained to Virtue no more waver Than
 Leicht kann des Frommen Herz auch wanken, und

marcato ritard *f* Tutti. Adagio. *p*

Basso:

Her:

compass - need - les slight the North; Des - pair, of Love the sure en -
 ü - berschrei - ten Recht und Pflicht: wenn Lieb und Furcht der Tu - gend

2 Clar:

Str: ins: *f* Ob:

Fag:

Her:

- slav - er Can put to nought Truth's magnet-worth. Ist right, if bul - let
 Schran - ken, Ver - zweiflung al - le Dümme brich; ist's recht, auf ei - ner

ff Str: ins: *pp*

Herz: hit or swerve, To hang two fates upon its chances? Two hearts whom
 Ku - gel Lauf zwei ed - ler Her - zen Glück zu set - zen? .. und, un - ter -

f

one true love en - trances, Should hazard crown their hopes a - lone?
 - lie - gen sie den Net - zen, wo - mit sie Lei - denschaft um - flücht,

crescendo mf

Herz: Learn ye the words of Him I serve, "Who knows no sin may cast first stone!"
 Wer höb den ers - ten Stein wohl auf? Wer griff in sei - nen Bu - sen nicht?

f ff p pp

Adagio.

(raising his eyes to Heaven, and casting a severe glance at Max.)

Herz: Hence from this day the Tri - al - shot is o'er. Him, Lord, who
 Drum fin - de nie der Pro - be - schuss mehr statt! ihm, Herr! der

f Corri e Tromboni. Tutti. mf p p Str.: ins:

$f = 62$

245

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Her: *Fl: solo.*

sim'd against thee sore, Must bet - ter learn thy hest to
 schwer ge_sündigt hat, Doch frü - her reinen Her - zens

Str: ins:
 Andante quasi Allegretto.

Her: fear, And there - fore pass one or - deal —
 war, ver_gönnt du - - - für ein Pro - be —

year: If then, in pris - tine worth and grace he
 - jahr, und bleibt er dann, wie ich ihn stets er -

Her: stand, He wins his prize, — A - ga - the's
 - fand, dann wer - - - de sein A - ga - the's

OTTOKAR. (to Max.)

Her: hand! Thy word bids all agree,
Hand! Dein Wort ge-nü-ge-nir,

Viol: Imp

Str: ins: Fag:

Otto: One might-ier speaks thro' thee.
 ein Hoh'-rer spricht aus dir.

ff Str: and Wind ins:

CHORUS.

Hail to our Prince! whose judgement not disdains The what this rev'rend priest ordains.
 Heil un-serm Herr'n! er wieder-ste- - het nicht dem, was der fromme Klausner spricht!

Hail to our Prince! whose judgement not disdains The what this rev'rend priest ordains.
 Heil un-serm Herr'n! er wieder-ste- - het nicht dem, was der fromme Klausner spricht!

Hail to our Prince! whose judgement not disdains The what this rev'rend priest ordains.
 Heil un-serm Herr'n! er wieder-ste- - het nicht dem, was der fromme Klausner spricht!

Hail to our Prince! whose judgement not disdains The what this rev'rend priest ordains.
 Heil un-serm Herr'n! er wieder-ste- - het nicht dem, was der fromme Klausner spricht!

OTTOKAR. (to Max.)

Otto: Observe the course to thee we all as - sign, Our -
Be-währst du dich wie dich der Greis er - fand, dann

Fl: solo.
p

p Str: ins:

MAX. (taking

Otto: - self shall knit ye at the shrine. My
knüpf' ich sel - ber Eu - er Band! Die

2 Corni in E♭. = cello.

Agathe's hand in his and addressing the Prince with the deepest gratitude and emotion.)

Max. heart shall earn thy grace, re - veal - ing How Vir - tue's
Zu - kunft soll mein Herz be - wäh - ren stets hei - lig

Wind ins: Basso. (Pizz?) Wind ins: Basso. Simili

AGÄTHE. (also with the deepest emotion.)

Max. love it best as - serts. O let these tears by
sey mir Recht und Pflicht! O leßt den Dank in

Viol: fmo e = cello all 8va

Agä: their ap-peal - ing Ex-press a thanks be yond all
die sen Züh - ren: das schwa - che Wort: ge nigt ihm

OTTO KAR.
Agä: words. Far o'er the stars dwells One, all mer - cy; A
nicht. Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de; drum

The HERMIT.
Her: Far o'er the stars dwells One, all mer - cy; A
Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de; drum

= cello.

ANNCHEN. (to Agäthe.)
Ann: Sweet love, ten
o dann, ge -

OTTO.
Prince is hon - or'd hon' - ring him.
ehrt es Fürs - ten, zu ver - zeihn!

CUNO. (to Max and Agäthe.)
Her: Prince is hon - or'd hon' - ring him. Neer list to
ehrt es Fürs - ten, zu ver - zeihn! weicht nim - mer

Viol: Imo
e cello all 8va.

Ann: thou - sand bright con - tri - vings I'll weave for thy new
 - lieb - - te Freun - din, schmü - ke ich dich auf's neu zum

Cuno: Vice, de - lu - sive Cir - ce, And bliss shall fill your
 von der Tu - gend Pfa - de, um Eu - res Glü - cke

AGATHE. (to Ottokar.)
 Agat: O let these tears by their ap -
 O leßt den Dank in die - en

ANNCHEN.
 Ann: bri - dal, hence. Love, ten thou - sand bright con -
 Trau - al - tar! Dann, ge - lich - te Freun - din,

MAX. (to Ottokar.)
 Max: My heart shall earn thy grace, re -
 Die Zu - künft soll mein Herz be -

OTTOGAR.
 Otto: Far o'er the stars dwells One, all
 Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll

Cuno: cup to brim. Neer list to Vice, de - lu - sive
 werth zu sein! weicht nim - mer von der Tu - gend

HERMIT.
 Her: Far o'er the stars dwells One, all
 Der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll

2 Viols

Str: & Wind ins:

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

C. M. Von WEER.

Agä: 
 - peal - ing Ex - press a thanks be - yond all words. O
 Zäh - ren; das schwa - che Wort ge - nügt ihm nicht! o

Ann: 
 - tri - vings Ill weave for thy new bri - dal hence. Sweet
 schmüc - ke ich dich auf's neu zum Trau - al - tar! O

Max: 
 - veal - ing How Vir - tue's love it best as - serts. My
 wüh - ren! stets hei - lig sei mir Recht und Pflicht! die

Otto: 
 mer - cy; A Prince is hon - or'd hon' - ring Him! Far
 Gna - de; drum ehrt es Fürs - ten zu ver - zeihn! der

Cuno: 
 Cir - ce, And bliss shall fill your cup to brim. Ne'er
 Pfa - de, um Eu - res Glüc - kes werth zu sein! weicht

Her: 
 mer - cy; A Prince is hon - or'd hon' - ring Him!
 Gna - de; drum ehrt es Fürs - ten zu ver - zeihn!



Ag.:

let these tears by their ap-peal - ing Ex-press a
 les't den Dank in die - sen Zäh - ren; das schwa - che

Ann:

love, ten-thou - sand bright con-tri - vings I'll weave for
 dann, Ge-lieb - te Freun - din, schmüc - ke ich dich auf's

Max:

heart shall earn thy grace, re-veal - ing How Vir - tue's
 Zu - kunft soll mein Herz be-wäh - ren stets hei - lig

Otto:

o'er the stars dwells One, all mer - cy, A Prince is
 ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de; drum ehrt es

Cuno:

list to Vice, de-lu - sive Cir - ce, And bliss shall
 nim - mer von der Tu - gend Pfa - de, um Eu - res

Her:

Far o'er the stars dwells One, all mer - cy, A Prince is
 der ü - ber Ster - nen ist voll Gna - de; drum ehrt es

Ag. thanks be - yond all words. Ex - press a thanks be -
 Wort ge - nügt ihm nicht! das schwache Wort ge -

Ann. thy new bri - dal, hence. Ill weave for thy new
 neu zum Trau - al - tar! ich schmücke dich zum

Max. love it best as - serts. How Vir - tue's love it
 sei mir Recht, und Pflicht! stets hei - lig sei mir

Otto. hon - or'd hon' - ring Him! A Prince is hon - or'd
 Fürs - ten zu ver - zeihn! drum ehrt es Fürs - ten

Cuno. fill your cup to brim. And bliss shall fill your
 Glüc - kes werth zu sein! am Fu - res Glüc - kes

Her. hon - or'd hon' - ring Him! A Prince is hon - or'd
 Fürs - ten zu ver - zeihn! drum ehrt es Fürs - ten

Wind ins:

Agat: *- yond all words.
- nügt ihm nicht!*

Ann: *bri - dal hence.
Trau - al - tar!*

Max: *best as - serts.
Recht und Pflicht!*

Otto: *hon' - ring Him!
zu ver - zeih'n!*

Cimo: *cup to brim.
werth zu sein!*

Her: *hon' - ring Him! Now join with me your best thanksgiv - ings
zu ver - zeih'n! Doch jetzt er - hebt noch Eu - re Blic - ke*

Str: ins: (Pizz^o) pp Str: ins: (coll' arco) cresc

Basso. pp

Her: *To Him, the shield of Vir - tue, the shield of In - no -
zu dem, der Schutz der Un - schuld der Schutz der Un - schuld*

Wind ins: tenuti.

Her: - cence.
war

Yea, of - fer to Heaven de - voutest thanksgiving Build firmly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty
Ja, lässt uns zum Him - mel die Blic - ke er - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wigen

CHORUS.

Yea, of - fer to Heaven de - voutest thanksgiving Build firmly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty
Ja, lässt uns zum Him - mel die Blic - ke er - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wigen

Yea, of - fer to Heaven de - voutest thanksgiving Build firmly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty
Ja, lässt uns zum Him - mel die Blic - ke er - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wigen

Yea, of - fer to Heaven de - voutest thanksgiving Build firmly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty
Ja, lässt uns zum Him - mel die Blic - ke er - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wigen

- 112
Largo Maestoso.

ff Tutti. *mf* *p*

built;
bau'n;

built;
bau'n;

built;
bau'n;

built;
bau'n;

built;
bau'n;

Allegro vivace,
Viol:

p Str: & Wind ins:

Allegro vivace.

AGÄTHE & ANNCHEN.

Agä:

Ann:

Be pure in your hearts, be as guileless in liv - ing, Till qui - et - ly
 Wer rein ist vom Her - zen, und schuldlos vom Le - ben, darf kind - lich der

MAX & OTTO KAR.

Max.

Otto:

Be pure in your hearts, be as guileless in liv - ing, Till qui - et - ly
 Wer rein ist vom Her - zen, und schuldlos vom Le - ben, darf kind - lich der

CUNO & THE HERMIT.

Cuno.

Her:

Be pure in your hearts, be as guileless in liv - ing, Till qui - et - ly
 Wer rein ist vom Her - zen, und schuldlos vom Le - ben, darf kind - lich der

p Str: ins:

AGÄTHE. coi Soprani.

Agä:

Ann:

call'd to His Pro - mise ful - fill'd!
 Mil - de des Va - ters ve - tra'n!

Of - fer Heav'n de - vout - est thanks
 Ja, lässt uns die Blic - ke er -

ANNCHEN. coi Contralti.

Max.

Otto:

call'd to His Pro - mise ful - fill'd!
 Mil - de des Va - ters ve - tra'n!

Of - fer Heav'n de - vout - est thanks.
 Ja, lässt uns die Blic - ke er -

MAX & OTTO: coi Tenori.

Cuno.

Her:

call'd to His Pro - mise ful - fill'd!
 Mil - de des Va - ters ve - tra'n!

Of - fer Heav'n de - vout - est thanks.
 Ja, lässt uns die Blic - ke er -

THE HERMIT. coi Bassi.

Of - fer Heav'n de - vout - est thanks.
 Ja, lässt uns die Blic - ke er -

ff Tutti.

- giv - ing, Build firm - ly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty built; Un - til call'd to His
 - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wi - gen bau'n; fest der Mil - de des

- giv - ing, Build firm - ly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty built; Un - til call'd to His
 - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wi - gen bau'n; fest der Mil - de des

- giv - ing, Build firm - ly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty built; Un - til call'd to His
 - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wi - gen bau'n; fest der Mil - de des

- giv - ing, Build firm - ly on Him who E - ter - ni - ty built; Un - til call'd to His
 - he - ben, und fest auf die Len - kung des E - wi - gen bau'n; fest der Mil - de des

2 Viol:

ff Tutti.

Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Be pure in your hearts, be as guile - less in
 Va - ters ver - traun! wer rein ist von Her - zen, und schuld - los, von

Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Be pure in your hearts, be as guile - less in
 Va - ters ver - traun! wer rein ist von Her - zen, und schuld - los von

Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Be pure in your hearts, be as guile - less in
 Va - ters ver - traun! wer rein ist von Her - zen, und schuld - los, von

Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Be pure in your hearts, be as guile - less in
 Va - ters ver - traun! wer rein ist von Her - zen, und schuld - los von

Viol:

Str: ins: e 2 Fag:

liv - ing, Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His Pro - mise ful - fill'd!
 Le - ben, darf kind - lich der Mil - de des Va - ters ver - traun!

Str: ins: Wind ins: ff Tutti sempre.

Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
 darf kind - lich der Mil - de des

Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
 darf kind - lich der Mil - de des

Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
 darf kind - lich der Mil - de des

Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
 darf kind - lich der Mil - de des

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features the lyrics "Pro-mise-ful-fill'd! Till qui-et-ly call'd to-His Va-ters-ver-trau'n! darf kind-lich der Mil-de-des". The score includes a full piano introduction and a final section where the vocalists hold their notes as the curtain falls.

Vocal Parts:

- Soprano: Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
- Alto: Va - ters ver - trau'n! darf kind - lich der Mil - de des
- Tenor: Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
- Bass: Va - ters ver - trau'n! darf kind - lich der Mil - de des

Piano Accompaniment:

- Left Hand: Features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords.
- Right Hand: Features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together.

Lyrics:

Pro - mise ful - fill'd! Till qui - et - ly call'd to - His
Va - ters ver - trau'n! darf kind - lich der Mil - de des

(the curtain falls.)